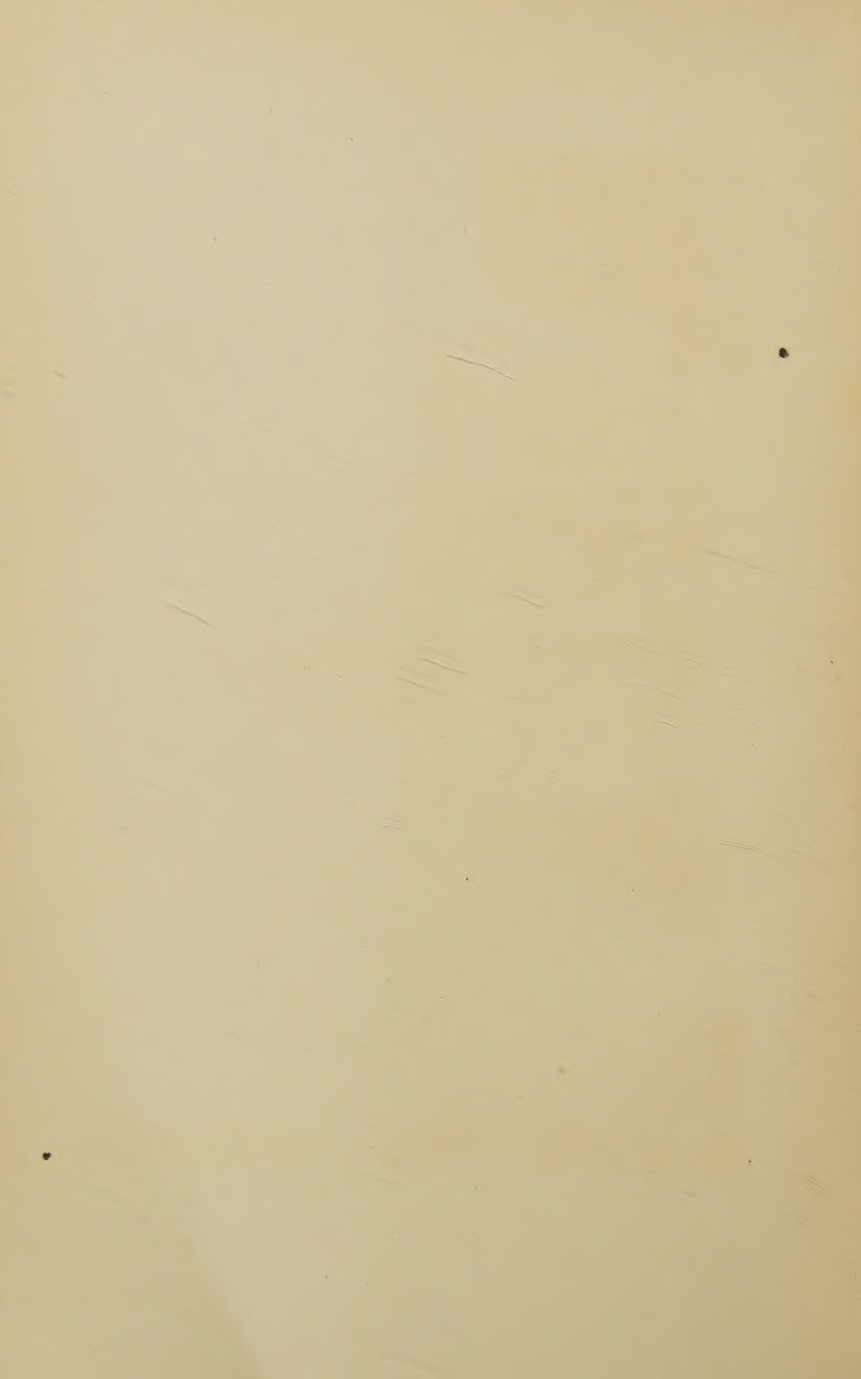




J. E. Hoge.





SCOTLAND

HISTORIC AND ROMANTIC

MARIA HORNOR LINDSAY

St. Giles Cathedral, W. Front, and Buccleugh Statue

SCOTLAND

HISTORIC AND ROMANTIC

BY

MARIA HORNOR LANSDALE

ILLUSTRATED

IN TWO VOLUMES

Vol. I

PHILADELPHIA

HENRY T. COATES & CO.

1902

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1901.

TO MY SISTERS,
E. M. L. and E. S. L.,
THIS BOOK,
THE OUTCOME OF OUR SCOTTISH TRIP,
IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

M. H. L.

EDINBURGH, 1901.

PREFACE.

Books have been written about Scotland from many points of view. Its prehistoric annals have been the theme of a number of writers. Its mythical history from the reign of Fergus in 330 B.C. is given by its early historians. It has too a Roman history and a Celtic history ; of these but little will be found in the present volumes. The object has been rather to give a sketch, however incomplete, of the country from the great War of Independence in the time of Wallace and Bruce ; to indicate that connection of the present with the past that adds so great a charm to scenes of historical interest, and to give some account of ancient castles and ecclesiastical buildings round which circle so much history and romance.

The plan followed is topographical, taking up the country county by county ; and although much has necessarily been omitted, still an attempt has been made to give the cream of the history as associated with the scenes of the events. It naturally happens from adopting this system that there is sometimes overlapping, and not infrequently repetition and con-

fusion of sequence. To assist the reader a chronological table of the principal events of Scottish history referred to, and a genealogical chart of the sovereigns of Scotland from the beginning of the eleventh century, have been added.

I desire here to express my thanks to a well-known writer on Scottish history who has given me notes on a number of incidents not usually found in books on Scotland, as well as many passages elucidating matters of history not easily understood by an American, and has given me the kindest assistance in other ways in the preparation of this book.

M. H. L.

EDINBURGH, April 22, 1901.

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SCOTLAND,

HISTORIC AND ROMANTIC.

CHAPTER I.

EDINBURGH.

FROM ITS EARLIEST HISTORY TO THE DEATH OF JOHN KNOX.

It is natural to begin a book about Scotland with Edinburgh; for not only is Edinburgh the capital of the ancient kingdom which never gave up its independence, but its history is the history of Scotland. Glasgow may now have a larger population and may be a greater commercial and art centre, but for centuries Edinburgh has been the brain, the heart of Scotland, the pivot round which all its history has turned. "Yonder stands Auld Reekie,"¹ says Adam Woodcock to Roland Græme as the two approach the city from Melrose; "you may see the smoke hover over her at twenty miles' distance, as the goss-hawk hangs

¹ Auld Reekie is a pet name for Edinburgh; meaning, not as many suppose Old Smoky (reek is Scots for smoke), but "old royal one," for Reekie is a derivative from "Righ," the king, a word analogous to Rex.

over a plump of young wild ducks. Ay, yonder is the heart of Scotland, and each throb that she gives is felt from the edge of the Solway to Duncan's-bay-head."¹

It may be that this is not so true now as it was in the days of Queen Mary, for the union of the crowns in 1603 took the sovereign to London, and the union of the countries in 1707 took the Scottish Parliament to the same all-devouring centre. Yet none can see the matchless beauty of the city, surrounded by a wreath of hill and wood and sea, and blue mountains in the distance, and the nearer dull-gray stone towers and gables breaking the sky-line with ever varied effect, without a sense of glamour and exaltation. And none can pace the ancient streets, on every foot of which some incident of history has been enacted, or look on the ancient buildings, of each of which some story of romance is told, or even gaze on the stately modern streets which surround the old Heart of Midlothian, without a feeling that this is indeed a royal city, the true capital of a freedom-loving people.

Edinburgh began with her Castle; but of its beginning nothing is surely known. We find the Britons occupying the site and planting a fortress there, which they call a "Mai-dun," while the Romans curiously enough seem not to have done so, though holding neighboring territory.

¹ *The Abbot*, chapter vii.

Later, when Lothian had become a part of Northumbria, the Saxon King Edwin strengthened and enlarged the fortress, and it came to be called by his name. This was about the year 626. Four centuries later Malcolm II. was strong enough to force the Northumbrian earl, whose territory it was, to cede to him all of Lothian, and from then to the year 1603 Edinburgh town and castle became ever more and more closely identified with the leading events of the country and the fortunes of its rulers.

Hither in the autumn of the year 1092 came Margaret, that Saxon saint who, with the best intentions in the world, sowed so many seeds of dissension in the church and state of her adopted country. The church, like many a one since, did not want to conform to the ways of Rome; and the people, also not without their parallels in more recent times, had no desire to be Anglicised. So notwithstanding her fine intellect, her piety and good works, for she undoubtedly was a saint, the Queen was not popular, and the strong fortress of Edinburgh seemed the safest place in which to await the issue of the war then waging between her husband and sons, and William Rufus.

Margaret was very ill, but nevertheless she passed the long chill November nights in vigils and prayers for the safety of her warriors, it may be in that self-same tiny chapel that even to-day crowns the Castle height.

At length Prince Edgar brought the dreary tidings

—utter defeat and the king and Prince Edward treacherously slain. The queen heard, then sending for the “Black Rood,” a precious relic brought by herself to Scotland, almost immediately expired. Hardly was the breath out of her body when the Castle was besieged by Donald Bane—the “Fair-haired”—a younger brother of Malcolm, who during the period of Macbeth’s usurpation, had taken refuge in the Western Islands. Escape by any but the eastern approach being thought impossible, that side alone was watched; but under cover of an opportune mist, the royal children, Bishop Turgot (Margaret’s confessor and biographer), and Prince Edgar, carrying with them the body of the Queen, contrived to make their way down that almost perpendicular northwest face of the rock which to-day overhangs the Princes Street gardens, and so escaped. Margaret was conveyed across the Forth by the ferry she herself had established, and buried in her own Abbey of Dunfermline, and two hundred years later she was canonized by Pope Innocent IV.

The princes with their sisters made their way to England, and afforded Edgar Æthling, now reconciled to the family of the Conqueror, an opportunity to return some of the hospitality shown him by his brother-in-law, their father. Princess Matilda made herself useful later by uniting—through her marriage to Henry I.—the old Saxon royal house with the Norman line, while the long years of exile passed

amid the more advanced civilization of England largely helped to make her brother David's reign one of the greatest in Scottish history.

That was a notable period for the coming capital. King David spent much of his time in the Castle, strengthened and added to it, and built (unless his mother had already done so) the little chapel that is called by her name, and which is to-day the oldest building in Edinburgh. The garrison church of Saint Mary which he built on the north side of the quadrangle, was however swept away so lately as the middle of the eighteenth century.

At the foot of the Castle rock on the north, close to the royal garden and at the head of the Nor' Loch, stood the church of St. Cuthbert, whose origin was a Culdee cell, founded probably not long after the saint's death (687). On the east of the Castle was and is its sole approach, namely a long and narrow ridge extending for the space of about a mile in gradual descent; and along the summit of this ridge there has been from earliest times a road of some sort—it is to-day the line of streets called successively the Castle Hill, the Lawn-Market, the High Street, and the Canongate. Here then, in David's time the town was rising; primitive houses, wooden and thatched, but forming nevertheless a royal burgh of sufficient importance to be the king's frequent place of residence. Already for three hundred years the parish church of St. Giles had stood midway on

that steep spur, at whose base the thick oak forest of Drumselch lay like the bosom of a vast green ocean, while on the north the rocky elevation was washed by the waters of the Nor' Loch.

It was close to the foot of the Salisbury Crags that King David met with the adventure to which tradition assigns the founding of Holyrood Abbey. He was hunting on the Rood Day (1128), apparently against his conscience, and was about to be gored by the antlers of a mighty stag at bay, when the miraculous intervention of a cross appearing in mid-air saved him. The cross and stag in the seal of the abbey built by David on the site of the miracle allude of course to this story. A more plausible guess as to the origin of the name is that it was called after the "Black Rood" brought to Scotland by David's mother, and carried off later by that royal thief, Edward I.¹

The king encouraged the canons-regular of his new foundation to build a town on the slope of the hill on the west of the abbey buildings, and this, in course of time, met his own increasing

¹ The Black or Holy Rood of Scotland was a cross-shaped casket of wrought gold, containing a fragment of the True Cross. After the treaty (of Northampton) concluded between King Robert Bruce and Edward III., it was returned to Scotland. It was carried before the army of David II. in the invasion of England in 1346, was captured by the English at the battle of Nevill's Cross, placed in the shrine of St. Cuthbert in the cathedral of Durham, and disappeared at the time of the Reformation.

burgh; but the Canongate, which thus rose and took its name, remained a separate municipality until so recently as 1856. Meanwhile St. Giles' Church, rebuilt (1107-24) by Alexander I., was standing in stone; thus by the middle of the twelfth century we have the three most notable features of modern Edinburgh, the Castle, St. Giles', and Holyrood—not, of course, the palace; that did not come till long after.

The treaty of Falaise (1174), which gave William the Lion his liberty, put Edinburgh Castle for the first time into English hands. Again in 1255 it is by the interference of Henry II. that the Comyns are overthrown, and the Castle and person of the boy king, Alexander III., won by a faction which, though numbering a Robert de Brus and a Steward of Scotland among its leaders, was nevertheless English and unpatriotic in its sympathies.

After the death of the Maid of Norway (1290), Edward I. got and held the Castle for seventeen years; it was won back by Wallace, and lost again; but at length, about the year 1312, Sir Thomas Randolph with a band of thirty picked men climbed the west face of the rock, guided by a soldier who when formerly living there, had been wont to risk his neck in night descents for stolen visits to his sweetheart in the town. The little party succeeded in surprising and capturing the fortress, and Robert Bruce, following his usual

policy, dismantled and abandoned it as too troublesome and dangerous a possession to keep up. Twenty-five years later, in the day of Edward III.'s power, it was once more put into a state of defence.

The policy of Robert Bruce and his death-bed advice to his country, known affectionately as "good King Robert's testament," was to have no walled towns and defensible castles in which, if the English captured them, they could place garrisons. The woods, the mountains, the morasses were to be their citadels, while the country was to be laid waste before the coming enemy. This explains the constant destruction of castles by the Scots in the War of Independence, and their constant reconstruction by the English when successful. In subsequent history every signal disaster incurred by the Scots can be traced to a departure from the patriot king's dying directions. Until the reign of James II., more than a century and a quarter after Bruce's death, Edinburgh had no walls. The only walled town in Scotland was Perth, and its walls were built by Edward I.

In the spring of 1341, Sir William Douglas the "Black Knight of Liddesdale," or "Flower of Chivalry," recovered the Castle by one of those bold and picturesque bits of strategy so thoroughly in keeping with the habits of warfare of the age. A small force of armed men having been concealed

among the rocks and bushes close to the gateway, a supposed merchant and party of sailors asked and obtained admission for a consignment of wine ordered by the governor; no sooner however were the gates thrown open, than the heavy casks were upset so as to prevent their re-closing, the soldiers rushed from their hiding-places, and before the astonished garrison quite knew what had occurred, they found themselves prisoners.

The year 1384 saw two invasions of Scotland by the English; and what John of Gaunt failed to demolish of Edinburgh on the first occasion was burned by King Richard his nephew on the second. A consequence of these disasters was the permission given by Robert II. to the citizens to build within the Castle walls for greater security. St. Giles' was so ruined that it had to be rebuilt; a case of retributive justice, for it was there that the Scottish Barons, egged on by thirty French knights—traveling apparently in search of any kind of deviltry—had, against the express orders of the peaceable king, planned the wild foray that brought the southerners about their ears. It is from this rebuilding that the present church dates; only the octagonal choir pillars probably belong to the earlier structure. On the south aisle are two of five chapels begun in 1387, and modelled after a chapel of St. Stephen in Holyrood. The three others, and a south porch of the same period, were removed in

the mutilations of 1829. The oriel from this porch is at the west end of the Moray aisle, and its doorway, now at the east end of the Preston aisle, forms the entrance to the royal pew. A chapel of St. Elois on the north side belongs to the same period, as does the one now popularly called the Albany aisle, also north of the nave, but more to the west. Sir Daniel Wilson says in the preface to his new edition of "The Memorials of Edinburgh," that it was he who gave "the beautiful aisle with its two bays and finely groined roof" this name (in the early edition of the Memorials), having been the first to notice the conjunction of the Albany and Douglas arms on its pillar, and to suggest that the chapel might possibly have been built by the two noblemen in expiation of their supposed complicity in the death of David, Duke of Rothesay, at Falkland Palace, 1401. He adds that having on more mature reflection abandoned this view it is startling to find it cropping up as well-accredited history from the pages of every guide-book written since, to say nothing of graver books whose authors ought to have known better. "The legend of the Albany aisle," he declares, "fashioned out of heraldic sculpturings, is no older than the year 1847."

With the advent of the Jameses Edinburgh becomes a vastly more important place than ever before. James II. was not only born in Holyrood, but crowned there (the first coronation in that

place), and from his time the town becomes distinctly the capital of the country. The years of James's minority were enlivened by the struggles between Sir William Crichton and Sir Alexander Livingstone for possession of his person; but it is disappointing to have to relinquish the delightful tale of how artful Queen Jane abducted her son in a trunk, under the very nose of the grim chancellor; a tale on which Mrs. Oliphant lavishes a wealth of detail, and which Mr. Hume Brown dismisses in a foot-note as "Boece's story . . . quite in his usual manner."¹

In the great hall, built about the year 1433 on the south side of the Castle Palace yard, took place the "Black Dinner," when the sudden appearance on the table of a black bull's head gave the young Douglasses their first intimation of their doom. They and their companion, Malcolm Fleming of Cumbernauld, were seized, and after a short trial beheaded on the Castle Hill and buried there. The perfectly helpless little royal host—he was only ten years old—begged in vain for their lives, with tears and piteous entreaties. It was a fitting opening to his long struggle with that turbulent house, which

¹ Hector Boece (1465–1536) was principal of the newly founded college of Aberdeen. He wrote a Latin history of Scotland (1527), which was considered critical in its time, but is now supposed to contain much fiction. A free translation with much addition was published in 1533 by John Bellenden, Archdeacon of Moray, with the title, "The Croniklis of Scotland."

terminated with the murder of its chief by James's own hand.

In July, 1449, a fleet came sailing up the Forth, bringing to the King his bride, Mary of Gueldres. Landing at Leith with three noble brothers, a numerous suite of lords and ladies, and three hundred steel-clad men-at-arms, the lady proceeded to the Greyfriars' Convent, where her royal bridegroom awaited her, with all Edinburgh gathered to watch the show. The wedding, which took place a few days later at Holyrood, was immediately followed by the coronation of the Queen.

In 1450 James authorized the citizens to build a wall about the town, because, as he states in the charter, he had been informed of the Provost and community of Edinburgh "yat yai dreid the evil and skeith of our enemies of England." A portion of this wall remains to this day in the ruined "Well-house Tower," below the Castle rock in Princes Street garden, which defended the water-supply of the fortress.¹

It is curious to find the fifteenth-century form of two favorite amusements of our own day so wooing the manhood of Scotland from its lawful pursuit (the

¹ The wall of James II. ran on the north side of Edinburgh, nearly along the present line of the railway, to about as far east as the North Bridge: thence south to the Netherbow and curving eastward, stood about midway between the line of High Street and the Cowgate, it joined the fortifications of the Castle with a final bend to the north.

practice of the bow and arrow) that the authorities are obliged to interfere and enact that "the Fute-ball and Golfe be utterly cryed down and not to be used, and that the bow-markes be maid at ilk parish kirk . . . and that ilk man schutte six schottes, at the least, under the paine to be raised upon them, twa pennies to be given to them that cummis to the bow-markes, to drink."

When James II. was killed at Roxburgh in 1460 by the bursting of a cannon, the Queen at once retired into Edinburgh Castle, taking her seven-year-old son with her. Learning that a Parliament had assembled in the town below, and that the question of a guardian for the boy was to come up, she, by a sudden and unexpected move, appeared in its midst, got herself appointed both guardian and regent, and had again withdrawn to the safe retreat of the Castle before her enemies had had time to collect their wits.

The patriot Bishop of St. Andrews, James Kennedy, came up from Holyrood and harangued the people at the Cross, but for the present the mischief was done. The arms of Bishop Kennedy, whose name, as Mr. Hume Brown puts it, was "of happy omen in Scottish history," ornament a pillar in the north aisle of St. Giles', and opposite on another pillar are the armorial bearings of the Queen, the late King, and the young Prince. They must have been put up between 1460 and 1463, in which latter year

the Queen died. Extensive alterations were being made in St. Giles' at that time. The roof was heightened, the choir lengthened, and a clerestory added; only a few years before, William Preston of Gorton (Craigmillar) had bequeathed to the church an arm-bone of St. Giles, brought by him from France. He was buried in the south side of the nave; and the Town Council in recognition of so valuable a gift built an aisle—or chapel—to his memory, the Preston aisle, where his arms (three unicorns' heads) may still be seen. They likewise bestowed upon his heirs the right to carry the relic on all church festivals. The internal arrangement of St. Giles' on the completion of these alterations was pretty much as we see it to-day; only the chapel dedicated to St. John the Evangelist by Walter Chepman, who first introduced printing into Scotland; and the Lauder aisle built by Alexander Lauder Provost of the city, on the south, with its Chapel of the Holy Blood, date from about fifty years later.

Walter Chepman was a citizen of Edinburgh, a clerk in the King's Secretary's office and the Keeper of the King's Signet. He was a man of great energy and enterprise, and though engaged in trade was frequently employed by James IV. even in diplomatic service. King James wished to establish a printing-press in Edinburgh, and Andrew Myllar an Edinburgh bookseller went, or more probably was sent,

to Rouen to learn the new art. On his return Chepman entered into partnership with him, and a patent was obtained from the king in their joint name to establish a printing-press. Their printing-house was in the Southgait—now the Cowgate, where King James used often to go to inspect their work. Their first issue was a series of quarto volumes with such titles as “The Maying and Disport of Chaucer,” “The Buke of Gude Counsall to the King,” etc. For some years their work continued, but it disappeared in the crowning disaster of Flodden in 1513, after which nothing more is heard of this early enterprise.

In 1467 St. Giles’ was erected into a collegiate church. Thus freed from episcopal jurisdiction, the Provost became an extremely important person, answerable to the Pope alone. The second to hold this office was the poet Gavin Douglas, he to whom is due the glory of having been the first to translate a Latin classic (the *Æneid*) into any British tongue.

Another important building of this date was the Collegiate Church and Hospital of the Holy Trinity, founded by Mary of Gueldres shortly before her death. The church, a very beautiful example of the Middle Pointed style of architecture, stood on Leith Wynd at the east end of the Nor’ Loch, until 1848, when the site being wanted by the North British Railway for a station (the Waverley), it was torn down. There was some talk of reconstructing it

precisely as it had been, and with the same stones; but the idea was not carried out, the then Provost contrived to have the money appropriated to other uses, and the erection on Jeffrey Street to the south of Waverley Station is quite modern, except for the Congregational Hall on the south side, which is built of stones belonging to the original apse. The grave of the foundress was in the north aisle; she "sickened in the year 1463, and after some short languishing, dyed the same year, and was buried with all the solemnitie and funerall rites usuall in that time, in the church built by herself." The "Hospital," which was demolished along with the church, was a home for forty indigent men and women. Arnot, writing in 1779, says that "the quarrels and riots among them were so frequent, the selling of victuals allowed them and applying the price to improper purposes, and their nasty way of living (to which the poor people in Scotland are exceedingly addicted), aroused very lately the attention of the Góvernors." But Lord Cockburn sends up a lament for its passing. "Internally," he says, "it was the most curious place in Scotland. Everything about it, both in its structure, its apparatus, and its economy, was odd and ancient. . . . Time, in its passage over Edinburgh, had left no such picturesque living deposit. This relic is now annihilated;—not by fire, or flood, or earthquake, or natural decay. It was knocked to pieces about two years ago, to accommodate a very

respectable company of carriers!" (*i.e.*, the North British Railway).¹

It only remains to be noted in this connection that after the coffin containing what was believed to be the body of the royal foundress had been transported with a good deal of solemn state and ceremony to a new resting-place in Holyrood, the authorities who had taken part in the pageant were much embarrassed by the discovery of a second coffin, confidently affirmed by many persons to be the real one; a sharp controversy arose, into which the Society of Antiquaries entered with zest. I believe the question was never quite satisfactorily settled.

James III. grew up into a poor sort of a king: jealous of the growing popularity of his two far more princely brothers, Alexander, Duke of Albany, and John, Earl of Mar, he imprisoned them both (1479). Soon after, the Earl of Mar died, when under the care of the King's physician. This, in such an age, was enough to make Albany's friends take active and speedy measures for his deliverance. A cask of wine was sent to Edinburgh Castle, where he lay, and this the gaolers let pass unchallenged, with the

¹ The ancient charity of Mary of Gueldres is still vigorously maintained; not so picturesquely as formerly, but certainly more practically. Sixty pensions of £25 a year, and one hundred of £15, are distributed to aged persons who have formerly been rate-payers, but have fallen into decayed circumstances; or to similar respectable citizens who through incurable disease are unable to earn their living, no matter what their age.

engaging simplicity which at that time, judging by the frequency and sameness of such adventures, characterized their class. With the wine, Albany made his guards drunk; and with the rope, which of course he found within, he effected his escape—first, however, quite barbarously killing the stupefied and helpless guards.

After the murder of his favorites at the Bridge of Lauder, 1482, James himself was shut up in Edinburgh Castle; and it is a little bewildering to find this same brother, the Duke of Albany, acting as his rescuer. For help rendered at this crisis by the burghers, the King granted two charters to Edinburgh, some rights of self-government, and the customs duties at the port of Leith, and presented to the incorporated trades that banner embroidered by his queen, Margaret of Denmark, which afterwards got the name of the "Blue Blanket." The magistrates were to have the right to call out the trained bands and citizens at its unfurling, as occasion might require. The Hammermen, a corporation including five different crafts, were granted the Chapel of St. Elois in St. Giles', and there the banner was kept until the Reformation, when it was removed to St. Magdalen's Chapel in the Cowgate.¹

Although these possibly not altogether spontaneous concessions were doubtless of more value to Edinburgh than any mere stone-and-mortar monuments,

¹ The Blue Blanket is now kept in the Trades Maiden Hospital.

it is at least worthy of remark that with all his love of building, James III. did nothing to beautify his capital. Even at Holyrood, where he was married and where he often stayed, he left untouched the royal apartments in the abbey buildings occupied by his predecessors. It was his son, James IV., who began the palace in anticipation of his marriage to Margaret Tudor; and after his death the work was carried on by the Duke of Albany, Governor of Scotland, a grandson of James II. and heir-presumptive to the throne. Edinburgh outdid itself in pageants to do honor to the little fourteen-year-old English bride, and everyone rejoiced exceedingly at so auspicious a union. Nor could anyone be expected to foresee the results which, precisely one hundred years after, were to flow from it for both countries. In the title of "The Thrissill and the Rois," written by William Dunbar to commemorate this event, we find according to Mr. Hume Brown, the first mention of the thistle as a national emblem.

Ten years later (1513), all the gaiety and gallantry of that brilliant court and of all Scotland as well, were quenched on the disastrous field of Flodden, the greatest of Scotland's national misfortunes. It was against the advice and entreaties of everyone in a position either to advise or to entreat, that James IV. determined to bring to an issue the long-smouldering quarrel betwixt himself and Henry VIII., by an invasion of England. Queen Anne of

France whose knight in the chivalrous usage of the day he called himself, had sent him a daring sort of message, and it was in vain that his own Queen Margaret asked him whether the letters of a woman whom he had never seen should be allowed to weigh against her own tears and the wishes of a nation. James was determined; and his people loyally following where he led, Flodden was the result. Scott gives us a brilliant picture of the Scottish army, as seen by Lord Marmion looking down from Blackford Hill on the camp below, and then of the gay revel at Holyrood House on the night before the host marched away. Piteous by contrast is the scene presented by the unfortunate city when the news of the disaster arrived (September 10, 1513). Everyone rushed into the street, and rumors that the King was dead and the English were advancing spread such panic and confusion that the officials who had been appointed to act for the absent Provost and magistrates were obliged to take vigorous measures to restore quiet. Among other things, they ordered that "all women, and especially vagabonds, do repair to their work, and be not seen upon the street, clamoring and crying." They also raised the nucleus of the "Town Guard," a body of twenty-four men who were to relieve the citizens from the duty of keeping watch. A plague broke out and added to the general misery. All shops were closed for fifteen days, vagrants were ordered off the streets after nine

o'clock, when neither doors nor windows could be opened except in cases of urgent necessity.

In the prevailing dread of the English that possessed all classes alike those rich persons who, tired of the contracted quarters of the town, had ambitiously built houses on the shady Cowgate, leading west from Holyrôod, heartily wished themselves back within the protecting city walls; and it was to quiet their clamors that a new line of wall was hastily thrown up beyond the Grass-Market and the Cowgate, one portion at least of which—the Tower in the Vennel, a lane leading southward from the Grass-Market—is still standing.

By this time a change had come over the style of Scottish city architecture. Until well into the fifteenth century the townspeople had been satisfied with the two-storied, wooden, thatched house of their ancestors which, moreover, possessed a certain advantage for a dweller in the south country, as being readily rebuilt after a raid from over the Border. Gradually however, these gave place to a more ambitious style of dwelling, possessing some features in common with the castles occupied by the nobles on their country estates; and by the sixteenth century the wealthy tradesmen, following the nobles' example, also built for themselves stone houses which combined the functions of dwelling and place of business. On to these stone fronts there came to be attached wooden additions. A tradition says that

James IV., having empowered the Town Council to farm or let the Burghmuir, they hit upon a device for clearing it, worthy of the council of an American city: every citizen living on the High Street was notified that if the wood for the purpose were taken from the Burghmuir, he could extend his house seven feet into the street! These additions formed on the ground floor a booth, where a merchant might display his goods, and on the upper floors galleries, most convenient in wet weather or when any show of uncommon interest was passing in the street below. Decorated with tapestries and gorgeous hangings, and filled with gaily dressed spectators, they must greatly have enhanced the brilliancy of the scene on such occasions as royal marriages and state entries.

After Flodden however, the householders feared to spread beyond the protecting city walls, and the ever increasing need of space led to the boarding-in and plastering of these galleries, to convert them into rooms. There are still a few old houses on the High Street which show the overhanging timber front of this period. It has been pointed out by Messrs. Macgibbon and Ross that the style of stone corbelling so very prevalent in Scotland is an outgrowth of those overhanging chambers of wood, quite natural in a country where stone is the common and usual material for building. Timber fronts prevailed until about the end of the sixteenth century, when stone generally replaced wood, and the booths that had

formerly lined the streets became stone arcades. One other result of the universal cry for more room, which was heard in Edinburgh until well into the eighteenth century, was the habit of building enormously high houses, a feature that cannot but strike anyone who approaches the Old Town from the Mound to-day.

James V. was but a helpless seventeen-months-old infant when he was crowned at Stirling. The usual struggle between the factions set in briskly, further complicated by the Queen Regent, who suddenly married one of the Douglasses (the Earl of Angus, a boy of nineteen), less than a year after the battle of Flodden, and when her posthumous child was but three months old. Six years later the struggle between the Douglasses and others of the powerful nobles led to the most celebrated of all Edinburgh's many street-fights, known in history as "Cleanse the Causeway." It was in April of the year 1520, and the Hamiltons—followers of the Earl of Arran—had assembled in the capital in such unusual numbers that the Douglasses, suspecting mischief, took alarm. A consultation was held between Gavin Douglas the poet-Bishop of Dunkeld, and his nephew the Earl of Angus, husband to the Queen Regent, in the residence of the former at the foot of the present Niddry Street.

Close by, in the house of the Archbishop of Glasgow at the foot of the present Blackfriars Street,

the Hamiltons were assembling. To them presently comes Gavin Douglas with conciliatory messages (the Douglasses were in the minority). Beaton the Archbishop denied that there was any trouble brewing—they were all peaceably disposed. “On my conscience,” said he, “I know nothing of it,” and smote his breast, whereupon the armor beneath his rochet rattled loudly. “Your conscience clatters, my lord,” wittily replied the other; and returning, he warned his party that hostilities were determined upon. The Douglasses then placed themselves in a commanding position along the High Street, and as the Hamiltons armed with swords, came pouring up the narrow wynds in detached bodies, they were met and driven back at the point of the long spears used in Border warfare, which rendered the short sword a comparatively useless weapon; before long so effectually was the *causeway cleansed*, that such of the Hamiltons as were not disabled were in full flight. Archbishop Beaton took refuge behind the high altar of the Blackfriars Church, from whence he was dragged forth and would surely have been killed, had not Gavin Douglas flown to his rescue, protesting that he was “ane consecrat bishop.” He had himself been in trouble not so very long before, when he was imprisoned in the “wyndy and richt unpleasant castle and rok of Edinburgh” for seeking confirmation in his office from the Pope before applying to the Regent.

Henry Lord Darnly



When the King, grown old enough to assert his own authority over his tumultuous nobles, had to some degree quieted the affairs of the kingdom, he (1532) founded the College of Justice with seven lay and seven spiritual members, and a churchman for presiding officer. It was, in short, a development of the Daily Council established by his father. The sessions were held in what had been the house of the Provost of St. Giles', a fortress-like mansion standing north of the church. Here were the sixteenth century Supreme Courts of Justice, and it was the meeting-place of Councils of State and of a number of Parliaments; at a later period it degenerated into a common prison.

To this building, the scene of some of her most stormy interviews with the Reformers and disaffected nobles, Queen Mary added on the west a structure of rubblework. Very much later a small two-story building with a flat roof—on which the public executions took place—was put up, also on the west. This conglomerate building came to be known as the Old Tolbooth and from its condemned cell, "The Heart of Midlothian." (The heart now outlined in the paving-stones marks about the middle of the site.) It was separated from the north side of the Lawn-Market by a roadway about fourteen feet wide, and from the church on the south by a lane which—doubtless not without reason—got the name of the Stinkand, or Stinking Stile.

The manse garden on the south of St. Giles' was given to the town in 1477, to be used as a church-yard, which accounts for the singular position of John Knox's grave as we know it to-day.

James V. went to France to be married—not, as it fell out, to Marie de Bourbon the bride chosen for him, but to Madeleine, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Francis I., with whom he fell in love at sight. She, poor girl, landing at Leith with her handsome husband in May, 1537, dropped on her knees and kissed the sands of her new country. This was of course a very popular act, and when she added to her youth and beauty a further claim on the public sympathy by shortly dying, the lamentation was universal and sincere, and it is noted that mourning was adopted for the first time to do honor to her memory.

James V.'s second wife, Mary of Lorraine, daughter of the Duke of Guise, landed in Fifeshire on June 14, 1538. "What plagues she brought with her and how they yet continue, such as are not blind may manifestly see," observes the genial Knox of this event. In fact the persecution of heretics did receive fresh impetus in that same year, partly owing to the advancement of David Beaton to be a Cardinal. The Queen for her part had a sufficiently hard road to travel. She appears to have been more than ordinarily painstaking and conscientious, sincerely desirous—when the King's death in 1542 left

her at the head of affairs—to do the best for the land of her adoption. But, a devoted daughter of the Roman Catholic Church, she came to Scotland at a moment when the seething waters of the Reformation had reached the boiling-point and were about to break forth in all directions. No amount of human wisdom or forbearance could then have availed to stem the current that was shortly to sweep over the country in an overmastering flood, leaving in its track, along with the wrecks of many an ancient institution and noble building, the seeds of almost all that we recognize as best in the Scotland of to-day. Before this occurred, however, Edinburgh was subjected (1544) to one of the most disastrous of those raids of the English to which is due—far more than to the violence of the Reformers—the destruction of the greater part of the ecclesiastical buildings of Scotland.

The “Flodden wall” seems on this occasion to have afforded Edinburgh but an indifferent defence, for the forces of the Earl of Hertford got in without difficulty and fired the town so thoroughly that the English themselves were obliged to beat a retreat. They returned on three successive days, and not only destroyed the capital, but laid the country waste for a circuit of seven miles.

Of Holyrood Palace but little was left standing beyond two towers of the addition made by James V. in 1528. These two towers form the oldest part of

the existing building. Three years later the English are back again, and this time complete the work at Holyrood by carrying off the lead from the roofs.

The Regent was probably living in her house on the Castle Hill when, in 1558, on the approach of St. Giles' Day, preparations were made for the usual religious procession through the streets. The image of the saint had been stolen by the Reformers, and first "drowned" in the Nor' Loch and then burned; so another was borrowed from the Greyfriars monastery, for which James Carmichael, Dean of the Guild, gave a silver piece as security. The statue was fastened upon a "fertour" (a small chest) and borne along to the sound of trumpets and fifes, accompanied by a long line of priests, friars, and what John Knox (himself in Geneva at the time) calls "rottin Papistes," the Queen Regent being one of them. All along the route of the procession little threatening groups had formed; but so long as the Regent was present, nothing overt occurred. After it had left the High Street, however, to return by the Cowgate and West Bow, the Regent, who was to dine that day at the house of "Sandie Carpetyne," apparently somewhere in the neighborhood, turned off. Immediately some persons pressed up, and under pretence of helping to bear the image, began to "shudder," hoping to overthrow it. This the nails prevented; so then the crowd, raising a cry of "Down with the idol, down with it," the religionists were quickly overpowered

and dispersed, the priests' vestments torn from their backs, and the image broken in pieces.

"The Gray Freirs gaped, the Black Frearis blew, the preastis panted and fled," says John Knox in his account, and he dryly adds that the Queen Regent "laid this up amongst her other mementoes, till that she might have seen the time proper to have revenged it."

In the following year—June 29, 1559—the Lords of the Congregation entered Edinburgh at three o'clock in the afternoon, accompanied by John Knox (returned a few weeks before from France), who preached the same day in St. Giles'.

Up to this time Lord Seton, an ardent Catholic, who was Lord Provost at that time, had taken lively measures for the protection of the Black and Grey Friars' monasteries, himself sleeping in the one or the other, and appointing certain of the citizens as guards both by day and night. However, on the approach of the triumphant Congregation, fresh from their destructive work at Perth, at Scone, and at Stirling, these abandoned their charge; the mob thereupon broke in, and so completely despoiled those buildings that on their arrival the Congregation found little left for them to do beyond the purging of St. Giles'.

When, later on, the Queen Regent came to Holyrood and re-established the mass at its overthrown altar, a conference was held in the Tolbooth between

her ministers and the Reformers, resulting in a stout refusal by the latter to give up the Great Kirk, or even to permit the mass to be said there between sermons. The Regent's French soldiers thereupon, with characteristic effrontery, took to promenading up and down the nave and aisles at service-time, talking so loudly that the preacher's voice was drowned, even when he cried aloud to God to "ridde them of such locustes."

After an unsuccessful siege of Leith by the Lords of the Congregation, the members of the Regent's party gained a transitory power, and one of their first acts was to repossess themselves of St. Giles' and to "purge" it anew, this time from "heretical pollutions." All the valuables saved from the searching eyes of the Reformers and secretly preserved by the faithful were now brought forth, and for about five months the Romanists had possession. But at the end of March, 1560, some members of the Congregation made a tour of the town, overthrowing the altars of all the churches and destroying the symbols; and from that day to this, the mass has never been celebrated within the walls of that ancient church. Knox, persuaded to remove from Edinburgh, where his life was thought to be in danger, had now returned and was for the second time installed as minister of St. Giles'; but so thorough was the purging this time that it was nearly a year before the church could be got into thoroughly satis-

factory shape. After everything movable had been swept away, the altars were attacked, some of them solidly built of stone, only being demolished with great labor and difficulty. This finally accomplished, a good, thick, all-embracing coat of whitewash was laid over the whole interior, and seats were placed in rows. What must the feelings have been of some dreamy, poetic soul, accustomed from infancy to gaze off into the dim mysteries of nave and vault and to interpret the uncomprehended words of the priest into vague sweet assurances, when he for the first time took his place in that great, bare, staring building! His love for unvarnished truth must needs have been strong indeed, to withstand the shock. The treasures of the church, delivered up (reluctantly) by the various Deans of Guilds and others to whom they had been intrusted for safe keeping, were sold to pay for all these "improvements," and the arm-bone of St. Giles was made away with—not sold, apparently, as there is no record of any payment for it. As it would without doubt have fetched a very high price, it is probable that the authorities had conscientious scruples against perpetuating "idolatry," and so resisted what in their need of money must have been a sore temptation. Another act, however, probably gave them downright joy in the performing; this was when "the idole Sanct Geyll was cuttit out of the towny's standard and the thrisill put in place thereof."

In the meantime a petition for the abolition of Popery had been presented to Parliament, followed by a Confession of Faith prepared in the brief space of four days by John Knox and four colleagues. This, after careful consideration clause by clause, was adopted by an almost unanimous vote (July 17, 1560). The bishops—the few that is who were present—held their peace; and thus without discussion or protest, was the ancient order swept away. In December the first meeting of the General Assembly, represented by thirty-four elders and six ministers, was held in the St. Magdalen Chapel in the Cowgate, the point under discussion being what form of church government should replace the Roman hierarchy. The outcome was the Book of Discipline, which however, never received the formal sanction either of the Privy Council or of Parliament.

The Chapel of St. Magdalen, in which this historic meeting was held, is still standing in the Cowgate, close to the George IV. Bridge, and is the headquarters of the Edinburgh Medical Mission. With its steep little benches and the insignia of many a defunct Hammerman ornamenting its wooden panels, it wears a quaint and suggestive aspect. The window has almost the sole existing example of old stained glass now to be found in Edinburgh.

In this same momentous year (1560), the Queen Regent, feeling the near approach of death, sent for

the Protestant lords to come to her in the Castle of Edinburgh. Fearing a plot, it was arranged that only a few should obey the summons at one time. Among the first to go were Lord James Stewart, afterwards the Regent Moray, and the Earls of Argyll and Glencairn. The dying Queen begged these lords to maintain the ancient league with France, to be obedient to their lawful sovereign—her daughter Mary, then married to the Dauphin—regretted the crisis to which affairs had been brought, and finally with tears begged everyone present to forgive her for any injuries she might have committed: forgiving, for her part, all offences against herself. Whereat the lords were so moved that they wept, and by way of comforting her, they dispatched John Willocks, a Protestant minister, to point out the errors of her life and belief. This John Willocks, formerly a Franciscan monk had, after his conversion, acted as chaplain to the Duke of Suffolk, father of Lady Jane Grey. Let us hope that he dealt gently with the passing soul and found some means of discharging his duty, other than by blaspheming all she held most sacred.

In the following year (1561), on the twentieth day of August, Scotland's Queen, now a widow though not yet nineteen years old, returned after an absence of thirteen years. Having stayed away so long, it is to be regretted that she could not have remained still another week, and entrusted to some reliable

messenger not likely to betray her intention to England, the duty of forewarning her people.

As it was, nothing could have been more miserably inopportune than the homecoming of this most unlucky of queens.

There was—and is—at times, in the neighborhood of Edinburgh, a certain condition of the atmosphere known as the “haar.” It is a wet, thick, penetrating, soul-chilling fog, which, borne up the Forth on the wings of the east wind, settles down on its banks, heavy and impenetrable, for a distance of several miles. Into this depressing atmosphere the French fleet plunged at its entrance to the Forth, and for twenty-four hours floundered about in it, before making the port of Leith. Nor did the haar lift even when Mary, having passed the night in the little seaport-town, set forth with her retinue and an escort (assembled in utmost haste by her quite unprepared people), to ride to the capital.

On September 2 she made her public entry, dining in the Castle, and being confronted on her departure by a boy, who, dropping (as it appeared) straight from heaven at her feet, presented her with the keys of the fortress and a Bible and Psalter, the latter deeply significant of the troubles to follow.

Four agitated years had gone by when the Queen, weary for the time of the unceasing intrigues of the court, withdrew during the stormy season of 1565 for a brief period of quiet, to Wemyss Castle in

Fifeshire, and it was during this visit that she became so fatally enamored of Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley, a youth celebrated for his assured bearing and his long legs.¹ It was noted on her return to Holyrood that she “danced a galliard” with him; and likewise that she, “for all the cold and storms, came home at the end of five weeks lustier than when she went forth.”

The ill-fated marriage that was the outcome of these passages took place (July 29, 1565) in the chapel of Holyrood House, Lord Darnley, already created Duke of Albany and Earl of Ross, having been proclaimed King by Mary’s order on the preceding day.

The bridegroom, who was but nineteen years of age, came to St. Giles’ in great state on August 19, and sitting on a throne listened for “an hour and more *longer* than the time appointed,” to John Knox,

¹ Lord Darnley was Mary’s first cousin, being the son of Matthew Stewart, Earl of Lennox, and Lady Margaret Douglas, daughter of Margaret Tudor (widow of James IV.) and the Earl of Angus, her second husband. Though Darnley’s name was Stewart (or Stuart), he was not of the *royal* Stuarts, being descended from a younger son of the fourth High Steward, long before the family became royal. His relationship to Queen Mary was through his English grandmother, and his royal blood was English, not Scots. After Mary he was next heir to the *English* throne, but had no claim to Scottish royalty. It is however from Darnley that James I. and the Stuart kings who reigned over Great Britain derive their name; not, of course, from Mary, whose father, James V., was the last male representative of the Scottish *royal* Stuarts.

who pointed his moral (that boys and women were set to rule over people as a punishment for their offences) by various personal allusions. The King was so annoyed that he would not eat his dinner! Knox was forbidden to preach again while the court was at Holyrood; but he paid no attention, and nothing came of it.

On Saturday evening, March 9 of the following year, when the Queen with some of her people was seated at supper in her cabinet at Holyrood House, there occurred an event which aroused the amazement and indignation of every court in Europe. She herself, in a letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow, gives a wonderfully calm and unvarnished account of the affair, beginning with the moment when "the King our husband came to us . . . and placed himself beside us at our supper."

The Earl of Morton and Lord Lindsay, with armed followers to the number of about a hundred and fifty, had quietly possessed themselves of the entrances to the palace. Lord Ruthven, ill and scarce able to bear the weight of his armor, then came up the private stair, introduced by Darnley, and entering the royal presence told David Riccio (the Queen's secretary) to come outside, as he wished to speak to him. The Queen, turning to Darnley, asked if he were party to these proceedings, and was assured that he had naught to do with them. "Also we commanded the Lord Ruthven, under pain of treason,

to avoid him forth of our presence; (he [Riccio] then for refuge took safeguard, having retired him behind our back), but Ruthven with his accomplices cast down our table upon ourself, put violent hands on him, struck him over our shoulder with whinyards [hangers], one part of them standing before our face with bended dags [cocked pistols], most cruelly took him out of our cabinet, and, at the entry of our chamber, gave him fifty-six strokes with whinyards and swords.”¹

For two days after the outrage, the Queen was closely confined in Holyrood House, while the conspirators were busily engaged in recalling the exiled nobles, driving the lords of Parliament out of Edinburgh, and even discussing the question of Mary's death or permanent imprisonment. She however easily won the pliable Darnley over to her side, and early on the morning of the 12th managed to escape with him through the window of the wine-cellar, and accompanied by half a dozen men-at-arms scampered off to Dunbar Castle, which they reached in time for breakfast, hungry and excited, and more like a pair of runaway schoolchildren than the King and Queen of a distracted country. In a very short time the Earl of Bothwell collected a force amply sufficient to protect them. Edinburgh Castle, for

¹ The real cause of this murder has never been made clear: possibly it was that Riccio, a foreigner and a parvenu, had obtained undue influence politically and personally over the Queen.

five hundred years the refuge of beset sovereigns, now opened its gates to this most unfortunate Queen of Scots.

One of the first persons whom Mary encountered on entering the fortress was her wild lover, the mad Earl of Arran, who in March, 1562, had announced a plot of himself, Bothwell, and Gavin Hamilton, to carry the Queen off to Dumbarton Castle and slay her principal ministers. Bothwell and Hamilton were shut up for a time, but the enamored Arran, on examination being found insane, was confined in Edinburgh Castle.

The months that followed must have been rather dreary ones for the Queen; Darnley's society, at no time exhilarating, was probably peculiarly obnoxious at this juncture, owing to her discovery of his complicity in Riccio's murder. He, Argyll, and Moray slept in the Castle; but the application of Bothwell and the Chancellor Huntly for the same privilege was refused. The Queen occupied the time with study and with that exquisite needlework in which she was so adept. She also made three copies of her will, sending one to France, keeping one, and committing the third to her ministers, and she arranged that Sir James Melvill should be in readiness to start on an instant's notice for Elizabeth's court.

On June 19, 1566, James VI. was born in that tiny room up at whose casement-window we gaze to-day with so much of speculation. Some fifty years

later, when restoring other parts of this wing, he constructed the doorway leading to this suite of rooms, and surmounted it with a monogram composed of the letters M. and H. (Mary and Henry), the date 1566, and the royal arms, so that the scene of his birth should not remain unmarked.

About the end of July, the Queen went for change of air to Alloa, by water, as she was not strong enough to ride (her usual mode of travelling) and did not possess a "wheeled carriage." It was in the following January that she went to see her husband, then lying ill with small-pox in Glasgow, and on the 30th of that month she brought him back to Edinburgh. The house of the Provost of the Collegiate Church of St. Mary-in-the-Field, commonly called the Kirk o' Field, had been prepared for him, and Calderwood states that "many of his servants foreshmelling danger left him."

The house had two stories, connected by a turnpike stair, and one end was formed by the town wall, pierced by a window and a postern door opening from the cellar. Darnley's bedchamber was on the second floor; it was richly furnished with spoils brought from Strathbogie after the fight of Corrichie.¹ Directly beneath it was a room occupied occasionally by the Queen.

On the evening of February 9, 1567, there were to be festivities at Holyrood in honor of the marriage

¹ See p. 193, Vol. II.

of two members of the royal household. The Queen therefore paid her accustomed visit to her husband somewhat earlier than usual, and then, accompanied by servants bearing lighted torches, proceeded on foot along the Blackfriars' Wynd to the palace.

The city wall then ran along the present line of St. Mary Street, turning sharply to the west at a point near the Old Infirmary, and the Kirk o' Field House occupied very nearly the site of the Senate Hall in the present University building. At the very time when the Queen was seated at her husband's bedside, some of Bothwell's servants were engaged in placing bags of powder in the room below; they furtively watched her leave the house, and then, following at a distance, informed the Earl, who had apartments in the palace, that the arrangements were completed. Quickly changing his clothing and putting on a long dark cloak, he accompanied them through the Canongate. They were challenged at the Netherbow Port, but, on declaring themselves "friends of the Earl of Bothwell," were admitted, and proceeded toward the Kirk o' Field House. At two o'clock in the morning, an explosion took place. Bothwell and his companions, after an unsuccessful attempt to climb the city wall, were obliged to arouse the porter of the Netherbow Port and again persuade him to let them pass.

Hurrying back to the palace, the Earl had barely time to drink a cup of wine and get into bed when

breathless messengers arrived to inform him that the Kirk o' Field House was blown to pieces, and that the bodies of the King and his attendant had been found in an adjoining enclosure.¹ Getting up, he went at once to the Queen and then to the scene of the explosion.

Responsibility for the crime was fixed by common consent upon Bothwell. But although a reward of two thousand pounds was offered to anyone giving information, the Earl's power was so great that at first no one dared to accuse him openly. Anonymous placards naming him and some of his people as the murderers appeared however on the doors of St. Giles' and the Tolbooth.

After two months the Earl of Lennox, Darnley's father, brought formal charge against the Earl of Bothwell. The trial took place on April 12. Lennox absented himself; and as a force of some four thousand armed men patrolled the streets under Bothwell's orders (he was governor of Edinburgh Castle), it is not surprising that no witnesses appeared against him, and he was acquitted.

After the murder, the Queen again retired to Edinburgh Castle, where she shut herself up so closely that fears were entertained for her health. In April, when returning from a visit to her infant son, who was at Stirling under the charge of the Earl of Mar,

¹ Darnley and his companion appeared to have been strangled, where and by whom has never been satisfactorily explained.

the Queen was intercepted by Bothwell and a body of spearmen near the West Port, on a road which follows the line of the present Fountainbridge Street. With her attendants she was carried off to Dunbar Castle, the Earl declaring that he would marry her, "who would or who would not, or whether she herself would or would not."

His divorce from Lady Jane Gordon, to whom he had been married but little more than a year, speedily followed, and on May 19 the protesting Mr. Craig—the colleague of John Knox—read the banns in St. Giles' Kirk. The marriage was celebrated in the great hall of Holyrood House according to the Protestant rite, on the 15th, but three and a half months after the murder of Darnley, and it was considered an ominous circumstance that it took place in May, an unlucky month for marriages.

The indignation of the country forced Mary and her new husband to retire from Edinburgh, first to Borthwick Castle and afterward to Dunbar, where they assembled their followers. The Confederate Lords meantime raised an army "not against our Queen, but the murderer of her husband." The rival forces met at Carberry, some eight miles east of Edinburgh, but most of the Queen's party had deserted her. She surrendered herself to the confederates, and Bothwell was allowed to escape. The Queen was taken back to Edinburgh; but so rude and threatening was the aspect of the mob that

thronged the High Street that it was thought prudent not to attempt to reach Holyrood, but to take her into the Provost's house, which stood on the site of the present Royal Exchange.

“This was no fight of rival religions. Bothwell was a Protestant and had helped well to get all the church lands in Edinburgh gifted by charter to the city. The quarrel was as old as royalty itself—the safety of the seed-royal. The Scottish people, inherently loyal, turned to the child. With them it was: ‘What of the bonny Duke of Rothesay, starved to death at Falkland by his uncle Albany?’ and ‘What of these fair young Plantagenet princes, Edward and Richard of York, who, only eighty years before, had passed into the Tower of London and were never heard of more?’ The women of Edinburgh have come under blame as to their speech and conduct at this juncture. It is to be remembered, however, that we see Mary’s history through the softened gloom of her unlawful imprisonment and her unrighteous death; but to the citizens of Old Edinburgh the roar of that Sabbath at midnight was in their ears, and the thought of that ‘ower sune step-father’ sent the mothers of the High Street and the Canongate ‘from their bairnis cradellis to ban.’”¹

Demonstrations were made before her windows, and an offensive banner, on which the murder of Darnley was painted in minute detail, was displayed.

¹ *The Book of Old Edinburgh.*

On the evening of the day following, she was taken to Holyrood House, and from there, accompanied by the Lords Ruthven and Lindsay, was the same night secretly removed to a castle on an island in Loch Leven. She never saw Edinburgh again.

The celebrated affair of the silver casket of letters occurred on June 20. It was alleged to have been discovered on the person of George Dalglish, a servant of Bothwell implicated in Darnley's murder, who was conveying it from Sir James Balfour governor of Edinburgh Castle to his master. Whether this were so or no, and whether the letters and sonnets addressed to the Earl by the Queen, with which it was filled, were genuine or forged, they gave the Confederate Lords sufficient excuse for deposing the Queen; and her half-brother, the Earl of Moray, taking the head of affairs, was appointed Regent for the infant James.

Three years later, January 23, 1570, the Regent was shot in the streets of Linlithgow. The body was brought to Holyrood House, and from thence taken to St. Giles' for interment in the south aisle of the transept, John Knox making "ane lamentable sermon tuitching the said murther." The tomb was destroyed in 1829, and the Regent's ashes lost; but a brass plate bearing an inscription by George Buchanan was found at the time of the later restoration of the church, and it is seen to-day in the modern monument. The Earl of Lennox, the young King's

grandfather, now became Regent, and the restless Elizabeth was bestirring herself more and more in Scottish affairs. By the year 1572, the party still faithful to the exiled and imprisoned Queen had dwindled away to almost nothing, and the Castle of Edinburgh, defended by Sir William Kirkcaldy of Grange, alone of all the fortresses in the realm, held out for her.

At length Elizabeth sent Sir William Drury with a large force and some artillery to take a hand in the siege, which now indeed began in earnest. Five batteries commanded the Castle from the southwest, west, and northwest; and these, after an almost continuous bombardment of four weeks, so utterly demolished the fortifications that the ruins were said to run "like a sandy brae." The only remaining well became choked, and on May 29, 1573, the governor surrendered to Drury, who guaranteed him safety in Elizabeth's name. He and his brother were nevertheless promptly handed over to the Regent Lennox and hanged. The report of a survey made for Sir William Drury says: "We fynde no myninge can prevaile in this rocke, but only battery with ordinance to beat downe the waules and so to make the clyme." So thoroughly beaten down were the walls, in fact, that very little of the present Castle antedates the siege. In the Half-Moon Battery, built by the Regent Morton,¹ are embedded

¹ The Earl of Morton was elected Regent on the death of the

traces of an earlier tower and curtain-wall, and the arched gateway a little beyond may be a restoration of an older one; over it are seen the heart and star of the Douglasses, which the Regent Morton arrogantly placed above the royal arms. The upper chamber of the gateway tower was used for prisoners of state; the Marquis of Argyll, and twenty years later his son the Earl, were confined in it.

About six months before the end of the siege the Protestant cause received a severe blow. In August, 1572, Knox, who had gone to St. Andrews for better security (his life was again said to be threatened), returned at the earnest request of his people. He had grown suddenly old, and his voice could no longer thunder forth imprecations and threatenings as of yore. St. Giles', deemed too large for Protestant worship, had been divided up. The choir was the High Kirk, and the west end of the nave the Tolbooth Kirk, while a grammar-school, the courts of justice, the office of the town clerk, a weaver's workshop, and the "Maiden" (the instrument used in public executions), all found shelter beneath its roof.

Knox now used the small Tolbooth Kirk as better adapted to his weakness, and it was there that on November 9, 1572, he preached his last sermon.

Earl of Mar (October, 1572). Mar had succeeded the Earl of Lennox—shot at Stirling in September, 1571. The Regent Morton was deposed in 1577 and in 1581 was accused of participation in the murder of Darnley, was found guilty and executed.

John Knox's House, Showing Tolbooth



Mr. John Lawson, his successor, was inducted on the same day, and Knox went into the High Kirk to give him his charge; his infirmity was so manifest that the congregation followed him solicitously down the High Street to that quaint house near the Netherbow, which he probably occupied for the last three years of his life. He never left it again; but after two weeks, during which he met those who crowded to his bedside with what sounds like a distant echo of his old spirit, he died on the 24th of November, 1572. The house as we see it to-day is somewhat altered; an outside stair and door replace the former entrance-door, from which a wheel-stair led to the upper floors, and the initials and arms on the wall belong to an earlier tenant named Mosman, and his wife. The figure of Moses on the Mount, seen on the corner, was popularly supposed to represent Knox preaching from a pulpit, until the careful restoration of the house by a committee of the Free Kirk revealed its real meaning.

Before 1570, Knox lived in Trunks or Turings Close, running north from the High Street a little further up, just opposite the Fountain well; here he had a manse whose rent was paid by the Town Council for nine years. The Blackfriars Wynd (now Blackfriars Street), which led by an arched doorway from the High Street to the grounds of the Dominican monastery, was a very aristocratic neighborhood in the sixteenth century. Its east

side was torn down in modern times so as to widen it into a street, but a little way down on the west side there is still standing the doorway of the house of James, Earl of Moray, Knox's friend and protector, occupied by him before he became Regent. It was furnished with the usual wooden galleries, and beside the doorway there is to-day one of the "pallstones" which served to protect their base. Knox was buried quite close to the scene of some of his most exciting experiences, in the cemetery that sloped from the south side of St. Giles' down to the Cowgate, and his was among the last of the interments made there, as the gardens of the Greyfriars, given to the town by Queen Mary, superseded the older burial-ground at about this time. His funeral (November 26, 1572) was attended by a great concourse headed by the Regent Morton. When the remains were laid in the grave, the Regent pronounced over him the memorable words: "Here lieth one who never feared the face of man." No tombstone marks the grave of the great Reformer. The simple initials and date "I. K. 1572," cut in the pavement of the Parliament Square, are the only record of his last resting-place.

CHAPTER II.

EDINBURGH.

FROM THE FOUNDING OF THE UNIVERSITY (1582) TO
THE CLOSE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

It is just about ten years after the death of Knox that we find his successor, Mr. John Lawson, deeply interested in the erection of a building destined to play as important a part in the history of Edinburgh as St. Giles' itself. Long before, in Queen Mary's time, the grounds of the Collegiate Church of St. Mary-in-the-Field had been acquired by the magistrates for the site of a proposed college; but the plan had progressed no further, owing partly to obstacles raised by the three existing universities of St. Andrews, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, and partly no doubt to the circumstance of Darnley's murder having been committed on the site.

But now in 1582 James VI. had given the necessary charter, setting forth therein his purpose to be a godfather to the new foundation and to have it called by his name, and a number of buildings more or less adapted to the requirements had been repaired or built outright.

On October 1, 1583, Robert Rollock a graduate of St. Andrews, opened the first session of the new university, he representing in his own person the entire staff of professors¹ with the title of "regent." The plan was for him to conduct his class through the four years' course of the Faculty of Arts; three other professors,—one to be appointed at the opening of each session for three succeeding years, to do the same; when Rollock, having graduated his pupils, would be free to begin another class. With this simple equipment did the University of Edinburgh start forth on its career of honor. Rollock triumphantly graduated his class, forty-seven in number, and their signatures can still be seen attached to the Scottish Confession of the Reformed Faith to which they were obliged to subscribe on graduating. To three of these names is now affixed the word *Apostata*, indicating a subsequent lapse from the Protestant faith.

In 1587 a Faculty of Theology was founded, also under the direction of Rollock, who had now become principal of the college. A university the new institution had not yet become, either in the mediæval or in the modern sense. Its arrangements were strictly collegiate and domestic. The students wore no gowns, and among the duties attached to the six bursaries founded in its fifteenth year was that of

¹ An interesting portrait of this intrepid pedagogue hangs in the Senate Hall in the University building.

assembling the classes by ringing a bell; the bursars were also required to "paidall" (*i. e.*, scrub with brushes attached to the feet) the halls and stairways. One of the students acted as janitor. Two hours were allowed on playdays for archery on the Muir lands (Warrender Park). Every evening the students assembled for family worship, and on Wednesday and Sunday the principal gave them religious instruction. But though thus collegiate in its arrangements, the standard of scholarship in philosophy was that of a university, and the new foundation also possessed the power to confer the degree of Master of Arts. With the introduction at a later date of other Faculties, the collegiate character disappeared and the institution developed into a university. To-day its three or four thousand students and upward of eighty professors are scattered far and wide throughout the city, there being no dormitory buildings or distinctively collegiate life except to a very limited extent.

The Faculty of Medicine encountered many difficulties at the outset, and it was not till the latter part of the seventeenth century, when a "Physic Garden" was fairly established, that the College of Physicians obtained its patent.

In 1580 a new Book of Discipline had replaced that of Knox. It defined very clearly the separate provinces of church and state, laid down a Presbyterian form of government, and utterly abolished

Episcopacy. Four years later the King retaliated with certain measures which, when passed by Parliament, got the name of the Black Acts of 1584. These acts made it treason to deny the King's jurisdiction over the church, to speak against the bishops (as being one of the estates in Parliament), or to hold an ecclesiastical court without the royal permission. The revocation of these enactments by the Parliament of 1592 was the greatest triumph that Presbyterianism had as yet won.

Other matters of less moment were also occupying the minds of the ministers at this period.

The Psalms of David, translated into Scots metre, were being sung to the old church-tunes, some of which however in derision of the papists, had been set to profane ballads; an effort was now made to redeem this error by introducing a religious meaning into these songs, with what success can best be judged by the following selection taken from a book of "Godly and Spirituall Songs . . . with sundrie of other ballats, chainged out of prophaine sanges . . .," printed in the year 1590, in black letter, by Andro Hart, Edinburgh.

John come kiss me now,
 John come kiss me now,
 John come kiss me by and by,
 And mak na mair adow.

The Lord thy God I am
 That (John) does thee call.

John represents the man,
By grace celestial.

My prophets call, my preachers cry,
John come kiss me now,
John come kiss me by and by,
And mak na mair adow.

When in the year 1809 the Advocates' Library was enlarged, a number of closes on the west of St. Giles' were swept away; in the process the name of George Heriot was discovered on the architrave of the door of a small shop facing the west front of the church from across a narrow footway. This was the place of business of George Heriot, the "Jingling Geordie" of "The Fortunes of Nigel," a goldsmith of James VI.'s time, who also acted as banker to his royal patron, whom he followed to London. All the Edinburgh goldsmiths of that day were gathered in the near vicinity of St. Giles', only members of their craft, bookbinders (*i. e.*, booksellers), watchmakers, and jewellers being permitted to do business in the wooden booths which, from 1628 for nearly two hundred years, clung to the exterior of the church. The goldsmiths held a certain position in the community, and combining banking with their legitimate business were not to be classed as ordinary tradesmen. They went about in scarlet cloaks and cocked hats, and carried canes. It was not until the latter part of the eighteenth century that it became customary for them to keep articles in stock, the cus-

tomer ordering beforehand what he wanted. Country bridegrooms are described as preparing for their approaching marriage by coming up to town to "order the spoons," when the goldsmith and his patron would discuss the important points of weight and style, and a mug of ale at the same time, in a neighboring tavern.

The simple customs of the time come out incidentally in a story intended however rather to illustrate the size of Heriot's fortune. Attending on King James one day at Holyrood, he found his Majesty warming himself at a fire of scented wood. The goldsmith remarked upon the agreeable odor, and was informed that the fire was as expensive as it was pleasant. "If your Majesty will come to my shop," said he, "I will show you one more pleasant and costly still." The King, very curious, soon came to see this wonder, but was disappointed to find a very ordinary little fire burning on the hearth. "Is that all?" he exclaimed. "No, your Majesty, here is my fuel," and the goldsmith-banker threw on a bond for two thousand pounds, due to him from the King. "Truly, Master Heriot, a most costly and pleasant-smelling fire," cries King James, hugely delighted with a pleasantry so entirely after his own heart.

Heriot had succeeded to his father's already flourishing business, and got a fortune with each of his wives, the second of whom, Alison Primrose, was a

daughter of James Primrose, grandfather of the first Earl of Rosebery.

He followed the court to London, and dying there in 1624, he was buried in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. The bulk of his fortune went to the Edinburgh Town Council, to build a hospital¹ for the maintenance and education of poor and fatherless boys, the sons of freemen of the city. A piece of ground near the Grass-Market, called the High Riggs, was bought for this purpose; but the building begun in 1628 by William Aytoun was still unfinished when, twenty years later, Cromwell seized it for a military infirmary. General Monk having with much difficulty been induced to vacate it, the institution was at last opened in April, 1659, with a class of thirty boys. It is a quadrangular building, with a square tower at each corner, and one over the arched entrance on the north, surmounted by a statue of the founder. On the south side is the chapel, with a large Gothic window. Among the earliest beneficiaries were

¹ The word "hospital" in Scotland is not used for a house for the sick, which is invariably termed an "infirmary." A Scots hospital is the true Latin *hospitium*, a house for the entertainment of guests. These hospitals, of which there are many in Edinburgh, were founded for the education and maintenance of various classes, generally, as in the case of Heriot's Hospital, for children. They were there boarded, clothed, educated, and subsequently apprenticed to trades, the governors of the hospital acting *in loco parentis*. Modern requirements and the ruthless utilitarianism of Parliamentary commissions have in many cases altered the ancient system to customs less picturesque, but possibly more useful.

George Heriot's own grandchildren by a natural daughter who, having fallen into great poverty in London, came to Edinburgh, where the Town Council placed her sons in the hospital and allowed her a pension.

Of the appearance of Edinburgh in the beginning of the seventeenth century, we get some idea from the contemporary accounts of at least two travelers, Fynes Moryson, a Fellow of Peter-house, Cambridge, and John Taylor, the London "water-poet."

Moryson describes its situation and plan, and is particularly struck by the number of noblemen's towers in the neighborhood; he tells of its "one broad and very faire street (which is the greatest part and sole ornament thereof); . . . without the wals lie plaine and fruitfull fields of corne. In the midst of the foresaid faire streete [the High Street] the Cathedrall Church is built, which is large and lightsome, but little stately for the building and nothing at all for the beauty and ornament. In this Church the King's seate is built some few staires high of wood, and leaning upon the pillar next to the Pulpit: and opposite to the same is another seat very like it, in which the incontinent use to stand and doe pennance; and some few weekes past, a Gentleman being a stranger, and taking it for a place wherein Men of better quality used to sit, boldly entred the same in sermon time, till he was driven away with the profuse laughter of the common sort,

Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh



to the disturbance of the whole congregation. The houses are built of unpolished stone, and in the faire streete good part of them is of freestone which in that broad streete would make a faire shew, but that the outsides of them are faced with wooden galleries built upon the second story of the houses, yet these galleries give the owners a faire and pleasant prospect into the said faire and broad street, when they sit or stand in the same."

Taylor the water-poet set forth on his journey in July of the year 1618, in emulation of Ben Jonson's pedestrian tour to Scotland. He undertook to travel on foot from London to Edinburgh and back, with no money, "neither Begging, Borrowing, or asking Meate, Drinke, or Lodging." He too sings the praises of the High Street, "the fairest and goodliest streete that ever mine eyes beheld," and notes that the "gentlemans' houses, much fairer than the buildings in the high-street," where "merchants and tradesmen do dwell, . . . are obscurely founded in the aforesaid lanes."

Taylor was gone three months, and on his return to London wrote an account of his adventures, called "The Pennyless Pilgrimage," which he had printed, and hawked about himself.

The King does not appear to have shared the admiration expressed by these strangers for his Scottish capital, or possibly it had been spruced up somewhat since the days when he gave his councillors the slip

and went a-wooing Anne of Denmark (1589). The letter setting forth his reasons for that remarkable escapade terminates in a quite plaintive appeal to the magistrates to get Edinburgh and Holyrood into something like fitting order for the reception of his bride. "A king," he urges, "with a new married wife does not come hame every day." The preparations were however so far from complete when the royal couple arrived at Leith, that they were obliged to wait there for nearly a week before taking possession of their quarters in Holyrood House.

Fourteen years later occurred the most exciting event in James's life, and one that altered the aspect and standing of Edinburgh for all time. On March 24, 1603, Elizabeth died and the Scottish King was named her successor. Sir Robert Cary, the self-appointed bearer of these breathless tidings, reached Holyrood late one evening, dusty, bloodstained, and exhausted by his unprecedented ride from London in something like sixty hours, suffering a part of the time from injuries received in a fall from his horse. The dull court had gone to bed, but Sir Robert clamoring at the gates for admittance soon had everyone astir. The King, drawn from his chamber by the new arrival's insistent demands, was in no hurry to return, and spent the rest of the night discussing the wonderful news and the situation in England. On the Sunday week James stood up in his place in St. Giles' and made a speech. He

assured the people that his changed estate would not work such serious loss to them as they might at first suppose, as it was his intention to visit them once in every three years or even oftener, a promise which however he failed to keep.

The departure of the sovereign was a serious loss to Edinburgh, and from that April day when King James passed forth through its gates, Holyrood ceased to be anything more than the occasional resting-place of a crowned head, or, as sometimes happened, of a royal head that was not crowned. The only subsequent stay made there by James himself was from May to August of the year 1617, when he held successions of dull receptions and those infinitely duller "disputations" in which his tedious soul delighted. There were quantities of Latin addresses, and eulogies, and what-not; through whose bulk one English poem, by Drummond of Hawthornden, pushes its way up into the light.

King James died in the spring of 1625 at a time when both he and his Scottish subjects were stiffening themselves for a fresh struggle in matters ecclesiastical. He had announced that those ministers who should fail to make their congregations receive the communion kneeling would be deposed. But "the Lord removed him out of the way," as the Presbyterians put it, at the same time pronouncing eulogies upon him from their pulpits, while the royal seat in St. Giles' was decorously hung with black.

James would no doubt have found some way to slip aside when the moment of onset came, but not so his son, Charles I., who took the very first opportunity that presented itself to show the people that he meant to enforce every obnoxious measure to the full extent of his power.

Thus on a November day in the very first year of his reign the crowds around the market cross were informed with blast of trumpet that all ecclesiastical revenues and properties acquired after the Reformation were now to be resigned by the holders, to the crown. By this ill-advised act Charles at the very outset antagonized a large and powerful body of persons to whom he might have looked for aid in his lifelong struggle with the Parliament. The opposition to the kneeling posture at the celebration of the Holy Communion was not on the ground that it was an innovation in church worship, for on certain occasions it had been adopted ever since the Reformation; the point made (it had been vehemently sustained by Knox) was that to kneel to receive the communion implied adoration of the Host. Consequently when it became known that they must receive kneeling or not receive at all, the people chose the latter alternative, and for a year, 1627-28, there were no celebrations in the Edinburgh churches.

When, eight years after his accession, Charles came to Edinburgh to be crowned, he had added to his other offences and sins the very heinous one of

marrying a "Popish" wife; but as the people had not had the excitement of a royal pageant for fifteen years or more, they turned out to greet him with enthusiasm.

On the 15th of June, 1633, the king entered by the West Port, and the long train of English lords and officers of state swept down the High Street to Holyrood House, where three days later "the first King of Great Britain that ever was crowned in Scotland" had "the most glorious and magnifque coronation that ever was seen in this kingdom."

There were those however who were on the outlook for sinister omens, and they were not disappointed. There were *two bishops* in the procession (one was Laud); and at the coronation ceremony there was a table set up like an altar, with wax candles and clasped books and other things that "smelled of Popery."

In the same year Charles erected Edinburgh into a city and a bishopric, St. Giles' to be the cathedral church, and Dr. William Forbes its first bishop. And he brought prominently forward the man whom his father's shrewder insight had kept in the background.

"The plain truth," wrote James, "is that I keep Laud back from all place of rule and authority because I find he hath a restless spirit and cannot see when matters are well, but loves to toss and

change. . . . But I durst not play fast and loose with my word. He knows not the stomach of that people; but I ken the story of my grandmother the Queen Regent, that after she was inveigled to break her promise made to some mutineers at a Perth meeting, she never saw good day, but from thence, being much beloved before, was despised by her people."

The antagonism aroused by the knowledge that a Book of Common Prayer was preparing in England for the use of the Scottish Church was enhanced by a suspicion that whole clauses were to be interpolated from the Roman mass-book. With its set forms of prayer and worship, it was to supersede the Book of Common Order (a mere directory of optional forms), which, partly compiled by John Knox, sometimes goes by the misleading title of Knox's Liturgy. There was no secrecy as to the time and method of making the attempt, and those of the Edinburgh ministers who intended to obey the King's order announced on Sunday, July 16, 1637, that the new book would be used in their churches on the following Sunday.

In St. Giles', one of those interior division-walls put up after the Reformation had by this been taken down, and on the eventful day the congregation met in what had been the Great Kirk. Mr. Henderson the reader, who had refused to adopt the new book, read as usual from the Book of Common Order,

and then with the words "Adieu, good people, for I think this is the last tyme of my reading prayers in this place," withdrew. The Bishop (David Lindsay) and the dean (George Hannay) now entered; the former taking his place in the pulpit, while the latter going into the lately vacated reader's desk produced the fateful volume. It was a folio printed in red and black type, the latter the Gothic letter in which the missals of the Roman Church were printed, and was moreover illuminated in defiance of a perfectly well-known popular prejudice. Its unusual size and brilliant coloring made it a capital signal. Every time it was opened there arose a confused murmur from all parts of the church, growing louder and louder until such terms as "false anti-Christian," "ill-hanged theif," "beistlie bellie-god," rising above the clamor, indicated clearly the class to which the disturbers belonged. Finally the uproar reached a pitch which demanded some more tangible outlet than words. Books began to fly through the air; the Bishop after vainly demanding silence told the dean to read the Collect. "De'il colic the wame o' thee!" shouts Jenny Geddes, and then let fly her cutty-stool at the dean's head. At least tradition says she did, for now, like many other very great people, Jenny Geddes has been subjected to the searchlight of historical inquiry and found wanting. One authority says that it was the wife of John Mean, a merchant, who flung the first stool. At all

events, if Jenny did it, she was loyal to the monarchy, for we find her in 1660 making a bonfire of all the contents of her market booth, together with her "weather chair of state" to celebrate the Restoration. If she was indeed the heroine of the St. Giles' riot, the cutty-stool must have been snatched up then and there by some abnormally far-seeing relic-hunter, for not only is it not mentioned as contributing to the Restoration feu-de-joie, but it can be seen to-day in the Antiquarian Museum with a carved pulpit and the "Maiden" as its neighbors, and hung well out of reach "in order" as the courteous curator asserts, "to prevent your relic-loving compatriots from removing it piecemeal."

But to return to St. Giles' and that far-away July morning. The cutty-stool, whoever flung it, was followed by other missiles of varied character, and an actual riot ensued, which for the time put a stop to all public services. Meetings of the disaffected, both lay and clerical, were held in Edinburgh, and the "Tables," a small but powerful representative body, came into existence; the clergy, nobles, lesser barons, and burgesses being represented in it by four members each. Protests, supplications, advice, remonstrances were poured in upon the King, but all that could be extracted was a fresh proclamation to the effect that further opposition to the new liturgy would be regarded as treason. Amid the yells and hoots with which this proclamation was received some one

was seen to climb upon a scaffold raised alongside the market cross and on the spot where executions were held. It was Archibald Johnston of Warriston, who, surrounded by sixteen noblemen, proceeded to read a protest prepared in anticipation of the occasion. One of these noblemen was the great Marquis of Montrose, then twenty-six years old and identified with the Covenanting party. We are told that in order to gain a better vantage-ground, Montrose climbed on a cask that was on the scaffold, and that Rothes called out "James, you will never be at rest till you be lifted up there above the rest in a rope," a prophetic speech, seeing that only thirteen years later his active life ended on that spot and in the manner suggested.

The outcome of all these protestings and conferences was the "Solemn League and Covenant" of 1638, held by its projectors to be a renewal of the "National Covenant" of 1560 and the King's Confession of 1580-81. On the last day of February it was read in the Greyfriars' Church, after speeches calculated to convince the doubtful had been made by the leading men present. The Earl of Sutherland, as the highest in rank present, was the first to sign, then everyone within the crowded church did the same, after which the document (which measured $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards in length) was taken outside and after a reading to the throngs, who unable to get in the church had been patiently standing

through the chill wintry afternoon, it was spread on a flat tombstone for further signatures.

A deep and fierce excitement swayed the crowd. The spirit of Knox was abroad once more; some enthusiasts signed with blood, and women and children were among those who swore to "maintain the true religion with their bodies, means and whole power."

The Solemn League and Covenant soon penetrated to the remotest parts of Scotland, being everywhere received with the utmost enthusiasm, and the struggle between King and people commenced in earnest.

Charles visited Edinburgh again in 1641 and was playing golf on the Leith Links in November of that year when news came of the breaking out of the Irish Rebellion. Deeply agitated, he drove quickly back to Edinburgh and presented himself before the Parliament then sitting in the imposing new building which, completed only a year before, was now used instead of the dingy old Tolbooth. In the great hall of this building, now the great vestibule of the Supreme Law Court, the whole body assembled, the officers of state grouped about the steps of the throne beneath the great south window, and the nobles and higher barons on raised seats to the right and left. The Judges of the Court of Session with the Clerks of Parliament occupied places in the centre, and below them were benches for the lesser barons and commissioners of burghs. Ordinary spectators had

to accommodate themselves as best they could among the crowd of retainers of the members, at the northern extremity; but for persons of note a small gallery was reserved over the pulpit¹ from which sermons were read to the House.

Into this assembly hastily entered the King, and mounting to the throne, he informed the members that he had something to announce, the importance of which he could not yet gauge; he then handed the clerk a letter from Lord Chichester to read to the House. It stated that "the Irish had leaped out in Ireland in open rebellion and that many of the Papists there had joined them." The Parliament thereupon dispatched its remaining business in utmost haste and dissolved, and the King hurried back to London.

A little more than seven years after this (January 30, 1649) Charles was beheaded at Whitehall, and five days later his son was proclaimed King of Scots under the title of Charles II., at the Cross of Edinburgh, with the significant proviso that he should subscribe to the Covenant.

Long before this Montrose had broken with the Covenanters, and had thrown the entire weight of his commanding influence and great ability on the

¹ " . . . these," says Arnot, writing in 1779, "now serve no other purpose but to accommodate the band of musick which performs on his Majesty's birthday, when the Lord Provost of Edinburgh is entertaining the nobility and gentry with wine and sweetmeats," a custom now obsolete.

royal side. His career ended with his defeat at Invercharron early in the year 1650. After skulking for some time in West Sutherlandshire he was captured by Macleod of Assynt and on May 10 he was brought to Edinburgh. At the Watergate the distinguished prisoner was met by the Provost arrayed in his robes of office, and the brutal details of the Parliament's order for his ordeal and execution were read to him. It was four o'clock in the afternoon of that spring day when the procession started up the Canongate from Holyrood. Before went the other prisoners two and two; then, bare-headed and bound to his seat in an open cart, came the great Marquis, the hangman acting as driver. The crowds assembled along the route acted with forbearance, and it was reserved on this occasion for a lady of rank to outrage all sense of decency.

A gay company of persons invited to celebrate the marriage of Lord Lorn, son of the Marquis of Argyll, to a daughter of the Earl of Moray, were assembled in the stately mansion, which, with its long balcony overlooking the street, may still be seen on the south side of the Canongate. It had been built about the year 1630, by the Countess of Home, and her initials and the lion rampant of the Homes still adorn the front; but her heirs having sold it about fifteen years later to the Countess of Moray, it is commonly known as Moray House.¹

¹ At present used as a training-school for teachers.

Hearing a rumor that Montrose was approaching, the wedding guests with one accord hurried out on the balcony, and as the illustrious prisoner came opposite the house, Jean, Countess of Haddington, spat upon him! Montrose looked up, and Argyll was observed to shrink back as though unable to meet his gaze, though this may have been a simple and instinctive act of shame, at being discovered in so unseemly a position.

Montrose was hanged on May 21, and portions of his dismembered body were exhibited in five different cities. After the Restoration (1660), his remains were collected and buried with extraordinary pomp in St. Giles'; the funeral procession following the same route, up which he had been led in disgrace ten years before; while the cannon which thundered forth from the Castle at the moment when his coffin was lowered into its honored grave, resounded through the walls of the prison where the Marquis of Argyll lay under sentence of death.

For nearly two hundred years a plain slab was all that marked the grave of Montrose, but in 1880 an elaborate monument was raised to his memory; on it are engraved the lines written by him in prison on the night preceding his execution:

"Scatter my ashes, strew them in the air—
Lord, since thou knowest where all those atoms are,
I'm hopeful Thou'lt recover once my dust
And confident Thou'lt raise me with the just."

It was in the reign of Charles I. that the singular ceremony of the institution of the Baronets of Nova Scotia was held in the Castle court-yard; the King, merely by the exercise of his royal will, converting the territory of the Castle Hill into a part of Nova Scotia, for the occasion. Sir William Alexander of Menstrie, afterwards Earl of Stirling and Viscount Canada, had obtained from James VI. the extensive territory of the mainland to the east of the river St. Croix and south of the St. Lawrence, "lying between our colonies of New England and New Foundland," for the purpose of founding a "plantation" or colony. This province was named New Scotland or Nova Scotia and was by legal fiction held to belong to the "anncient Kingdom of Scotland" and to form part of the County of Edinburgh. Alexander had great difficulty in persuading suitable colonists to settle there, and finding the expense far beyond the means of a private person appealed to King James for help. The King responded to his request by instituting the Scottish order of Baronets of Nova Scotia, following the precedent he had established in 1611 for the "planting" of the English colony in Ulster. Scottish gentlemen of good birth who were prepared to pay 1000 merks (£55 11s.) to Sir William Alexander and to "sett furth sex sufficient men artificeris or laboureris sufficientlie armeit and victualit for twa yeiris towards his Majesties Royall Colonie" were to receive the

hereditary dignity of Baronet with the title of "Sir" as well as a free grant of land in the new province. And further it was decreed that if the candidate for the baronetcy preferred it, he might pay to the colonizing fund 2000 merks in lieu of furnishing and maintaining the six men for two years.

Four days after the final adjustment of the scheme King James died (March 27, 1625), but six months later by King Charles' order the ceremony was carried out on the Castle esplanade.

The colony which was theoretically a part of the Kingdom of Scotland was an entire failure. The territory was claimed by the French (who named it Acadia) and was formally ceded to them by the treaty of Breda in 1667. In 1713, however, it was finally made over to the British government by the treaty of Utrecht, but the name of Nova Scotia formerly given to the whole district then became the name of the peninsula which still bears it.

Throughout the years 1649 and 1650 the Scots were intermittently occupied in raising defences in anticipation of an invasion by Cromwell. Edinburgh strengthened her Castle and fortified Leith, and when the English entered Scotland in July, 1650, their General—Leslie, had thrown entrenchments all about the most unprotected quarter of the capital, that is from the foot of the Canongate to Leith including the Calton Hill, a valuable strategic

point. Parallel with this outer line of works ran a great earthen mound which later came to be called the old rampart, now paved and built up into the great thoroughfare known as Leith Walk. The defence was so thoroughly planned and carried out that the English were unable to make any impression; and after five weeks' ineffectual attempt to draw Leslie out to a fight in the open, they withdrew—half starved, sick and discouraged, to Dunbar. Here, on September 3, they won a complete victory over the Scots, who on the previous night had abandoned a strong position on Doon Hill and come down to the plain. That afternoon an Edinburgh congregation sat complacently listening while their minister, Haig by name, told them with many inspiring details of the “defeat of the sectaries,” which, said he, “has ere this been accomplished.” At this point in the discourse the door of the kirk was thrust open, and there appeared a dusty, panting, blood-stained figure, clad in uniform. No need for words or explanations, defeat and panic were written large upon his features. Without waiting for the close of Mr. Haig’s inspired utterances, the terror-stricken congregation poured into the streets to learn of the “Race of Dunbar,” and four days later Cromwell marched in and took unopposed possession of the place that had so long and so effectually baffled him; the Castle, however, still holding out.

Cromwell quartered troops in Holyrood House

with the result that on Wednesday, November 13, a fire broke out and destroyed all the palace except the north wing.

The soldiers were then scattered about in the various churches and other buildings. The College, Greyfriars' and Lady Yester's Kirks, and the High School and College buildings all suffering more or less damage at their hands. Cromwell took for his own quarters Moray House in the Canongate, where he had stayed two years before when in Edinburgh on a peaceable mission.

A young officer, Colonel Walter Dundas, son-in-law of General David Leslie the vanquished of Dunbar, defended Edinburgh Castle, where a number of ministers and magistrates had taken refuge. The siege went on for three months, but Dundas made a poor half-hearted defence, for which he was afterwards arraigned by Parliament. The ministers indeed were far more enthusiastic than the soldiers, some of them even threatening their Maker in their prayers:—"If God would not deliver them from the sectaries he should no longer be their God." Dundas apparently had no such strong convictions; on Christmas Eve he agreed to capitulate for no apparent reason except that he wanted to, and the garrison marched out "with the honors of war." Dundas supped that night with Cromwell, who must have felt a very hearty contempt for him. In the list of ordinance delivered up on this occasion, there

appears the item "the great iron murderer, Muckle Meg."

In the month of February, 1651, Cromwell, returning with his troops from an unsuccessful attempt to push north through Fifeshire, fell sick and was seriously ill for so long a time that reports of his death were circulated; he himself writes at the end of March, "I thought I should have died of this fit of sickness." And his men meanwhile were restless and insubordinate, clamoring for arrears of pay, and making the citizens of Edinburgh suffer for the shortage. "The soldiers being scarce of money mutinied and did much damage to the inhabitants of Edinburgh. Their officers got knocks and the General's supper was taken from him."

The nine years preceding the Restoration though peaceable as far as concerned Edinburgh, were in fact far from prosperous. The taxes were enormous, the city became insolvent, and many of the citizens were unable to pay their debts. The authorities determined nevertheless that it would be a graceful act to erect a statue of the Protector in the middle of the Parliament Square: the granite foundation-block was actually lying at Leith when news came of his death, and the plan was promptly abandoned. One of the first acts of the Parliament, that met immediately after the Restoration, was—as has been already noted—to do honor to Montrose's mutilated body, and on the execution of the Marquis of Argyll,

—(beheaded on the High Street, May 27, 1661)—his head was affixed to the same spike on the Tolbooth from which that of Montrose had been but lately removed. The body after remaining for a few days in the Magdalen Chapel in the Cowgate, was taken to Kilmun on Holy Loch, Argyllshire, the burial-place of the Argyll family.

On the 7th of May, 1662, the King's obstinate determination to carry Episcopacy, come what might, ordered the consecration of the bishops in Holyrood Abbey Church. On the following day, after robing at the house of the Archbishop of St. Andrews in the Netherbow, the bishops walked through the streets accompanied by the magistrates, and resumed the places in Parliament from which they had been excluded since 1560. The most exasperating of the measures taken to suppress Presbyterianism was that prohibiting all public religious services except those of the Established Episcopal Church. Such meetings were called "Conventicles," and persons attending them were severely dealt with. Among the first of the Presbyterian party to suffer the death penalty was Sir Archibald Johnston, Lord Warriston, who was seized in France and brought to Edinburgh, and there tried and executed.

The west country soon rose in open rebellion, and the insurgents marched on Edinburgh, which was rapidly armed and fortified; the neighboring country gentlemen were summoned to aid in its

defence, and the members of the College of Justice formed themselves into a company. On November 28, 1666, the Covenanters suffered a complete defeat at Rullion Green in the Pentlands, seven miles south of Edinburgh; and in the wholesale executions that followed, James Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrews,¹ drew upon himself so bitter a feeling of animosity that two years later an attempt was made upon his life as he was sitting one afternoon in his coach at the head of the Blackfriars Wynd. The Bishop of Orkney, who was in the act of entering the carriage, received all the shots, five in number, in the groin and arm. The city gates were immediately closed and a strict watch kept, but the would-be assassin escaped at the time, though he was captured and hanged ten years later. Between the years 1660 and 1784, public executions in Edinburgh took place at the east end of the Grass-Market, and it was there that most of the Covenanters suffered, the spot

¹ James Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrews, was the "Judas" of the Presbyterians. He had been minister of Crail, had represented the Kirk before Cromwell and Monk, and Charles II. at Breda. His letters were full of apprehensions of "Prelacy." Yet in 1661 he perfidiously deserted the Kirk and accepted the bribe of the Archbishopric of St. Andrews. He became the willing tool of the infamous government of Middleton and Lauderdale, but was execrated by his old friends and despised by his new allies. Though he escaped assassination in Edinburgh in 1668 he was murdered near his own house eleven years later, as will be related in the chapter on Fife.

where the gallows stood being now marked by a cross traced in the paving-stones.

The common tomb in the northeast corner of the Greyfriars' Churchyard, where most of these unfortunates were buried, is usually called the Martyrs' grave; it is marked by a large slab and a very lengthy inscription.

It was in this same inclosure—the yard of the Greyfriars' Kirk—that as many of the twelve hundred Covenanters taken at the battle of Bothwell Bridge (June 22, 1679) as could be packed in, were confined. After suffering terrible privations for five months or more, the majority were transported, the rest being given their liberty under bonds to keep the peace.

The adjoining West Bow, a winding street leading from the head of the High Street to the Grass-Market, was inhabited at this time by such a number of especially pious Covenanters that they went by the name of the Bowhead Saints. Among them was one John Mathieson, armorer and cutler, whose pretty daughter was engaged to be married to a rising young advocate named Alexander Sanderson. Among their neighbors in the West Bow was a certain Major Weir, a Lanarkshire man who had been one of the force sent by the Scottish Estates in 1641 to aid in the suppression of the Irish Rebellion; but he owed his title to a command in the City Guard. His reputation for extraordinary sanctity and a

most wonderful gift of prayer was at its height in the year 1670, when the Covenanters flocked in crowds to hear him, and admiring sisters gave him the name of "Angelical Thomas." He always wore a long dark cloak and high-peaked hat and was *never seen without his staff*. So remarkable was the ascendancy gained by this man over his fellows that there were those of the Cavalier party who declared that he was a wizard and got all his power from his staff; they said it would run on errands for him, open the door for visitors, and could be seen skipping before him and acting as a link-boy when he walked abroad: it was also asserted that were he to become separated from it, the marvellous flow of extemporary eloquence with which he delighted his hearers at prayer-meetings would instantly cease. All the same, armorer Mathieson was highly gratified when this great man fell into the habit of dropping into his shop, and would even on occasion mount to the small dwelling overhead and join the family at supper. It soon appeared that the pretty daughter was the attraction. "She had signs of grace," said the Major, "but they were at present choked with carnal vanities"; these he would try to eradicate, after first marrying the maiden. Mathieson felt much honored, and breaking off the match with the advocate hurriedly arranged to have his daughter marry the saint. Poor Sanderson, after doing all in his power to prevent this, went off to Fifeshire; but

finding it impossible to keep away from Edinburgh was recrossing the Forth shortly before the appointed marriage-day, when the boat was wrecked off the Shellycoat reef and Sanderson managed to save the life of a sister of Major Weir, who was on board. The next day when she came to thank him an allusion was made to her brother's approaching marriage. Miss Weir expressed great amazement, declaring not only that she knew nothing of it but that the *thing was impossible*, and then and there she hurried off to Mathieson's shop. When the saint called that evening as usual to see his betrothed, he was refused admittance, and on his persisting the armorer merely said "Your sister has confessed."

The effect was startling; the Major without asking for a word of explanation slunk off with a hang-dog air and never made another effort to claim his bride. In a few days it was told about that he was very ill, and then the strangest reports began to circulate; utterly discredited at first, they cropped up again and again until the truth could no longer be disguised. Under the influence of nervous terror the wretched man confessed, not only that he was no saint, but that he was a particularly deep-dyed sinner. For years he had been practising the blackest and most horrid crimes. When he was at last taken into custody, a rag found among his possessions in which some money had been wrapped was thrown by the bailie into the fire, when "it flew up the

chymny and exploded like a cannon." His goods including the famous staff were then confiscated, and he and his sister being both convicted on trial for witchcraft were sentenced to death. On April 14, 1690, the Major was first strangled and then burned at Greenside, on the spot where Lady Glenorchy's Free Church now stands. He had constantly refused the offices of a clergyman or to give any sign of repentance. Even when the rope was about his neck, though urged to pray "Lord be merciful unto me," he refused, saying "Let me alone. I will not. I have lived as a beast, let me die as a beast." His stick was also thrown in the fire, and a contemporary account says that "whatever incantation was in it, the persons present own that it gave rare turnings and was long a-burning as was also himself." His sister was hanged in the Grass-Market. As for Ailie Mathieson and Alexander Sanderson, their marriage took place within the fortnight.

In 1680 Edinburgh was thrown into a fever of excitement by the arrival of the King's brother James, Duke of York, who with his beautiful wife, Mary of Modena, and the Princess (later Queen) Anne, re-established a court in the long-deserted apartments of Holyrood House. The restoration of the palace begun by Cromwell after his soldiers had burned it had been completed on a grand scale by Charles II., with Robert Mylne to do the work. And it is this building that, with some unimportant

alterations, we see to-day. Traces of the wall-ribs of the vaulted passage to the ancient cloister can be seen on the building still standing on the west at the foot of the Canongate. For two years the Duke held as gay and frivolous a court at Holyrood as the prejudices of the Scottish nobles would permit. He was a very popular prince at this time, genial and hearty and devotedly fond of playing golf on the Leith Links. One day an argument arose between him and two Englishmen who claimed the national game for England. To settle the question it was proposed that a match should be played between them and the Duke with anyone he chose to select for a partner. The choice fell upon one John Paterson, a shoemaker, belonging to a noted family of golfers, and the result was a complete vindication of the Scottish claim. James enjoyed the triumph and to Paterson were given the stakes. So considerable were these that he was able to build a fine house on the north side of the Canongate; it is standing there to-day with the Paterson arms, a hand grasping a golf-club, and a Latin anagram adorning the front. The anagram was composed by the witty Dr. Pitcairn, who at that time was writing Latin lyrics, and holding professional consultations in a dark, underground tavern in the Parliament Close.

A habit the Duke had of pacing back and forth on a certain path in Holyrood gardens gave it the name it still bears of "The Duke's Walk." His

Duchess introduced the habit of tea-drinking into the Scottish capital, the new and hitherto untried beverage served at the palace becoming immensely popular among the Edinburgh ladies.

In 1682 this brief resuscitation of court life came to an end, and it is noted among the events incident to the Duke's departure that Mons Meg (that "iron murderer Muckle Meg") burst in the salute fired from the Castle.¹

It was three years after this that, on the death of his brother Charles, the Duke of York was proclaimed at the Cross under the title of James VII. Instantly he began the work of undermining his own throne, so actively carried on by his father and brother. No-Popery riots alternated in the streets of Edinburgh with public executions and the whipping through the streets of minor offenders. Holyrood Chapel, which had now for some time served as a place of worship for the people of the Canongate, was taken from them and fitted up by the King for the services of the Roman Church. The Knights of the lately restored Order of the Thistle had richly carved stalls for their accommodation, a throne for the sovereign was set up, and a ship-load of altars, vestments, etc., were sent from England together with a number of priests.

A ripple of sympathetic interest passed over the

¹ The traditional history of this famous gun will be found in the chapter devoted to Galloway.

town on the arrival, in the year of the King's accession, of a colony of French Protestants driven out of France by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The newcomers formed a settlement on the north of the Calton Hill, where they carried on a cambric manufactory. It was called from them Little Picardy and gave its name to the present Picardy Place east of York Place.

The landing of the Prince of Orange in 1688 was the signal for an uprising in Edinburgh. Finding that the Earl of Perth (then Chancellor) had not waited to be taken, but had slipped out of the town, the mob made a rush on Holyrood Chapel, overpowered the armed guard, and gutted and destroyed it, leaving nothing but the bare walls. The magistrates, trained bands, town guards, and heralds-at-arms took part in this uprising, which was followed by a procession through the streets of the students with bands of music and the college mace carried before. At the Town Cross the Pope was burned in effigy, and there, on the 11th of April, 1689, William and Mary were proclaimed King and Queen.

Following its immemorial custom of holding out for the old authority, the Castle was held by its governor, the Duke of Gordon, for King James; six thousand armed Covenanters meanwhile acting as a strong wall of defence around the Parliament, which, thus protected, was busily employed in re-abolishing Prelacy and re-establishing Presbyterianism in the

land. It was at this juncture that John Graham of Claverhouse, who the previous year had been created Viscount Dundee, getting wind of a plot forming against him, assembled his men, about fifty in number, and left the city by the Netherbow Port. Asked by a friend whither he was going, he replied, "Wherever the spirit of Montrose shall direct me." Riding along the Lang Gait, which followed the line of what is now Princes Street, he came opposite the west face of the Castle rock; there he suddenly left his men, and clambering up the steep cliff, held a short conference at the small west postern with the Duke of Gordon. This performance being witnessed by many of the citizens, they concluded that there was an organized uprising among the Cavaliers; drums were beaten through the streets, followed by a general call to arms, and the people rushed hither and thither trying to find the cause of the uproar. Dundee meanwhile, after advising Gordon to hold out while he went north to raise the adherents of King James, climbed down again and rode off.

This incident is commemorated by Sir Walter Scott in the stirring ballad of "Bonny Dundee." The Castle garrison sustained the siege until, when nearly starved, they heard the news of Dundee's death at Killiecrankie in June, 1689.

It was six years later that William Paterson, the founder of the Bank of England, exploited his great scheme for establishing a colony on the isthmus of

Edinburgh Castle, from the Grass Market



Darien, to promote trade with Africa and the Indies. King William gave it his support and an act of Parliament sanctioned it. The city of Edinburgh and many of the citizens having invested in it very heavily, the news of the first successful landing was received with the wildest enthusiasm. Unfortunately, however, the King was induced by strong representations from Spain and some rival trading companies of England to withdraw his support, and the scheme totally collapsed. The entire capital—enormous for that day—was lost, and so many people ruined that serious riots broke out and the magistrates were for a time actually driven from the town.

When Queen Anne was proclaimed in 1702 the measure which was to work such a change in the life of Scotland (and to make her reign forever memorable) was already in the air.

On the morning of the 6th of May in the year following, the population of Edinburgh poured out of its narrow wynds and lofty crowded "lands," to pack itself into every available doorway, close, window, and balcony in order to view the "Riding of the Parliament," the opening ceremonial of a Scots Parliament. In the laughing, chattering throng there was no doubt here and there a thoughtful soul to whom the idea came as a possibility that perhaps never again after that sunny spring morning would the gray old High Street witness the brilliant and time-honored pageant. But for the most part, the

onlookers were probably wholly taken up with enjoyment of the spectacle as it swept before them.

The crown, sceptre, and sword are first escorted as usual by a body of musketeers from the Castle to Holyrood, where a brilliant throng of statesmen and peers of the realm are assembled in the court-yard to receive them. From Holyrood the route up the Canongate and High Street to Parliament Hall is lined with civic and royal foot-guards. The Regalia having arrived, the state trumpeters sound a blast and lead the way, followed by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh—Sir Patrick Johnstone, the representatives of the burghs, and after them the county members all attended by lacqueys. Then come the peers of the realm, with pages, train-bearers, and footmen, each one wearing his master's arms emblazoned on breast and back. The Lord High Chancellor, Earl of Seafield, carries the Great Seal of Scotland in a purse. The Lyon-King-at-Arms, with plumed hat in his hand and arrayed in gorgeous ceremonial tabard, immediately precedes the Regalia, borne by representatives of three of the most ancient peerages. Then comes the Queen's commission and behind it rides James, Duke of Queensberry, who is to open the Parliament in her Majesty's name. The procession closes with a numerous retinue and a troop of Life Guards. At the spot called Our Lady's Steps at the entrance to the Parliament Close, they are received by the Lord High Constable—the Earl of

Erroll—who escorts them on foot across the Parliament Close to the entrance of the hall where the Earl Mareschal of Scotland awaits them. Entering, the Duke of Queensberry ascends the throne, the members rustle and clank into their seats, and after prayer and calling of the roll, the Queen's commission is read and Parliament is open.

Stormy and never to be forgotten were the sessions of the four succeeding years. The project of the Union, gradually unfolded, was fought step by step by the members opposed to it and aroused the most frantic demonstrations of popular disapproval. Nevertheless it steadily gained ground, and when the Estates, as the Scottish Parliament was called, re-assembled on the 3d of October, 1706, thirty-one Scottish commissioners had been laboring conjointly with thirty-one English commissioners for over three months at Westminster, and the Articles of Union were drawn up. The scenes in Edinburgh during this final session beggar description. The attitude of the people became so threatening that the whole army was ordered to the neighborhood, and troops were stationed all over the town. Only members were admitted to the Parliament Square during the sittings, and the Duke of Queensberry on quitting the House was escorted through a double line of musketeers to the Cross, where his carriage awaited him, to be driven furiously to his apartments in Holyrood Palace, amid the howls and imprecations of

the mob. He certainly had the courage of his convictions, and no small amount of physical bravery to back it, to keep this up day after day. The Duke of Hamilton on the contrary was the object of popular demonstrations totally different but almost as unruly, the crowd sometimes insisting on taking out the horses and dragging his coach to Holyrood, where as Hereditary Keeper he likewise was lodged in the palace.

The opponents of the Union, headed by Fletcher of Saltoun, met daily in John's Coffee-house and in the Cross-Keys to devise obstructive measures, while its supporters held nightly consultations in the cellar of a tenement opposite the Tron Church.

Immediately on the opening of the session the Estates had taken up for debate whether or no the Kingdoms of Scotland and England should from the 1st of May, 1707, be united into the one Kingdom of Great Britain. A long and eloquent speech of Lord Belhaven opposing the measure had been answered in one brief sentence by the Earl of Marchmont. "Behold, he dreamed, and lo! when he awoke he found it was a dream." The debate was resumed on the following day; and from then on, article after article was discussed and adopted, the opposition fighting every inch of ground, but always losing, until on the 14th of January, 1707, the last article was passed and Scotland through her Estates had accepted the Union. A number of minor points

remained to be settled, but these finally disposed of—on the 25th of March—the brief closing address was made from the throne, and the last Scots Parliament was dissolved. “It is the end of an auld sang,” was the comment of the Earl of Seafield, as the last representative body of his nation broke up and streamed off across the Parliament Square.

The sullen feeling of discontent aroused by the adoption of the Union seemed to the Jacobites to open the way for another Restoration.

The Pretender, James VIII., with a French fleet, had appeared in the Forth in 1708, but had then been driven off by the English Admiral Sir George Byng without landing. In 1715 a more important movement was made. In September the Earl of Mar raised the Stuart standard in Braemar, and a force under Brigadier Mackintosh crossing the Forth near North Berwick marched to Leith which it captured, but retired when threatened by the Duke of Argyll.

No greater trouble occurred in Edinburgh than a run on the Bank of Scotland caused by panic, and an unsuccessful plot to capture the Castle which was betrayed by a lady.

Mackintosh then turned south and marched to Lancashire, where he was joined by many English Jacobites, but in November he was defeated at Preston and the English insurrection was there utterly crushed.

On the very same day the armies of Argyll and Mar

met at Sheriffmuir near Dunblane, where the battle was drawn, the Government troops retreating to Stirling and Lord Mar to Perth. Here he was joined by the luckless Pretender, who after a series of romantic adventures had landed in Peterhead three days before Christmas. His coronation was fixed for January 23, but before that day his army melted away and along with Mar he secretly left Scotland by sea on the 4th of February, and thus ended what is still called in Scotland "The Fifteen."

The most notable riot that ever broke out in Edinburgh is so familiar through the pages of "The Heart of Midlothian" that only the briefest summary of its facts need be inserted here. In the summer of 1736 two men, Wilson and Robertson by name, lay in the Tolbooth prison under sentence of death for robbing an exciseman. They planned an escape and had forced out an iron bar of their prison window, when Wilson attempting to get out first stuck fast, and in his efforts to free himself brought the guards upon them. He reproached himself bitterly for having been the means of destroying his companion's chance, and accordingly when on the following Sunday they were taken to hear a last sermon in the Tolbooth Church under an escort of four guards, he being a man of enormous physical strength contrived to seize three of these, one with either hand and one with his teeth, at the same time calling to his companion to run; and this, Robertson

after knocking down the remaining officer did, so successfully that he was never retaken.

The enthusiasm of the populace for Wilson's daring and generosity was so great that the authorities, fearing an attempt at a rescue, ordered out the Town Guard on the day of his execution. After all was over, the crowd who probably had had some such plan in view, began to hoot at and pelt not only the executioner, but the Guard as well, upon which the commander, one Captain Porteous, ordered his men to fire, with the result that six persons were killed and eleven wounded. For this outrage Porteous was brought to trial and condemned to be hanged; but Queen Caroline, acting as Regent in the absence in Hanover of her husband George II., sent down a six-weeks' reprieve. The people became possessed with the idea that this meant an ultimate pardon and determined to take the matter out of the hands of the law. A party of citizens assembled on the night of the 7th of September, sounded a drum, and at the head of a great crowd closed the Netherbow Port to keep out the Welsh Fusiliers stationed in the Canongate. They then disarmed the Town Guard, and after burning their way through the great door of the Tolbooth, they seized Porteous and carried him off down the West Bow to the Grass-Market. On their way they stopped at a little shop kept by one Mrs. Jeffrey to buy some rope. "If it is to hang Porteous with," said the woman, "you may

have it and welcome." But with the idea, it is said, of emphasizing the fact that they were no mere band of lawless rioters, but a party of citizens in the performance of an act of duty, they measured off what they needed and left a guinea in payment. Arrived at the Grass-Market they quickly strung up their victim to a dyer's pole opposite the gallows stone and then dispersed with the same extraordinary dispatch and quiet that had marked their assembling. Two days later Porteous' body was buried in the Greyfriars' Churchyard, but the spot cannot now be identified. The ringleaders in this affair are said to have been persons of good position or even members of the nobility. Lord Haddington, it is alleged, was there disguised in the dress of one of his own cook-maids. On receiving the news Queen Caroline was furious, considering the outrage as a personal insult. "I will make Scotland a hunting-field," she exclaimed to the Duke of Argyll. "In that case, Madam, I will go down with your Majesty's leave to get my beagles ready," was his ominous yet courteous reply. Proceedings were promptly taken by Government to punish the city. The Lord Provost was imprisoned for three weeks and bail was refused him. An order was issued to disband the City Guard and to destroy the Netherbow Port. Calmer councils however modified the proposed harsh measures; a compromise was effected in the form of a fine to be paid to Porteous' widow. She, good woman, came

well out of the affair, getting in exchange for a notoriously brutal husband a tidy little competence for life.

A contemporary account relates that "when fleeing out Robertson tripped over the 'plate' set on a stand to receive alms and oblations, whereby he hurt himself and was seen to stagger and fall in running down the stairs leading to the Cowgate. Mr. McQueen, minister of the New Kirk, was coming up the stairs. He conceived it to be his duty to set Robertson on his feet again and covered his retreat as much as possible from the pursuit of the Guard." Robertson ran up the Horse Wynd, out at Potter Row Port, got into the King's Park, and headed for the village of Duddingston, beside the loch on the southeast of Arthur's Seat. He fainted after jumping a wall, but was picked up and given some refreshment. He lay in hiding till he could escape to Holland.

The loss of prestige which the Union had brought to Edinburgh was now to be restored in an unexpected way, and Destiny selected for the quite astonishing means a small wig-maker doing business on the High Street opposite Niddry's Wynd. To Allan Ramsay, it may be said, more than to any other man, is due the revival of literary interest in Edinburgh after a century of torpor. He had already come to be known as the writer of occasional poems rich in humor and native force, when he moved here

with his family about the year 1717. To wig-making he added the business of selling books, and in a few years his own writings had so increased both in bulk and in popularity as to warrant their publication by subscription. This venture proving very successful and the sale for books increasing, he gave up the manufacture of wigs and devoted himself entirely to literature. In 1725 (by which time he was accepted by Scotland as her leading literary man and had won a name for himself among the London men of letters) "The Gentle Shepherd" appeared: "the best pastoral poem," says Robert Chambers, "in the range of British literature, if even that be not too narrow a word."

"It is a long time ago," writes Professor Masson, "and there are many spots in Edinburgh which compete with one another in the interest of their literary associations; but one can stand now with particular pleasure for a few minutes any afternoon opposite that decayed house in the High Street, visible as one is crossing from the South Bridge to the North Bridge,¹ where Allan Ramsay once had his shop and whence the first copies of 'The Gentle Shepherd' were handed out some day in June, 1725, to eager Edinburgh purchasers."

In the following year Ramsay again moved, this time to a tall tenement standing at the east end of the Luckenbooths (the row of buildings that stood

¹ The house was taken down for civic improvements in 1899.

along the middle of the High Street on the north of St. Giles' and below the Tolbooth). His new shop, centrally situated near the Cross and commanding an unobstructed view down the High Street to the Netherbow Port, soon became the favorite resort of all the clever and amusing men of the town, especially when Ramsay, launching into a new enterprise, started a circulating library, the first in Edinburgh, supplied with all the latest London books as well as those of eminent Scotsmen in whose writings he was determined to revive the popular interest. A later attempt to impart gaiety and variety into the somewhat dull and narrow lives of his fellow-citizens met with less success. An advertisement appeared in the *Caledonian Mercury* in September, 1736, to the effect that "The New Theatre in Carrubber's Close" would shortly be opened and purchasers could procure tickets of Allan Ramsay. But a statute came out the following year forbidding the production of stage-plays out of London (except when the King was not there himself) and this knocked the new venture to pieces, Ramsay losing all the money he had put into it. Apparently his circumstances could afford this disaster, for we find him in 1743 building the "Goose-pie" house on Castle Hill, now incorporated into the group of buildings north of Ramsay Gardens. Here he passed the remaining fourteen years of his life in tranquil enjoyment, occupied with his circulating library and with new editions of

his own writings; a kindly genial man devoted to children and to all innocent and cheerful things.

He died in 1757, leaving an unmarried daughter and a son, the well-known portrait-painter to King George III. His property coming later to the Murrays of Henderland, Lord Murray put up that cheerful statue of the poet which now regards the passers-by so benevolently from the Princes Street gardens. It was first placed near his house, but the bank giving way it descended of its own volition to the gardens below, when the authorities, taking the hint, gave it its present site more congenial to the happy, gregarious nature of the lively little man.

One of the frequenters of Ramsay's shop in the Luckenbooths was the poet Gay, who came from London in the train of the lively beauty, Lady Catherine Hyde, wife of Charles, third Duke of Queensberry, and a reigning toast at the court of George I. Gay, acting as her private secretary, lived in Queensberry House in the Canongate.

Her Grace's peculiarities were so marked as to verge on insanity; it was said that in her girlhood she had been confined in a strait-jacket by her mother on account of her temper, and Prior depicts her as begging for one day's freedom just to show that she could win as much admiration as her sister.

"Dearest mamma, for once let me,
Unchained my fortune try;
I'll have my earl as well as she,
Or know the reason why."

In "Old Q.'s" time Queensberry House was sold ; it is now used as a Home of Refuge for the utterly destitute.

Long before "Old Q.'s" day however Edinburgh has passed through the exciting events of the '45. Immediately upon receipt of the news that Prince Charles Edward had actually landed in Scotland (July 23, 1745), Sir John Cope, commander-in-chief of the Government forces in Scotland, left Edinburgh and marched away to the north to intercept him. On reaching Dalwhinny he learned that the Highlanders had seized the pass of Corryarrick which lay between him and the great Highland chain of lakes, and deeming it imprudent to attempt to dislodge them he led his army off to Inverness by way of Ruthven near Kingussie on the Spey, with the result that the Prince made an unopposed descent upon the Lowlands, reaching the vicinity of Edinburgh on September 16.

On learning of the approach of the much-dreaded Highlanders, Gardiner's dragoons, who had been left at Stirling and were counted upon for the defence of the Forth, hastily retreated first to Coltbridge—now a western suburb of Edinburgh—and then, together with Hamilton's dragoons (who were to defend Edinburgh), to the greater security of Haddington, while the volunteers hurriedly enrolled to meet the emergency were disbanded. With the military displaying this unwarlike spirit it is scarcely to be wondered

at that the peace-loving burghers were thrown into a state of wild panic and alarm. A few indeed seem to have endeavored to put the town into some sort of state of defence, but these complained that their efforts were uniformly balked by the attitude of the Jacobite Provost, Archibald Stewart.

The Prince, who reached Corstorphine, about two miles southwest of Edinburgh, on September 16, sent thence a formal summons to the magistrates to surrender, intimating that in case of a refusal it might go hard with the citizens. To this a temporizing answer was sent (to Slateford where the Highland army had encamped for the night), and news coming soon after that Sir John Cope's army was returning by sea from Aberdeen and had been seen off Dunbar, a second deputation was hurriedly dispatched with instructions to try to gain time. This was at two in the morning; the Prince, who was as keenly alive to the value of every moment as were the Whigs, refused to parley any further, and soon after the deputies had been dismissed sent a force of about nine hundred men under Lochiel, Murray of Broughton, and Captain O'Sullivan to try to take the city by stratagem. After one unsuccessful attempt to trick the guard into opening a gate, they were about to abandon the enterprise, it being now close on to day, when an extraordinary piece of luck gave them the opportunity they wanted. The lately returned deputies had been set down at their homes in the city,

and now to enable their coach to return to the stable in the Canongate the Netherbow Port was confidently flung open. Instantly a small select party of Camerons who were lurking in the shadow of the wall rushed in and overpowered the guard, the rest of the force lost no time in following, and the capture of the capital was so simple and bloodless an affair that except for the inhabitants of the High Street the citizens for the most part did not know what had occurred. According to one story a gentleman of early habits, on going forth a few hours later for his matutinal stroll on the ramparts, was puzzled to observe a Highlander seated astride a gun. "Surely," said he, "you do not belong to the regiment on duty yesterday?" "Och, no," was the placid reply, "she pe releev'd !" The same morning (September 17) the Prince left Slateford, and in order to avoid the fire from the Castle, held by General Guest for the Government, passed around on the south under the Braid hills through Preston field by the King's Park to Holyrood.

Great numbers of people had assembled in the neighborhood of the palace to watch for the Prince's approach, and as his tall and graceful figure was descried on the height near St. Anthony's Well riding between the Duke of Perth and Lord Elcho, loud shouts arose from the crowds in the Park and gardens below.

The Prince wore a short tartan coat, red velvet

breeches, and a blue velvet bonnet to which was fastened a white cockade; on his breast glittered the Order of St. Andrew. His good horsemanship and gallant bearing greatly impressed the spectators, and as he advanced along the "Duke's Walk" a scene of wild enthusiasm was enacted, the triumphant Jacobites struggling and vying with one another for the privilege of kissing the graciously extended hand. As the cavalcade rode beneath the arched gateway¹ of Holyrood, James Hepburn of Keith, stepping forward, knelt before his Prince, and then with sword unsheathed preceded him into the palace of his forefathers. On the same day the heralds, pursuivants, and trumpeters, captured bodily by the Highlanders, proclaimed James VIII. King, and Charles Edward Prince Regent at the Market Cross, while the beautiful wife of John Murray of Broughton, mounted on horseback and holding a drawn sword in her hand, distributed white ribbons to all who would have them. That evening a brilliant ball was given at Holyrood (graphically described by Scott in the pages of *Waverley*) which was attended by crowds of Jacobites quite drunk with excitement at this sudden and unlooked-for realization of their wildest dreams.

Two days later, on learning that Sir John Cope had landed at Dunbar and was advancing towards Edinburgh, the Prince rejoined his army at Duddingston, and on the morning of September 20 pre-

¹ Taken down in 1753.

Holyrood Palace



pared to lead them by way of Musselburgh to the spot near the coast where the Government army lay encamped. "Gentlemen," cried he, waving his sword, "I have flung away the scabbard!" The Highlanders responded with frantic cheers and in this spirit set forth to win the battle of Prestonpans.

On the 22d the exultant clans re-entered Edinburgh with a long train of captured baggage-wagons, prisoners, and standards, while the pipers played *The King shall enjoy his own again*. Charles did not however bear a personal part in this triumph, betaking himself quietly in the evening to Holyrood.

The six weeks that followed were stirring ones in the life of this young Prince, who, barely five and twenty years of age, found himself thus suddenly placed in a position requiring an amount of statesmanship, military knowledge, and tact that would have taxed the resources of a trained ruler.

Fresh bodies of recruits were constantly arriving from the Highlands; there were messengers to dispatch to France charged with the duty of painting the late achievements in such glowing terms as might be calculated to draw from the King those contributions of men, money, and arms that were so urgently needed for the success of the undertaking. Other envoys were sent to some of the chiefs whose wavering allegiance Charles was especially anxious to gain. There were too the daily reviews of the

army, encamped first at Duddingston and later in and about the city itself, and—a far more onerous matter—the daily presiding over the Council which met at Holyrood, and among whose members those acrid jealousies and divisions had already appeared which were to bear such bitter fruit and to result in the ultimate shipwreck of the enterprise. Nor did Charles amid all these graver distractions fail in his social duties; there was a succession of stately balls and levees held in the long-disused gallery of Holyrood House, on which occasions the Prince's courtly manners and gracious address won for him the enthusiastic, and in many cases not unimportant, adherence of the ladies.

Notices had been sent to the clergy of Edinburgh assuring them of full protection in the discharge of their duties, but it was found that they had almost to a man deserted their posts on the arrival of the Highland army. One however, the Rev. Neil M'Vicar, minister of St. Cuthbert's, whether made of sterner stuff than his brethren or inspired with greater courage by the guns of the neighboring Castle, remained and on the first Sunday of the occupancy saw his congregation supplemented by a number of Highlanders. He prayed as usual for the royal family and then added "and as for this young man who has come among us seeking an earthly crown, we beseech thee that he may obtain what is far better, a heavenly one!" The Prince is said to have

been greatly amused when this pleasantry was reported to him.

The Castle meanwhile held out for the Government, and when the Prince cut the garrison off from all outside communication General Guest retaliated by turning the Castle guns upon the town. Charles thereupon humanely desisted and allowed food to be taken in.

On October 31 the Highlanders left Edinburgh to begin the march to Carlisle advised by Lord George Murray and the Highland chiefs as against the Prince's idea, which was to advance at once upon Newcastle and attack General Wade, who had arrived there with the Government forces on the 29th. Edinburgh saw the Prince no more, and the recital of the disastrous close of the affair that had opened so brilliantly belongs to a later chapter of this book.

It is the eighteenth century that Robert Chambers has caused to live again for us in the gossipy pages of his "Traditions." Those were the days when the Countess of Stair held sway, when Mrs. Cockburn wrote her amusing letters from Baird's Close, when not gentlemen alone, but sometimes dames of standing would return over-merry from a late supper-party. A ludicrous instance of this kind is told of three ladies who, on returning home one moonlit night after a prolonged revel in a tavern near the Cross, were dismayed to find themselves suddenly confronted by a dark swift-flowing stream running

apparently right across the High Street. It is alleged that they were seen to sit down, take off their shoes and stockings, and after carefully *kilting* their skirts, wade through the broad shadow cast by the steeple of the Tron Church, the innocent cause of their delusion. One could fill pages with convivial stories of this particular neighborhood, and it is here that in our own day is enacted a characteristic scene on New Year's Eve. "Watch Night" services are held in the neighboring churches, the spacious aisles of St. Giles' being literally filled to overflowing with a sober, attentive mass of human beings to whom that seems the most fitting place and manner in which to close the old score and open the new. Outside there is gathered another crowd even larger—a close, dense, almost silent throng—every eye fixed on the cheerful face of the Tron Church clock; at length the minute-hand gives its last little jerk of the hour, day, year; instantly there is a mighty stir and movement and the ancient practice of "First-footing" begins. "Weel! a gude year to ye, lass," says a kindly-looking giant close by and kisses the pretty girl on his arm, and all around in every direction the whiskey-bottles held in readiness till the right moment shall arrive are circulating. Everyone takes a pull "for friendship's sake," and it is an affront to refuse; men and women, girls and boys, few troubling themselves to wait for the nicety of a glass; while ladies returning from a New Year's Eve party on

the south side of the town have had their carriages stopped and a bottle genially thrust in the window with the demand that they shall drink to the New Year.

But to return to the Edinburgh of a hundred and fifty years ago: in Lady Stair's Close, running north from the Lawn-Market, is the house once occupied by the famous beauty of that name, alluded to above, whose singular experiences—when she was the wife of Viscount Primrose—Scott makes the basis of his story, "*My Aunt Margaret's Mirror*." The house has been restored by Lord Rosebery, the present chief of the Primrose family. The coat-of-arms and the letters W. G. and G. S. which, with the date 1622 and a motto, surmount the doorway, refer to the builder, Sir William Gray of Pittendrum, and his wife.

Off the Castle Hill is James Court, where David Hume lived. He was a great friend of old Lady Dalrymple and a constant visitor at her house in the Canongate. Her granddaughter, Lady Anne Barnard, tells how on one occasion "as a gambol of the season" a number of people who were spending Christmas at Balcarres agreed to write each one his own character and give it to Hume, who was to pass them off as extracts taken from the Vatican Library. When Lady Anne's father read them he said, "Well, I don't know who the rest of your fine fellows and charming princesses are, Hume, but if you had not told me where you got this character I should have

said it was that of my wife!" The character Hume gave himself seems to have been quite frank; among other things he said that his plain and indifferent manner was a blind, as he was in reality exceedingly vain, and he declared that it was vanity that had led him to publish his essays, a thing he regretted, not that his opinions had undergone any change, but that he deprecated their influence on society. All of this was immensely interesting to the ladies, and so when Hume informed them that there was still one point about himself that he had not touched on, but would add if they would give him back the paper, they eagerly did so, whereupon he—flung it in the fire, remarking "Oh, what an idiot I had nearly proved myself to be, to leave such a document in the hands of a parcel of women!"

Sir Walter Scott, when a little lad of six or seven, used to frequent the same house, and many years later he writes to Lady Anne of his vivid recollections of it. "I remember," he says, "all the 'locale' of Hyndford's Close perfectly, even to the Indian screen with Harlequin and Columbine on it and the Harpsichord, although I never had the pleasure to hear Lady Anne play on it. I suppose the Close, once too clean to soil the hem of your Ladyship's garment, is now a resort for the lowest mechanics, and so wears the world away."

In Blair's Close hard by was born the distinguished soldier, Sir David Baird of Newbyth, the conqueror

of Seringapatam, who in his boyhood was celebrated as a great leader of street-fights. When in India he was taken prisoner by Hyder Ali and confined with the greatest rigor, being chained to another captive. His mother's sympathy however was not for her son, but remembering his early combativeness she exclaimed on hearing the news, "Lord pity the lad that's chained to our Davie!" The dancing shoe of this lady has been preserved—of faded blue satin with a heel $2\frac{3}{16}$ inches high. Of this notable dame in her old age it was asserted by a dependent that "she had mair dignity in her auld backbane than wad serve a' the New Toon o' Edinburgh."

CHAPTER III.

EDINBURGH.—CONTINUED.

FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY
TO THE PRESENT DAY.

THE period to which Sir Walter refers in the letter quoted at the close of the last chapter must have been about the year 1778, when Scotland was on the eve of a great literary revival.

After alluding to the lifelessness of the publishing business in Edinburgh at the end of the eighteenth century, Lord Cockburn in the "Memorials" of his time describes its resuscitation at the hands of Archibald Constable.

"Constable began as a lad in Hill's shop, and had hardly set up for himself when he reached the summit of his business. He rushed out and took possession of the open field as if he had been aware from the first of the existence of the latent spirits which a skillful conjuror might call from the depths of the population to the service of literature."

"Abandoning the old timid and grudging system, he stood out as the general patron and payer of all promising publications and confounded not merely his rivals in trade, but his very authors, by his un-

heard-of prices. Ten, even twenty, guineas a sheet for a review, £2000 or £3000 for a single poem, and £1000 each for two philosophical dissertations, drew authors from dens where they would otherwise have starved, and made Edinburgh a literary mart, famous with strangers, and the pride of its own citizens." Of these generous methods Lord Cockburn must himself have had personal knowledge, for he was one of that brilliant circle which gathered around Jeffrey and the *Edinburgh Review*, whose first number, with Archibald Constable for publisher, appeared on October 10, 1802. Of the new periodical Lord Cockburn says, "It elevated the public and the literary position of Edinburgh to an extent which no one not living intelligently then can be made to comprehend." Its original scheme of independence was soon abandoned, as such schemes usually are, and it became the pronounced and determined organ of the Whigs. This lost it the support of Scott, who, Lockhart says, was reported to have "remonstrated against the deepening Whiggery—Jeffrey alleged that he could not resist the wit. Scott offered to try his hand at a witty bit of Toryism, but the editor pleaded off upon the danger of inconsistency." It was not upon politics alone that Jeffrey and Scott differed: in the light of the extraordinary popularity won by "Marmion" at the very outset and preserved to some extent ever since, it is curious to read Jeffrey's regrets "that an author endowed with such talents should

consume them in imitations of obsolete extravagance and in the representation of manners and sentiments in which none of his readers can be supposed to take much interest except the few who can judge of their exactness" !

Jeffrey was engaged to dine in Castle Street on the very day his criticism of "Marmion" appeared ; if Scott nourished any ill feeling with regard to it, he did not let it appear, and even Mrs. Scott held herself well in hand until just as the guests were leaving, when she could not resist letting fly one small dart. " Well, good night, Mr. Jeffrey—dey tell me you have abused Scott in de *Review*, and I hope Mr. Constable has paid *you* very well for writing it." But to return to the *Review*. It was a stormy evening when, a number of the keenest and most able of Edinburgh's rising men being assembled in Jeffrey's flat in No. 18 Buccleuch Place, one of them—Sydney Smith—suggested the starting of a *Review*. The idea was received with lively enthusiasm, and as the hilarious company warmed to the subject and discussed the lines which the new journal should follow, they likened the gusts that rattled the window-panes to the storm which they—Providence permitting—would presently raise in Edinburgh ; when, after a good many months, the first number appeared, its entire contents, consisting of twenty unsigned articles, were from the pens of Smith, Jeffrey, Horner, and, as is generally supposed, Brougham.

Lord Cockburn says, "The field was open to their conquest. There had been no critical journal in Scotland since the days of the original *Edinburgh Review*, the first number of which was published in January, 1755, and the second and last in January, 1756." Sydney Smith edited the first number of the "Edinburgh." Of him Jeffrey says, "Smith was by far the most timid of the confederacy, and believed that unless our *incognito* was strictly maintained we could not go on a day. And this was his object for making us hold our dark divans at Willison's [printing-office in Craig's Close],¹ to which he insisted on our repairing singly and by back approaches or by different lanes!!" Jeffrey says that for the first three numbers Constable paid nothing, he assuming all the risks; after that the contributors were paid ten guineas a sheet and then the *minimum* was fixed at sixteen guineas a sheet and remained at that through all of Jeffrey's time, he having been early induced to take the editorship upon himself.

When Jeffrey was made Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, in July, 1829, it occurred to him that—to use his own words—"it was not quite fitting that the official head of a great law corporation should continue to be the conductor of what might be fairly enough represented as in many respects a party

¹ David Willison was a magistrate of Edinburgh and father-in-law of Archibald Constable. A bust of the bailie stands to-day in the entrance-hall of the Constable printing-house in Edinburgh.

journal." He therefore resigned and Macvey Napier succeeded him. On Napier's death in 1847 the *Edinburgh Review*, then owned by the Longmans, was removed to London.

Its great rival, the *Quarterly*, made its appearance when the older journal had had the field to itself for seven years (that is, in the spring of 1809). As the exponent of Toryism the *Quarterly* gathered around it all those writers whose political views had shut them out of the *Edinburgh Review*, notably Scott, who was one of its projectors and whose connection with it never entirely ceased.

The next notable literary event that occurred in Edinburgh was the starting in January, 1817, of *The Scotsman* newspaper by a small group of intrepid and conscientious men to whom the then subservient state of the Scottish press was an offence and a source of indignant shame. No editor of a newspaper (the *Edinburgh Review* does not come of course under that head) dared to publish reports of reform meetings or speeches. *The Scotsman*—issued at first as a weekly—was however successful from the start and has maintained its place in the forefront of Scottish newspapers ever since.

One other great literary venture bearing upon the history of Edinburgh in the early part of the century remains to be chronicled, namely the birth of *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1817.

The only existing monthly periodical was the

“dotard” *Scots Magazine*, and Lord Cockburn declares that “there was a natural demand for libel at this period” which the new periodical launched by William Blackwood filled to admiration. Apart from these sources of success however, Blackwood contrived to command the pens of an extraordinarily brilliant set of young writers, though not until he had made one false start and six (poor) numbers had been issued. Then with Wilson, Lockhart, Dr. M’Crie, Hogg, and even Scott engaged as contributors the real “Blackwood” burst upon an unprepared world with the publication in October, 1817, of the number containing the celebrated “Chaldee Manuscript,” a personal satire on the people of the day under the guise of an ancient papyrus, and couched in Scriptural diction that seems to us profane in the extreme. It turned Edinburgh upside down and created more excitement and ill feeling than a revolution. This sportive allegory emanated from the pens of Wilson, Lockhart, and Hogg. Lockhart in a letter to Christie says, “The history of it is this: Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd sent up an attack on Constable the bookseller, respecting some private dealings of his with Blackwood. Wilson and I liked the idea of introducing the whole panorama of the town in that sort of dialect. We drank punch one night from eight till eight in the morning, Blackwood being by with anecdotes, and the result is before you. . . .”

It is in the Chaldee Manuscript that the names of Ebony for Blackwood, the Leopard for Wilson, the Scorpion for Lockhart, the Great Magician for Scott, and other well-known nicknames of Edinburgh notabilities originated. Scott's connection with the magazine did not continue for very long; its tone of personal abuse was offensive to him, and later when he came to know and esteem Lockhart he did his best, though unavailingly, to win him away from "that mother of mischief." It has even been said that so strongly did he disapprove of the Blackwood connection that he was not at first inclined to look with favor upon Lockhart as a suitor for his daughter Sophia.

These days of which we have been speaking seem very remote now. A generation has come and gone and the noise of the agitations that then convulsed Edinburgh reaches us like far-away echoes of a historic past, though the cheerful active life of the giants who participated in them lives freshly in many an undying page.

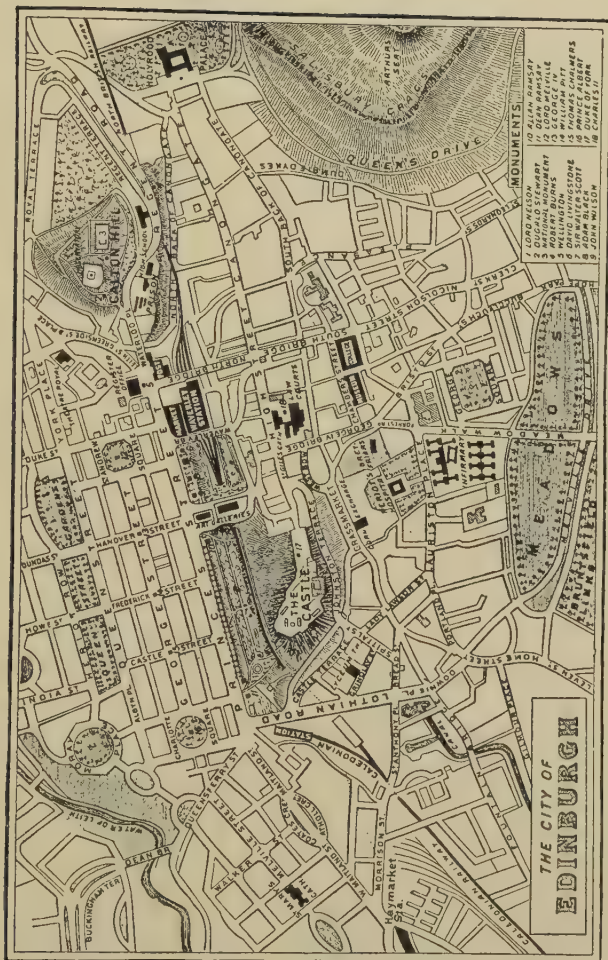
Carlyle came on the Edinburgh stage somewhat later, and his stay there after his early college days and the period of his tutorship to the Bullers was less than two years. Nor to judge from the following entry in his diary does he seem to have felt that the society of that day—which appears to us as literally teeming with brilliant spirits—was so very well worth the knowing.

" . . . we did grow to 'know everybody of mark,' or

might have grown ; but nobody except Jeffrey seemed to either of us a valuable acquisition. Jeffrey much admired her, and was a pleasant phenomenon to both of us. . . . Wilson, a far *bigger* man, I could have loved, or fancied I could ; but he would not let me try—being already deep in *whiskey-punch*, poor fellow, and apprehensive I might think less of him the better I knew him.—We had a little tea-party (never did I see a smaller or a frugaller, with the tenth part of the human grace and brightness in it) once a week ;—the ‘brown coffee-pot,’ the feeble talk of dilettante—pretty silly—etc. ; ah me, how she knit up all that into a shining thing ! . . . ‘If I could recover health !’ said I always, with which view and for the sake of cheapness we moved [in May, 1828] to Craigenputtock ; she cheerily assenting, though our plans were surely somewhat helpless.” And he never knew Scott ! How incomprehensible that seems to us now, those two men inhabiting the same not large nor overcrowded town for months and years and never meeting. In Professor Masson’s “Carlyle’s Edinburgh Life” there is an interesting account of how, by a curious sequence of events, a well-meant effort of Goethe to bring the two together was foiled.

And this brings us down to the generation of men now living and to the Edinburgh of the twentieth century. From that early British fortress perched upon its towering crag and hemmed in by a wilder-

ness of forest and lochs to the radiant and smiling city of to-day—from the Saxon Edwin, impressing his name and personality on that fortress, to the succession of brilliant men who have made their city famous in every branch of literature, science, and art, is a far cry. The crag is there and the eastward-leading ridge, but the forests have gone and the lochs too, giving place, one of them, to a railroad! Well may one of her lovers speak of Edinburgh's "indestructible beauty," for in view of the frequency and nature of the assaults made upon it from time to time, indestructible would indeed seem to be the proper word. For example, a plan to fill in the valley between the Old and New Towns was actually adopted in the first half of the nineteenth century and the work begun. Almost every ancient notable edifice in the town has been either injured by unnecessary alterations or destroyed outright. The Princes Street gardens, so exquisitely beautiful in themselves, instead of offering a quiet and refreshing refuge to weary souls as they should and could do, are marred and well-nigh spoiled by the shrieking, snorting engines of a railroad that spreads its hideous tracks and vile-smelling smoke through their very centre. And then there is the Castle itself, its picturesque sky-line broken and marred by the unsightly insistent mass of barrack on the west. And yet when all is said and done, Edinburgh remains serenely, triumphantly beautiful: first taking



you by storm, capturing your admiration and your wonder, and then stealing into your very heart with all her winning attributes, her poetry and song, her traditions and history, her quaint ceremonials, her teeming associations, and—more potent charm probably than any or all of these—the kindly, courteous, and hospitable ways of her sons and daughters.

Before turning our reluctant steps elsewhere, let us take a rapid survey of the city as it appears in our own day.

In the Castle we find the Great Hall magnificently restored through the efforts and liberality of the late Mr. William Nelson, and used as a National Armory. The stair in the thickness of the wall, down which the young Douglasses were dragged from the “black dinner” to the dungeons below, has also been opened up. It was Mr. Nelson as well who built the outer gate, and the upper part of what is called (though it may be not quite correctly) the Constable’s Tower. The identification of a small building with two floors, long used for a powder-magazine, as the very ancient Chapel of St. Margaret, is due to the late Sir Daniel Wilson.¹

¹ It is to be regretted that the Society of Antiquaries which exerted itself so successfully to put a stop to this improper use of the building does not discountenance another nearly as glaring, namely the presence within those consecrated walls of a booth of cheap and flashy gimcracks of the kind supposed to be especially acceptable to tourists; nothing could clash more disagreeably with the solemn traditions of the place than this vulgar booth.

Close to the chapel we find Mons Meg, brought home in triumph in 1829 after seventy-five years of exile passed in the Tower of London. This restitution was made at the instance of Sir Walter Scott, to whom is also partly due the discovery of the long-mislaid Scottish Regalia. These royal emblems had been put out of sight in 1707 on account of the tense state of the public mind with regard to the Union. As time rolled on, it began to be whispered about that in violation of one of the articles of the Treaty of Union they had been removed to London. A royal commission was therefore empowered in 1794 to break into the jewel-room in the Castle and see whether this were so or not. They did break in, but on finding a locked chest withdrew without investigating further, because their warrant *had not said anything about breaking open a chest!* After this effort twenty-four years were allowed to go by without any further search, but on February 4, 1818, a new commission, this time with Sir Walter Scott at its head, entered the dark and dusty jewel-room; the King's smith forced the three great padlocks with which the chest was secured, and there before them lay the Regalia, picturesquely known as the "Honors of Scotland." "It was a hazy evening," writes Lord Cockburn, "about four o'clock, when a shot from the Castle and a cheer from a regiment drawn up on the Castle Hill announced to the people that the crown of their old Kings was discovered. . . .

John Kemble asked Scott if the crown was not splendid? ‘The last time that I saw you as Macbeth you had a much grander one.’”¹

Besides the crown of Robert Bruce (arched over by James V. and last used at the coronation of Charles II., 1651) there was the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland’s mace of office, the sword of state sent by Pope Julius II. to James IV. in 1507, and the sceptre. To these were added in 1830 the “St. George” or badge of the Order of the Garter, and the collar of the Order of the Garter given to James VI. by Queen Elizabeth, the coronation ring of Charles I., and the St. Andrew with the badge of the Thistle on one side. These jewels were bequeathed to George IV. by Cardinal York, younger brother of Prince Charles Edward and last direct male descendant of the royal family of Stuart.

The esplanade on the east of the Castle is comparatively modern; before 1753 there was only the narrow causeway that for all time had constituted its sole approach, then the present broad drill-ground was formed out of the rubbish taken from the site of the Royal Exchange. Close to the Castle rock on the north in the garden below is the fragment of the old Well-House Tower, dating certainly not later than the wall of 1450 and possibly built still earlier.

¹ The romantic incident of the preservation of the Regalia during the Protectorate will be found in the chapter on Kincardine, p. 188, Vol. II. .

The (restored) "Cat's Cradle" just above it was for its defence when during a siege the Castle could not depend wholly upon its own water-supply.

From the other side of the esplanade can be seen a narrow ledge projecting from the rock just below the window of Queen Mary's bed-room. This was what the eighteenth-century boys from "Mammy Smith's" school in the Grass-Market used to call the "Bibler's seat." It was a sign of advanced scholarship when a boy was promoted to read the Bible; and the occasion was celebrated by the breakneck performance of clambering up to this perch.

Passing down the line of streets that leads from the Castle to Holyrood, we will find that throughout the continuous process of rebuilding that has been carried on for centuries, the character, the essence of Old Edinburgh has been marvellously preserved. On either side arched closes lead to inner courtyards as of yore, and steep narrow wynds still communicate with the Cowgate and south back of the Canongate on the one hand, or with the more modern streets towards the north on the other, and hardly one of these but contains some link with the past.

If the palace of Mary of Guise has been swept away to make room for the Assembly Hall of the Free Church, the latter, it will be noticed, follows the same irregular line of the earlier building. Nearly opposite it is Victoria Hall, wherein the interesting and dignified ceremony attending the opening of

Assembly of the Church of Scotland is held. Ever since the Union, the sovereign has been represented on these occasions by a duly appointed High Commissioner, who is always a Scottish noble of high rank. There is a perfect bevy of heralds and pursuivants, a purse-bearer, provosts, the Lyon-King-of-Arms, magistrates, pages, and what not, gathered about the throne. The late Moderator goes out, the new Moderator comes in, and both wear gowns and old-fashioned three-cornered hats and court dress with lace ruffles. They make speeches, the royal commission is read, to which one can hardly listen for gazing at the seal, which to be sure is of reddest wax and quite the size of a breakfast-plate, but it is gathered that the Assembly need feel no hesitation about accepting the good offices of "our right trusty and well-beloved cousin, Ronald Ruthven, Earl of Leven and Melville," and also that her Majesty is pleased this year to double her usual gift of £1000 for the work of the Church among "the Highlands and Islands of Scotland." Then a letter from the Queen is read, expressing in the most amiable terms her sympathy with and interest in the work of the Assembly. The Lord High Commissioner meanwhile has been extracting from an inner and tightish pocket *his* speech, which he presently reads. He suggests that some portion of her Majesty's bounty shall be devoted to the encouraging of young men to preach in the Gaelic language in those far-away "Highlands

and Islands" that roll so melodiously over the tongue. And then follow some prayers, a little business is transacted, and the Assembly for 1900 is opened.

But before coming to the Assembly Hall his Grace the Lord High Commissioner has held a levee at Holyrood, which is attended by the loyal citizens of Edinburgh and the members of the Assembly of the Kirk. At noon precisely he has left the palace, guarded by a royal escort of dragoons, preceded by the band of a cavalry regiment, while the Scottish commander-in-chief in full uniform rides alongside his carriage. By his side there sits his lady wife, faced by an aide-de-camp and the purse-bearer to his Grace, elegantly clad in court dress of velvet. They have ridden in state through crowded streets to public worship in gray old St. Giles' Kirk, around which every window and vantage-point of the lofty tenements or "lands" is crowded to the last notch with their dirty ragged population, who greatly enjoy having this brave show enacted before their very windows. Yet when the pomp and glory of the world allied with the Church of Christ is thus brought into violent and obtrusive contrast with the condition of Christ's poor, there is a something that is apt to jar even very painfully. But the ceremony has gone on yearly, except during the time of the Commonwealth, for two hundred and ninety-eight years, and Edinburgh would be the poorer without this annual pageant. For the ten days that the

Assembly sits, the Commissioner holds a vice-regal court at Holyrood, where he royally entertains the nobility of Scotland and the more prominent citizens of the town. Nor does he forget the humble country clergy, for each member of the Assembly (whose sessions the Commissioner daily attends) is invited in turn to share the hospitality of the palace.

The crown of St. Giles', that graceful object that everyone who spends much time in Edinburgh comes to love and look for involuntarily, outlined against the soft gray sky, is a seventeenth-century reproduction of an older one that had fallen into decay. One of the original bells hangs near by in the belfry tower (bearing an invocation to the Virgin) and the clock was brought from the Abbey Church of Lindores in Fifeshire in 1585.

Within we find the havoc wrought by Mr. Burn in 1829 almost obliterated by the wonderful restoration accomplished through the efforts of the late Dr. William Chambers. The present minister of St. Giles', the very Rev. J. Cameron Lees, says in his History of the building, that he on one occasion many years ago preached there before the Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly, taking for his text the words "How dreadful is this place!" and that "his Grace was reported to have remarked that whatever might be said as to the sermon, certainly the text was most appropriate."

William Chambers was Lord Provost when the

possibility of rescuing the fine old structure from its then lamentable condition occurred to him. For upwards of ten years he labored incessantly to this end, defraying a large part of the enormous cost out of his own pocket. The great work was completed and the restored building opened in all its majestic beauty on the 23d of May, 1883, just three days after Chambers' death, and he was buried from the restored church on the 25th of the same month.

The devastating fire of 1825 completely altered the aspect of the Parliament Square, sweeping away the towering lands on the south side, whose backs overlooking the Cowgate were in some instances as much as fifteen stories in height. It was at that time too that the picturesque facade of the Parliament House gave place to the present heavy and sombre classical colonnade.

Hard by, in the old Parliament House the be-wigged and be-gowned advocates march up and down on every day that the courts are open, just as they did in the time of Scott and Erskine, and Jeffrey and Cockburn, and we may now add of Blackie and Stevenson, as well as of all those others whose shadowy forms and silenced voices seem to-day fairly to crowd out and drown the living forms and voices about us. Of what are they talking as they bend those curly wigs so close together? Of professional matters—possibly; but it is said that there is not a bit of scandal in Edinburgh that cannot be traced back to these

legal shades. Among the innumerable traditions and stories that cluster around the building, there is one of Jeffrey and Cockburn that shows in an amusing manner their individual methods of drawing out a witness.

The two were engaged upon a case where the mental calibre of one of the parties had to be ascertained, and an old countryman was put upon the witness-stand. Jeffrey began: "Is the defendant in your opinion perfectly sane?" The man gazed at him in bewilderment and made no reply. "Do you think the defendant capable of managing his own affairs?" Still greater bewilderment on the part of the witness. "I ask you," says Jeffrey, speaking with great particularity, "do you consider the man perfectly rational?" The man glowered with amazement, scratched his head, and remained speechless. "Let *me* tackle him," said Cockburn, then adopting his broadest Scots: "Hae ye your mull wi' ye?" said he. "Ou, ay," answered the other and stretched out his snuff-box. "Noo, hoo lang hae ye kent John Sampson?" asked Cockburn, gracefully taking a pinch. "Ever since he was that height," came the answer readily enough. "An dae ye think noo, atween you and me," said the advocate insinuatingly, "that there's onything intill the creature?" "I wad na lippen (trust) him wi' a calf," was the instant and satisfying rejoinder.

At an earlier period the stories turn mainly upon

the convivial habits of members of the legal profession. "The Judges of the Court," writes the author of "Edinburgh Past and Present," "had their Meridian Refresher in the shape of a bottle of port and a biscuit placed beside them, which they disposed of in open Court. . . . A client of Lord Newton, when he was at the Bar as Mr. Hay, called upon him one day at four o'clock, and upon being informed that he was at dinner, said he thought five had been Mr. Hay's dinner-hour. 'So it is,' replied the servant, 'but it's his yesterday's dinner he's at.'" Of another Saturday night party of lawyers it is recorded that as the people were on their way to church at eleven o'clock on the Sunday forenoon, they beheld the host showing his guests out with a lighted candle in his hand and admonishing them to "tak care, there's twa steps!"

The great Libraries of Edinburgh are all to be found in this immediate neighborhood. The Signet Library occupies the northwest corner of the Parliament Square, and on the lower floor of the Parliament House is the splendid collection called the Advocates' Library, ranking third in point of size of the libraries of Great Britain.¹ Incredible as it may appear, neither the Advocates' nor the University Library is provided with a fireproof room for the preservation

¹ It ranks next after the British Museum and the Bodleian Libraries and has the privilege of receiving gratis a copy of every book published for sale in the British dominions.

of its priceless manuscripts. The former building is moreover heated by means of large open fires which snap and blaze away cheerfully in close proximity to old wooden shelves packed with dusty books.

On the George IV. Bridge is the Edinburgh Free Library, surely one of the best-managed, most satisfactory institutions of any of its kind in the world. The public is provided with comfortable seats and the readiest means of access to its large and admirably selected Reference Library, and if the soiled condition of the books in the Lending Library below renders that department somewhat less satisfactory, it probably only goes to show that these are being used by the class of people who most need them.

The building was the gift of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, while the householders of Edinburgh pay a yearly tax for its support. A house dating from the beginning of the seventeenth century formerly stood on the site; it was built by Sir Thomas Hope, King's Advocate of Charles I., and the doorway surmounted by the words "TECUM HABITA 1616" is built into the landing at the head of the stairway leading to the Reference Library.

James Nasmyth, the inventor of the steam hammer, gives an interesting reminiscence of the destruction in 1817 of the Old Tolbooth in the Lawn-Market. John Linnel the landscape-painter, then an unknown young man come over the Border for no less a purpose than to be married at Gretna Green,

was in Edinburgh with his bride, and Alexander Nasmyth had taken him and his own son James, then a little boy, to watch the workmen. "At one of the strongest parts of the building a strong oak chest iron-plated had been built in, held fast by a thick wall of stone and mortar on each side. The iron chest measured about nine feet square and was closed by a strong iron door with heavy bolts and locks. This was the *Heart of Midlothian*, the condemned cell of the Tolbooth. The iron chest was so heavy that the large body of workmen could not with all their might pull it out. After stripping it of its masonry they endeavored by strong levers to tumble it down into the street. At last with a 'Yo! heave ho!' it fell down with a mighty crash. The iron chest was so strong that it held together, and only the narrow iron door, with its locks, bolts, and bars, was burst open and jerked off amongst the bystanders." Sir Walter Scott had joined the group of spectators who stood watching this scene, and he obtained the keys and the door, which he carried off to Abbotsford, where both may now be seen; the keys hanging in the hall, and the door built into the side of the house on a level with the second floor. Nasmyth gives other personal reminiscences of Scott: how he used to meet him tramping across the North Bridge on his way to and from the Court of Session, or accompanying parties of his friends about among the wynds and closes of Old Edinburgh, reciting

their history and legends from his inexhaustible store. The tenement¹ in the College Wynd, where he was born on August 15, 1771, disappeared a hundred years ago, but its site is approximately indicated by a tablet on a building just off Chambers Street; while 25 George Square, where his boyhood (or as much of it as he spent in Edinburgh) was passed, is still standing unaltered.

It was in the Greyfriars' Churchyard close to George Square that Scott first found an opportunity to make the acquaintance of the charming "Lady of the Green Mantle," whom somewhere and somehow he had seen before. As the congregation came out from service one Sunday morning, it was seen to be raining; the Fair Unknown had no umbrella; Scott had one, and beneath it they went home together. Her name was Willamina, and her father, who belonged to the family of Invermay, became later Sir John Stuart of Fettercairn. The friendship thus opened was not allowed to die out. Their homes were found to be near together, and their mothers had been friends in their youth. For over six years Scott pursued his courtship with apparently good hope of success, but when at last he "put his fortune to the touch" she found that she liked some one else better and shortly after became the wife of Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo. Thirty years later, when

¹ Tenement is used in Scotland in the sense that apartment-house is in America.

the lady had been long in her grave and his own wife too was dead, Scott was moved and agitated by receiving a letter from Lady Stuart, the mother of his early love; he went to see her and went again and again, although each visit seemed to stir up more painfully the feeling that time apparently had no power to efface.

He writes in his diary: "I went to make another visit, and fairly softened myself like an old fool with recalling old stories till I was fit for nothing but shedding tears and repeating verses for the whole night. This is sad work; the very grave gives up its dead, and time rolls back thirty years to add to my perplexities."

In 1756 a long series of demolitions carried on in the much-abused name of "improvement" began with the overthrow of the ancient Mercat [market] Cross of Edinburgh, the central object around which every public event, either of rejoicing or of tragedy, had seethed and swirled for upwards of three hundred years. The excuse given was that it interfered with the traffic on the High Street. The shaft, broken to pieces in the process of removal, was rescued by Lord Somerville and taken to Drum. In 1869 it was brought back, the unicorn was added, and it was set up alongside of St. Giles'; and in 1885, through the exertions of Mr. Gladstone, then M. P. for the county of Edinburgh, it was replaced close to the original site, on a substructure copied as

nearly as possible from the early one. Here, with an accompanying survival of the ancient pageantry, royal proclamations are made; and although of not infrequent occurrence, a very considerable crowd usually gathers to see the show. As the minute-hand of St. Giles' clock points to the hour of noon, a detachment of soldiers, generally Highlanders, is seen marching down from the Castle preceded by pipers cheerily piping, and a silent band, escorting six heralds and pursuivants—most marvellously arrayed—five state trumpeters and two gentlemen wearing high hats and overcoats, one of them with a black gown thrown across his shoulders. Already a neat, slim personage has arrived with a chamois-bag from which he produces a key and unlocks the door leading to the Cross gallery. The Highlanders take their positions in the open space to the south, and the rest of the company enter the door and presently reappear on the gallery at the base of the shaft, a trumpeter sounds three blasts, and the herald and pursuivant occupying the two foremost turrets take up their parable.

“A Proclamation by the Queen!” shouts the Albany Herald, reading from a printed roll. “A Proclamation by the Queen!” responds the Unicorn Pursuivant. “Vic-to-r-r-r-ia R-r-re-gi-na!” cries the first, and is echoed even more impressively by the other; and so on through various regulations regarding trade with the Orange Free State (a matter

in which no doubt some one takes an interest) to the conclusion, "God save the Queen." Three more trumpet-blasts and then the band strikes up the national anthem. Then the cortége re-forms and marches off up the Lawn-Market. The spruce gentleman locks the door, slips the key into its bag, and walks away. Several advocates who have sauntered out with hands in pockets, the wind fluttering their gowns, and their wigs rakishly cocked a little to one side, saunter back again around the corner of St. Giles', and the show is over.

The picturesque Netherbow Port at the foot of the High Street, saved with the greatest difficulty by the protests of the Scottish members after the Porteous riot in 1736, was voluntarily destroyed by the magistrates only twenty-eight years later. It separated Edinburgh proper from the Canongate. At the foot of the latter stood the Girth Cross marking the confines of the sanctuary of Holyrood. (All sanctuaries were formerly called *Garths*.) If the fleeing debtor could but touch the Cross before being overtaken, he was safe and was received with shouts of triumph into the "city of refuge." Insolvent persons living within the limits were subject to a local court presided over by "The Bailie of the Abbey," and they could be confined in the adjoining prison for debts contracted within the precincts. The sanctuary of Holyrood included the entire King's Park, with a cincture of four and a quarter miles, which

James V. enclosed within a high stone wall. It is curious to note that the right of sanctuary has never been abolished, but simply lapsed so lately as the year 1880, when an act was passed doing away with imprisonment for debt. As for the palace, it remains for the most part as Charles II. left it.

Since his day but few royal personages have resided there except as passing visitors.

Prince Charles Edward stayed there for six weeks in 1745 and fixed his quarters in the old portion built by James V. The Duke of Cumberland in 1746 used the same quarters and the same bed. In 1796 the Comte d'Artois and his sons, the Duc d'Angoulême and the Duc de Berri, were given Holyrood as a residence and remained there nearly four years. The same unfortunate prince, when as Charles X. he was driven from the throne in 1830, again occupied Holyrood. It is said that this King was fond of wandering around the neighboring royal park, shooting any little birds he could find, while the boys would follow him and when a sparrow was flushed would cry out "Kingie, Kingie, there's a sprug."

Though George IV., who spent a fortnight near Edinburgh in 1822, resided at Dalkeith, he held levees and receptions in Holyrood, when Sir Walter Scott was the guiding spirit of all the arrangements. His enthusiasm for the "Hanoverian" King was as strong as it had ever been for a Stuart. Sir Walter

was as great a relic-hunter as any American tourist ; he seized a glass from which King George had drunk, put it in his coat-tail pocket, and promptly sat down on it and smashed it to atoms.

Queen Victoria used occasionally to stay there, but after the death of her husband shortly after laying the foundation-stones of the Edinburgh post-office and the Museum of Science and Art in 1861, she rarely spent more than an occasional couple of nights in Edinburgh on her way to or from Balmoral. It is no secret that the good Queen did not like Holyrood. She took however a fancy to the modern-mediæval Calton Jail. "And to which of our nobles does that castle belong?" she is reported to have asked on her first visit. "To none of them," was the reply ; "that is one of your Majesty's free lodging-houses."

King Edward resided at Holyrood for two months in 1859 when a school-boy under the charge of the rector of the High School, as did his brother Prince Alfred (afterwards Duke of Edinburgh and Duke of Coburgh) when attending the University in the winter session of 1864-65.

The principal occupant in modern times is the Lord High Commissioner to the Assembly of the Kirk, who there holds for ten days in each May a kind of vice-regal court.

The Abbey, it was seen in the second chapter, was destroyed by a Protestant mob in 1688. It was left

Mary Queen of Scots' Bedchamber, Holyrood Palace



neglected until 1758, when the Barons of the Exchequer determined to put a new roof on it. This was so clumsily done that the roof fell in ten years later, making a worse ruin than before, and thus it was left until 1816, when some repairs were done, including the replacement of the great east window (built in post-Reformation times after the demolition of the choir and transepts), since when it has remained as it is now.

Edinburgh seems to have been without a public hospital until the year 1725, when "the Royal College of Physicians, who had long given gratuitous advice and medicines to the sick poor at their Hall, being thus acquainted with their miserable state, undertook to obtain subscriptions for a Fund [*i. e.*, to build an Infirmary]; and, as a good example to others, were the first subscribers, and engaged to attend the Infirmary regularly in their turns, without fee or reward." Such is the brief account of the origin of one of Edinburgh's most noble institutions as it is given in the History of the Royal Infirmary. The present splendid buildings on the Meadow Walk were put up in 1870-79, when the Hospital was moved there from the dignified though inadequate building on Infirmary Street. It is in the Old Infirmary that Dr. John Brown lays the scene of his exquisite sketch, "Rab and His Friends," and where the modern poet, Mr. W. E. Henley, wrote his wonderful realistic poem, "In Hospital."

In the year 1767 the foundations were laid for the first house in the New Town. The absolute necessity for more space had already led to the laying-out of George Square, and of Brown Square (now merged into Chambers Street) on the south side, but the plan to open up the land lying beyond the Nor' Loch met with very little encouragement. Even after the passage of an act to extend the royalty of the city in this direction, and to throw a bridge across the valley, the magistrates were obliged to offer a premium for the first house before anyone could be induced to build there.

It was a nephew of the poet Thomson who laid out the New Town, and the great business of naming its streets and squares devolved upon the magistrates. These, after sprinkling Georges, Charlottes, Kings, Queens, Hanovers, Yorks, Royals, and such like names about in generous profusion, were minded to call the noble thoroughfare which was to follow the line of the Lang Gait after their own tutelar Saint Giles, associated with the very beginnings of their city, and it was thus named when the completed map was shown to King George III. "Hey, hey," cried he, "what, what—*St. Giles Street!* Never do, never do!!" and the crestfallen burghers had to abandon their cherished plan and call the street Princes, in compliment to the King's two sons.

The scheme adopted in naming the streets of the main parallelogram of the New Town of Edinburgh is

not without interest. The great central street which crowns the ridge running east and west is called George Street after the King. Flanking it and parallel are the minor streets called after the English and Scottish emblems, Rose Street on the south and Thistle Street on the north. Beyond on the south is Princes Street and symmetrically on the northern slope is Queen Street. The great squares at each end of the parallelogram are St. Andrew Square on the east named after the patron saint of Scotland, and Charlotte Square on the west called after the Queen of George III. The central thoroughfare running north and south is named Hanover Street after the reigning family, while the parallel street next on the left is Frederick Street after the Duke of York, a younger son of George III. The other cross streets are Charlotte Street on the west, then Castle Street which opens a vista of Edinburgh Castle. St. Andrew Street is on the extreme east, and the street next to it is St. David Street, whose origin is interesting and amusing. It runs north and south from the west side of St. Andrew Square, and in this street, then unnamed, David Hume occupied the first house that was built. One day a young lady of Hume's acquaintance passing by, deliberately wrote on the wall the words "St. David Street" with chalk.

The maid-servant noting the mirth of the passers-by, and suspecting some uncomprehended jest at

her master's expense, ran up in breathless indignation to tell him of it. "Never mind, lassie," said he soothingly, "many a better man has been made a saint of before."

The people of Edinburgh were so tickled with the humor of canonizing the materialistic philosopher that the name was adopted by acclamation and has adhered to the street ever since.

St. Andrew's Church close by in George Street is a heavy, Georgian, quasi-classical building with a wonderfully graceful spire, "an angel on a beer-barrel," as Professor Blackie used to call it. It was here that the great disruption of the Church of Scotland took place in 1843, when nearly five hundred ministers with Dr. Thomas Chalmers at their head arose and marched out to form themselves into the body since known as the Free Church of Scotland.

The principal cause of the disruption was a conflict with the civil courts. The old theory of the Presbyterian system was that Christ alone was Head of the Church, and that although the State had a right to a voice in the management of the civil affairs of the establishment (*quoad civilia*) the Church courts were independent in all spiritual matters (*quoad sacra*).

The great stumbling-block was lay patronage—not abolished until 1874—by which a lay patron could present his nominee to the cure of a parish. The Church passed an act known as the "Veto Act" by

which no pastor should be intruded on a congregation contrary to the expressed will of the people. In spite of this ecclesiastical law the civil courts ordered Presbyteries to perform the distinctly spiritual act of ordination on clergymen forced on congregations against their will. Presbyteries refused, and ministers were penalized for the refusal. Such were but incidents in a long struggle between Church and State in which the great principle involved was the claim of the former to independent jurisdiction in spiritual matters. This claim was repelled by the civil courts, who enforced their contention that the Church was and must be in every point subject to Parliament and statutes "which alone gave the Church jurisdiction." To the Evangelical party the position became intolerable, and in 1843 nearly half the beneficed clergy in Scotland gave up their livings.

The fathers of the movement declared that it was not their intention to secede from the communion of the Church of Scotland, nor to found a separate denomination. "They ever affirmed that they formed a part of the historical Church of Scotland, owning all her doctrines, adhering to her government, discipline, and worship. Their secession was only from what they styled 'the present prevailing party' who, having got the management into their own hands and the majority on their side, were 'breaking down our beautiful Presbyterian Constitution.'"¹

¹ *The Public Worship of Presbyterian Scotland*, C. G. M' Crie.

The spectacle of so many devoted ministers sacrificing their livings and their homes for conscience' sake, and, what to many of them was a greater sacrifice—severing their connection with the historic Church of their fathers—roused enthusiasm throughout all Scotland, even among those who thought them mistaken.

When the news was brought to Lord Jeffrey, whom none could suspect of evangelical leanings, he was reading a book in his quiet study; the book was flung aside, the great lawyer sprang to his feet and exclaimed, "I'm proud of my country; there is not another country upon earth where such a deed could have been done."

The pride and glory of Edinburgh is Princes Street, and a more beautiful street or a more beautiful situation cannot be imagined. It is a terrace standing on the southern slope of a ridge nearly a mile in length. On one side is the stately street, on the other a deep valley in which once lay the Nor' Loch, now occupied by the lines of the North British Railway, which however are skilfully concealed by a hanging garden. Rising abruptly from the depths of the valley is the steep rock crowned by the Castle, while tailing down to the east are the tall houses of the ancient town breaking the sky-line with turrets and gables, among which the noble crown of St. Giles' is dignifiedly conspicuous. A great mound bridging the valley connects the New Town with the

higher and older city, and on this earthen bank are two beautiful Grecian buildings which contain the art treasures of Scotland. Further to the east, through the opening valley are seen the blue waters of the Firth of Forth and the distant outline of the Bass Rock and North Berwick Law. Carrying the eye along the line of the street the vista is closed by the towers of the Calton Jail and the monument to Nelson, while the Calton Hill crowned with the unfinished "National Monument," like a Grecian ruin, completes the picture. Truly there is no city in the world that can show so wonderful a view as that seen from the west end of Princes Street on a clear sunny evening, or possibly the converse scene in the morning haze looking westward from the terrace of the Calton Hill.

By the will of the King, as we have seen, this thoroughfare was named the Street of the Princes, but if it had been called instead the Street of the Great, the title would have been better justified by events. Few and far apart have been the occasions when the presence of royalty has graced it; but the list of famous men, statesmen, authors, philosophers, artists, and poets who have passed almost daily up and down this world-renowned thoroughfare comprehends some of the greatest names of the century just closed.

For years Scott's was one of the most familiar figures seen there as he passed back and forth

between his house, No. 39 North Castle Street, and the Parliament House. Here Carlyle and his young wife used to see him on his walks and note the way in which all dogs ran up to greet a recognized friend in passing. Here Wilson's towering form could be seen as he strode along to his home in quiet, drowsy Ann Street; and the handsome, commanding figure of Sir Henry Raeburn, whose charming, rambling old house stood on the Water of Leith in Stockbridge, while his studio, to which he walked every day, was in York Place. Alexander Nasmyth the painter, the "father of Scottish landscape-painting" he has been called, likewise had his studio in York Place. Robert Louis Stevenson, who was born at No. 8 Howard Place, passed his boyhood in No. 17 Heriot Row. In the house No. 23 Rutland Street, Dr. Brown the immortal author of "Rab and His Friends" and "Marjorie Fleming" wrote the first series of his *Horæ Subsecivæ*. No. 133 George Street was the residence of Sir John Sinclair, the extraordinary height of whose thirteen sons and daughters gave the name of "The Giants' Causeway" to that end of George Street. His daughters, six in number, averaged six feet in height; and his pleasant boast used to be that he possessed thirty-six feet of daughters. One of them, Miss Catherine, was the author of "Beatrice," a novel that had an enormous sale in America, but it is as the writer of "Holiday House" that she won and has kept her place in the hearts of

millions of youthful readers. John Stuart Blackie, professor of Greek, lived in his last years at No. 9 Douglas Crescent, and up to the time of his death in 1895 his was one of the most strikingly picturesque as well as one of the most familiar figures to be seen in the Edinburgh streets. But the list could be carried on indefinitely ; and although all of these and many more whom we have not space to name have reached the goal and passed beyond, there have never been wanting others to seize the torch from the failing hand and pass it on undimmed ; and Edinburgh's roll of fame shows no sign of diminution.

Nor does she fail in paying the honor due to her great sons. The Scott monument ranks as the most notable tribute in stone ever raised to the genius of authorship.

A fortnight had not elapsed after Scott's death when a meeting was held to take steps towards erecting some suitable memorial to him. Subscriptions poured in—one of £3, 7s. came from “the poor people of the Cowgate.” Three years later a design submitted by George Kemp, a joiner by trade, was adopted as being “an imposing structure . . . of beautiful proportions, in strict conformity with the purity in taste and style of Melrose Abbey, from which it is in all its details derived.” The order for the statue was given to John Steell.

Before the completed structure was inaugurated (August 15, 1840), the unfortunate designer had met

with a tragic end. Returning late one foggy night to his home in Morningside, he fell into the Union Canal and was drowned. He was buried in St. Cuthbert Churchyard and a monument erected to his memory.

Kemp had one meeting with the great man to whom was indirectly due the crowning success of his life. When an apprentice, he was tramping one hot summer day along the dusty highroad that leads from Peebles to Selkirk, carrying a bag of heavy tools. A carriage overtook him, and the occupant, a quiet-looking gentleman, invited him to take a seat beside the driver. This he very gladly did, little dreaming of how his own future was to be affected by Sir Walter Scott—the doer of this kindly act.

On the Calton Hill to the northeast is the National Monument, a model of the Parthenon, but unfinished for want of funds. It was originally designed to commemorate the Scottish soldiers who fell in the Peninsular war. Near it is seen the very ugly monument to Lord Nelson, and further down the hill the temple to Burns. The beautiful building of the High School close by, designed by Thomas Hamilton, is declared by many to be the most successful adaptation of pure Greek architecture to modern requirements. The Edinburgh High School is the lineal descendant of the grammar-school which the monks of Holyrood Abbey conducted for the benefit of Edinburgh's youth as early as the fifteenth cen-

Scott Monument, from St. Andrew's Street



ture. For several hundred years the High School had no rival but the University, and almost all of Edinburgh's celebrated sons, as well as not a few famous men from elsewhere, received their early education there. In 1829 the institution moved from its ancient home in Infirmary Street to the present splendid quarters on the Calton Hill.

Though quite a mile away it may be well here to refer to the great rival of the High School, the "Edinburgh Academy," a handsome Greek building in Henderson Row on the north side of the New Town. It was founded under the auspices of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Jeffrey, Lord Cockburn, and others as a day-school for the sons of gentlemen. It was formally opened by Sir Walter in 1824 and for three-quarters of a century has been the school in which the sons of the upper classes of Edinburgh have been educated, and it never was more flourishing than at present in spite of younger rivals which have sprung up. An early "dux" of the school (as the head boy is called in Scotland) was Archibald Campbell Tait, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury from 1868 to 1882.

The first "Rector" or head master was the Rev. John Williams, affectionately termed (by everybody) Punch, who was afterwards Archdeacon of Cardiff. A man of great dignity, he yet had the faculty of raising Scott's risibility, who although he respected Williams highly, occasionally gibed him rather

severely. On one occasion the Rector had committed a great blunder and came to consult Scott on the subject. "What you tell me," said Sir Walter, "only convinces me of a truth I have long maintained—that every schoolmaster is a fool." Williams proceeded to explain that he at least was no ordinary schoolmaster. "Very true, I dare say, Mr. Williams," was the reply; "the greater the schoolmaster the greater the fool."¹

Another great school about a mile to the northwest of the "Academy" is Fettes College, a magnificent building in French Gothic architecture standing in ample grounds. It was founded with money left by a late Provost and was opened in 1870. Though the founder it is believed meant the institution to be an imitation of Heriot's Hospital, the trustees arranged it so as to be a fairly good Scots imitation of an English public school.

But to return to the High School: as one strolls past it under the Calton Hill it is a little startling suddenly to espy through the bars of the Calton Burying-ground the lanky familiar outline of Abraham Lincoln's spare figure. The monument was erected by a late U. S. Consul (of Scottish descent) in memory of the Scottish-American soldiers who fought in the civil war.

Conspicuous among the group of graceful towers that rise beyond the west end of Princes Street is

¹ *Chronicles of the Cumming Club*, Edinburgh, 1887.

the lofty spire of St. Mary's Episcopal Cathedral. This, the most important ecclesiastical building in Gothic architecture erected in Great Britain since the Reformation, is a magnificent cruciform church in the Early Pointed style. It was built with money left for the purpose by two wealthy ladies named Walker, who owned the Coates Estate, comprising a number of the fashionable streets of the West End. A chapter-house and song-school adjoin the church, the latter including within the precincts a quaint-looking stone house of whose antecedents nothing is known. As an example of the gourd-like rapidity with which traditions sometimes spring into existence, it may be mentioned that the present Bishop of Edinburgh having one day idly observed to some one in passing that this building "may have been a shooting-lodge of one of the Jameses," this random shot is now repeated to visitors to Edinburgh as an ascertained fact and will no doubt presently appear as such in the guide-books.

The whole of the interior walls of the song-school (or house of the choir) is covered in colored fresco, the four years' labor of love of the decorative painter, Mrs. Phoebe Traquair.

The chief charm of Mrs. Traquair's work lies in the wealth of coloring and in the spontaneity and exhaustless invention of the artist. It is more like the enlarged decoration of an illumined missal of the fourteenth century than anything else in art. And

the deep religious feeling together with the beauty of the imagery appeals so irresistibly to those in sympathy with it as to far outweigh the occasionally faulty drawing and a certain lack of vigor and decision it displays. The subject chosen is the *Benedicite* or song of the Three Children, "O all ye works of the Lord, praise ye the Lord." Below the great expanse of the principal work is a panelled border containing suggestions of the Creation, with mystic relation to the figures represented above it.

More of Mrs. Traquair's work is to be seen in the Catholic Apostolic Church in London Street in the northeast of the city, a striking modern building in the late Norman style. The decoration here is later and more finished than the work at St. Mary's: it was begun in 1893 and completed in 1900.

Not far from this church, in Queen Street, is the new building in Venetian Gothic occupied by the National Portrait Gallery and the National Museum of Antiquities. In the great hall and gallery there is more mural decoration, this time by William Hole of the Royal Scottish Academy. The subjects are scenes from Scottish history and include a striking processional frieze depicting Scottish national heroes from St. Columba to the present day.

Looking up the Earthen Mound due south from Princes Street, the eye falls upon the sign "Sailors' and Soldiers' Home," for it is in this beautiful and commanding position that Edinburgh's men of both

branches of the service can put up for as long or as short a time as may suit them, instead of being thrust away into some grimy slum, as has sometimes been suggested to the managers. In this cheerful, home-like, and exceedingly clean establishment these rather helpless bulwarks of the nation can always find the kindest welcome and good accommodation for very little money. Even when they have passed the evening rather too convivially and are therefore more than ever in need of a decent lodging, they are kindly entreated and have always the certainty of a good breakfast in the morning. From the Home, Ramsay Lane winds steeply up between Allan Ramsay's house and the site of the first Ragged School, and at its top one comes to the lofty tower of an observatory from whose summit there is a most comprehensive view.

On the northwest is the Forth Bridge; then come Granton and Trinity; next Newhaven, a picturesque fishing-village that would have been a port had Edinburgh permitted. "Our Lady's Port of Grace" was its ancient title. It is from here that those striking-looking figures, Edinburgh's fishwives, emanate. They and their men-kind are said to be of Scandinavian origin; they marry among themselves and keep up their ancient customs and original dress: that of the woman consisting of a great many (ten sometimes) short striped petticoats, below which are seen a pair of neat ankles and low-cut shoes; a

cotton jacket, usually dark blue, tied about the waist, a white neckerchief and for the older married woman a starched white muslin cap of peculiar cut, complete the costume. The creel is a large pannier with a flat side that rests against the back ; it is supported by a stout canvas or leather strap carried around the forehead. For the rest, do we not all know Newhaven and its people through Charles Reade's charming tale, "Christie Johnstone" ?

Adjoining it is Leith, the port of Edinburgh and the scene of many historic landings, most of whose ancient buildings have however been "improved" away. The house of the Earl of Carrick, where Charles II. passed one night on his way to Edinburgh, is still a picturesque feature of the Kirkgate ; and the building erected by the Queen Regent, Mary of Guise, for a Council House may still be seen on Coalhill.

In September, 1779, Leith was nearly invaded by Paul Jones, who had been harassing the Scottish and Irish coasts for more than a year. In spite of adverse winds he had worked his way up the Firth of Forth and had anchored his squadron of three ships in Leith Roads. No preparations had been made to resist him, and Edinburgh was apparently at his mercy. Jones had a letter ready written to the Provost demanding a ransom of £200,000 (a million dollars). As so often before in history, the luck of the British nation came to its assistance. A

whole night was wasted arguing and discussing the project with his French allies, and the opportunity was lost. In the morning a storm arose. It was impossible to land a party, and the wind from the west increasing, the squadron was driven out of the Forth before the letter could be delivered.

In a letter from Sir Walter Scott to Miss Edgeworth written in 1824 he says :

“I have seen a new work, *The Pilot*, by the author of *The Spy* and *The Pioneer*. The hero is the celebrated Paul Jones, whom I well remember advancing above the island of Inchkeith with three small vessels to lay Leith under contribution. I remember my mother being alarmed with the drum which she had heard all her life at eight o'clock, conceiving it to be the pirates who had landed.

. . . the novel is a very clever one and the sea-scenes and characters in particular are admirably drawn, and I advise you to read it as soon as possible.”

An outcome of this intended landing was the building of Leith Fort, which still survives and is used as barracks for two companies of garrison artillery.

Much further along the shore to the east is *Porto-Bello*, named from a little cottage which until 1762 was the only dwelling in the surrounding wide extent of waste land. The occupant was a sailor who had been present at the capture of *Porto-Bello* on the Isthmus of Panama.

Since the beginning of the nineteenth century Portobello has gradually developed into a very popular watering-place. Looking now towards the southeast we see Arthur's Seat and the Salisbury Crags; Craigmillar with its castle is still more to the south, and Blackford and Braid Hills and Craiglockhart with the more distant Pentlands, and finally on the west Corstorphine Hill. But any further allusion to these places must be left for the next chapter, to which most of them properly belong.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LOTHIAN.

THE three shires that skirt the southern shore of the Forth are comprehended in the general title of The Lothians (anciently Lowden), Linlithgow being West Lothian, Edinburghshire Midlothian, and Haddington East Lothian. Their early history has already been alluded to in Chapter I.

The town that gives its name—*Linlithcu*—the concavity of the wide loch—to the whole county of West Lothian is far older than its recorded history. It may have been British, and there was certainly a church already there dedicated to St. Michael, in David I.'s time. The oldest fragment of the present palace was probably the work of Edward I., who spent the winter of 1301 in it, adding to or rebuilding an existing fortress. For fifteen years this remained in the hands of the English, to the deep grief of the patriotic but helpless countrymen of the neighborhood. At last a certain "stout carle and a sture, and off him selff dour and hardy," William Binnock by name, who supplied the garrison with forage, determined to take advantage of his exceptional opportunities of getting into the castle to

attempt a surprise. Concealing eight armed men under a load of hay and taking with him a single companion provided with a sharp axe, he approached the gate early one morning. The warder observing nothing unusual in the aspect of the party unhesitatingly lowered the drawbridge and raised the portcullis, and the heavy wain rumbled in; but just when it was midway through the gate, Binnock drew up the oxen, and his companion with a rapid movement cut asunder the yoke and drove them ahead. "Call all! Call all!" shouts Binnock, whipping out a sword and leaping on the warder. At the preconcerted signal the men tumble out of the hay, a force hidden during the night close to the castle rush in, and the wain preventing the raising of the drawbridge, the place is presently taken. "The family of Binning in Linlithgowshire," says Pennant,¹ "are studious to trace up their pedigree to the peasant Binnock, the William Tell of Scotland." Robert Bruce following his usual plan² dismantled the castle, and in the following year it afforded no protection to the flying, panic-stricken Edward II., making for England in terror for his life after the defeat of Bannockburn.

In the time of the Stewarts the Lordship of Linlithgow came to figure as a part of the dower settled

¹ Thomas Pennant, a naturalist and antiquarian, who published several volumes of travels in Scotland, 1769-74.

² See p. 8.

on their royal brides. Mary of Gueldres, Margaret of Denmark, and Margaret Tudor all received it as such, and its palace was a frequent place of residence of the last-named Princess. There, as all readers of "Marmion" will remember, she spent the melancholy days when her husband, James IV., was obstinately preparing for the English expedition that terminated at Flodden, and it was there that he received the mysterious warning also alluded to in the poem.

He was offering up prayers for the success of the expedition in the Church of St. Michael, when, according to Pitscottie,¹ "a man came clothed in a blue gown in at the Kirk door, and belted about him in a roll of linen cloth; a pair of buskins on his feet to the great of his legs; with all other hose and clothes conform thereto; but he had nothing on his head but long red yellow hair behind and on his haffets, which went down to his shoulders; but his forehead was bald and bare. He seemed to be a man of two-and-fifty years, with a great pike-staff in his hand, and came first forward among the Lords, crying and speiring for the King, saying he desired to speak to him. At last he came where the King was sitting in the desk at his prayers, and when he saw him he

¹ Robert Lindsay of Pitscottie wrote a History of Scotland from the death of James I. (1437) to the year 1568. It is a continuation of the History of Hector Boece and like it is not always trustworthy. It abounds however in graphic touches and entertaining stories.

made him little reverence or salutation, but leaned down groffing on the desk before him, and said to him : Sir King, my mother sent me to you, desiring you not to pass at this time, where you are purposed ; for if thou dost, thou wilt not fare well on thy journey, nor none that passeth with thee. . . . The evensong was near done, and the King paused on these words, studying to give an answer ; but in the meantime, before the King's eyes and in the presence of all the Lords that were about him, this man vanished away and could no ways be seen or comprehended, but vanished away as he had been a blink of the sun or a whip of the whirlwind, and could no more be seen."

It was whispered about that the whole thing had been planned by Queen Margaret as a final despairing attempt to turn her lord from his purpose by working on his superstitious fears.

James V. was born at Linlithgow, and it was there that Lord Angus his stepfather and others of the Douglasses kept him in such thralldom that he sent secret messages to his friends to come to his rescue. Accordingly in September of the year 1526 the Earl of Lennox with a large force raised at Stirling was found to be advancing on the town. The Earls of Angus and Arran marched rapidly out and occupied the bridge about a mile to the west, and the rising ground beyond it. The result was a defeat for the King's party, and when the day was seen to be

hopelessly lost the Earl of Lennox surrendered, only to be treacherously shot down by Sir James Hamilton. The spot where he fell was marked for centuries by a heap of stones, and though these have been removed the place is still called Lennox's Cairn. In the course of laying the railway through this district a number of relics of the battle were brought to light, among others a sword now preserved in the town museum.

James brought his second bride, Mary of Guise, here after their marriage in 1538. The palace had probably been elaborately fitted up for her reception, and she declared she had never seen a more princely one. It was here that her daughter Mary was born on December 7, 1542, just after the defeat of the Scots at Solway Moss, the infant succeeding to the throne of Scotland on the death of her father six days later.

During the distracted years that followed, Linlithgow was the centre of intrigues, disturbances, and political activities of every kind. Parliaments were held there, and Councils of the clergy. Thither came the Lords of the Congregation from Perth in 1559, headed by John Knox, the Earl of Argyll, and Lord James Stuart, the Queen's half-brother, and destroyed the religious houses, the Queen Dowager escaping to Dunbar on their approach. They also spoiled the house of the Duke of Châtelherault, and in the following February burned the

same house "in order to reform the Duke, that he might reform others." It was ten years later that Lord James, then Earl of Moray and Regent, met his death at Linlithgow when on his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. The story—now generally discredited—of the cause that led to the murder is that the wife of Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh had been driven—naked and on a bitter December night—out of her house, Woodhouselee, by one Bellenden, to whom the Regent had granted the estate after the battle of Langside, and that after wandering about for hours among the Pentland Hills she was finally picked up quite insane from horror and exposure. Be this as it may, the houses of the Hamiltons were certainly plundered, and a train of wagons heavily laden with valuables is said to have been halted on its way through Edinburgh that some of the bulkier articles might be sold at the Cross. A plot was therefore soon formed by the Queen's party headed by the Hamiltons to assassinate the Regent. When the latter approached Linlithgow on the 20th of January, 1569, a rumor was going about that Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh was in the town and that mischief was brewing.

But to this the Regent paid no heed other than to try to push forward more rapidly. The street was very narrow and crowded with people come out to see the arrival, and his progress was but slow at best. The conspirator meanwhile had laid his plans well.

The house of his relative Archbishop Hamilton stood on the main street down which the Regent must pass, and was moreover provided with a projecting enclosed gallery; on this he is said to have placed a feather-bed to deaden the sound of his footsteps, while in the window was hung a dark cloth that his shadow might not be seen passing to and fro; in this coign of vantage he bided his time, and when the procession arrived opposite the balcony, was able to take such careful aim that the bullet passed quite through the Regent's body, killing the horse of one of the Douglasses who rode on his other side. The wounded man was taken to the palace close by and died in a few hours. Hamilton, leaping on a swift horse that stood saddled and waiting at the garden gate in the rear, escaped and made his way to France. The house was razed to the ground, and the County Court buildings now occupy the site; but the hack-but from which the shot was fired is preserved at Hamilton Palace as a valued relic.

On February 1st, 1746, Linlithgow Palace was destroyed by fire about the moment when, according to Mr. Blaikie,¹ it was vacated by the Duke of Cumberland, who had spent the night in the palace on his way to attack Prince Charles, then retreating before him.

¹ *Itinerary of Prince Charles Edward*, by W. B. Blaikie: also a letter in the *Scotsman* of February 12, 1901, where the same author gives incontestable and hitherto unpublished proof of the Duke's presence.

In histories and guide-books it is generally though incorrectly stated that the palace was set on fire by Hawley's dragoons the night after their defeat by Prince Charles at Falkirk on January 17, 1746.

This mistake probably arose, writes Mr. Blaikie, from the misconception of a story in a contemporary pamphlet attributed to David Hume, entitled "A true Account of the Behaviour and Conduct of Archibald Stewart," Lord Provost of Edinburgh in 1745. The story is too good to omit, but it must be remembered that the catastrophe did not take place until a fortnight after the dramatic warning of the *chatelaine*.

"When the Army fled to Linlithgow," says David Hume, "they immediately quartered themselves about in all the houses and even in the Palace, where there dwelt at that time a Lady noted for Wit and Beauty who observing their disorderly Proceedings, was apprehensive they would fire the Palace. She immediately went to remonstrate to a certain great General, and was received *pro solita suâ humanitate* with his usual Humanity. Finding her Remonstrances vain, she took her Leave in these Words, 'To take care,' says she, 'of the King's House is your concern: For my part, I can run from fire as fast as any of you.'

"So spoke the cherub, and her grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful Beauty, added Grace
Invincible. Abash'd the Devil stood."

Linlithgow Palace



Almost all of the ruined but still magnificent palace of to-day is the work of the fifth and sixth Jameses, though as already mentioned there are some portions which date as far back as the time of Edward I.

On the east of the present entrance is the Guard-room to which the Regent was brought after he was shot. The bed-room supposed to have been occupied by the unfortunate James III., the room in which his no happier great-granddaughter—Mary, was born, and “Queen Margaret’s Bower” are all shown. The ruined fountain in the quadrangle, belonging to James V.’s period, is the one after which that in front of Holyrood was modelled.

Saint Michael’s Church adjoining the Palace is a very ancient foundation, but the building is mainly the work of James III. and James V. It was here that James IV. received his “warning” when seated before the altar of St. Katherine in the south transept, as already described.

The church was completely despoiled by the Lords of the Congregation; only the image of St. Michael, being high out of reach, escaped. In the year 1646 the building was used by the University of Edinburgh for its classes, removed thither on account of the plague that was then raging in the capital, and later it was fitted up with their customary taste by the Reformers as a Protestant place of worship. In 1894 however it was thoroughly restored,

a piece of work that was certainly due to a building which Billings¹ declares to be “assuredly the most important specimen of an ancient parochial church now existing in Scotland, both as to dimensions and real architectural interest.” It is in the Scottish decorated style, and the nave is the oldest existing part.

Adjoining Linlithgow Parish on the southeast is the Parish of Torpichen—the raven’s hill—where is to be seen the massive ruined tower and church of the chief seat of the Knights of St. John in Scotland, interesting as showing the characteristics of a combined domestic and ecclesiastical style of architecture.

David I. is credited with founding the establishment early in the twelfth century, and it continued in unabated prosperity until the Reformation, when its last Preceptor, Sir James Sandilands, prudently floated with the tide, joined the Reformers, and in return for the payment down of a sum of money and the promise of a yearly rental, obtained the lands of the Order and was made a peer with the title Lord Torpichen. The oldest part of the building is a doorway (now built up) that led into the transept from the nave; it is Transitional, belonging probably to the end of the twelfth century; the rest is considerably later, dating from some time in the fifteenth century.

¹ The author of *The Baronial and Ecclesiastical Architecture of Scotland*. —

Wallace spent much of the year 1298 in and near the village, a circumstance that has given the local name of "Wallace's sword" to a carved sword on the lintel of one of the church windows.

The ancient port of Linlithgow, Blackness on the Forth, was superseded by Bo'ness; and its castle, once so grand and important (it was one of the four castles required by the Articles of Union to be kept in a state of defence), has sunk into insignificance through the evolution of modern warfare. It is now used for a powder-magazine, and an unfortunate lonely officer and a few soldiers have always to garrison it in conformity with the treaty of Union. In the old days it was one of the state prisons, figuring especially as a place of confinement for Covenanters of mark.

Binns Castle, a few miles to the northeast of Linlithgow, is an ancient seat of the Dalzell family and the birthplace in 1599 of Thomas Dalzell, who won celebrity in the seventeenth century as a general on the royal side. (He was the commander at Rullion Green.)

After the death of Charles I. he never shaved his beard, and as he became quite bald and declined to wear a peruke he was a source of unqualified joy to the ragamuffins of London, who used to follow him in crowds when, wearing a wide-brimmed beaver hat, he would occasionally come up to town to wait upon the King. On reaching the palace he would gravely

turn to his volunteer escort, thank them for their attendance, and inform them precisely of the hour when he might be expected out again. It was this same old soldier who raised the famous regiment of the Scots Greys at Binns in 1681, some of the stabling for which is still standing among the out-buildings.

A mile or so further east on the coast is Abercorn, whose castle is now represented by a grassy mound opposite the church and manse. It was confiscated with the rest of the Douglas possessions by James II. when the ninth and last Earl of Douglas was outlawed in 1455. Near by is the magnificent mansion of the Earl of Hopetoun, begun in 1669 by Charles Hope, first Earl of Hopetoun, who came into possession of an enormous fortune accumulated during his long minority, his father having been drowned on his way from London when the son was an infant.

Midhope, a fine old seventeenth-century house of the Livingstones, Earls of Linlithgow, stands on the estate.

About a mile from South Queensferry is the well-preserved castle of the Dundases, the oldest family in Linlithgowshire. It dates from early in the fifteenth century, and the estate only passed out of the family, who had held it for twenty-four generations, within the last thirty years. The Renaissance fountain is all that remains of an elaborate building

put up by Sir Walter Dundas in 1623 by way of distraction, he having been bitterly disappointed at failing to obtain the Barony of Barnbogle. It proved a costly diversion and plunged its author into financial embarrassments from which he never recovered. Barnbogle—its extraordinary name is said to mean “point of the marsh”—and Dalmeny passed in 1662 to Sir Archibald Primrose, and the estate has descended to the Viscounts and Earls of Rosebery. Barnbogle is on the edge of Dalmeny Park and overlooks the Firth of Forth; it was completely restored by the present Earl of Rosebery in 1880. The more imposing modern seat, Dalmeny, is further south in the Park, which stretching for several miles along the Forth is one of the favorite excursions from Edinburgh.

Far more interesting however is the parish church in Dalmeny village, the most complete Norman parish church in Scotland. It consists of a chancel with apse and chancel-arch, and a nave (the north wings are of later date), and a finely sculptured doorway in a rare state of preservation.

Dr. Hill Burton the historian was buried there in 1881.

Dundas of Dundas founded a church at Queensferry in 1313 for the Carmelite Friars. This building, which in 1890 served as a stable and coal storehouse, was then acquired by the Dean and Chapter of St. Mary's Episcopal Cathedral, Edinburgh, in

perpetual lease from the Dundas family and it is now entirely restored.

The town it will be remembered is called from the ferry established by St. Margaret, Queen of Malcolm Ceanmor, who had frequent occasion to pass back and forth between Edinburgh, and Dunfermline where she was building a splendid church. The ferry is still used, though its importance has ceased since the erection of the Forth Bridge in 1890.

Niddrie, another castle of the Hopetoun Hopes, from which estate they take their second title of Barons Niddrie, can be seen quite plainly from the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, about three miles northwest of Ratho Junction. It was built by George, fourth Lord Seton, who fell at Flodden; and on May 2, 1568, Queen Mary and her little party of attendants "long before daybreak ended their hasty and perilous journey before the gates of Niddrie." This was after the escape from Lochleven Castle. The next morning the Queen hurried forward to reach Dumbarton Castle, but was intercepted, and the fateful battle of Langside settled her fortunes for ever.

The chain of events which had their termination at Langside, or rather at Fotheringay, are closely associated with that splendid old castle in Midlothian from whose summit one of the most interesting views in Scotland can be had, Craigmillar situated on a hilltop a mile or so to the southeast of Edinburgh.

The oldest part of Craigmillar, the keep, probably belongs to the period (the latter half of the fourteenth century) when the property passed from Sir John de Capella to Sir Simon Preston. It was in honor of one of this family, Sir William Preston, that the Preston aisle of St. Giles' was built in 1454, "For-sameikle as he made diligent labour, and great means by a High and Mighty Prince, the King of France, and many other Lords of France, for the getting of the arm-bone of Sant Gele. . . ." The Preston arms, three unicorns' heads, are to be seen both at St. Giles' in the Preston aisle and in several places at Craigmillar.

The Stuart Kings frequently made their residence at the Castle, which was held in tenure from the crown and on the express condition that when required it should be resigned for the sovereign's use. And so we find James III. shutting up his brother the Earl of Mar there, of whom Pitscottie says he was "ane fair lustie man of ane great and well proportioned stature, weel-fared and comlie in all his behaviours, who knew nothing but nobilitie." He was removed when suffering from fever to a house in the Canongate, where he shortly died, no one (unless possibly the King's physician who attended him) ever knowing just how. It is however with Queen Mary, who made it her frequent place of residence, that Craigmillar is mainly associated. "The Queen is at Craigmillar about a league from

the city," writes the French Ambassador during the disturbed period that followed the murder of Riccio. "She is in the hands of the physicians, I do assure you not at all well, and I do believe the principal part of her disease to consist of a deep grief and sorrow. Nor does it seem possible to make her forget the same. Still she repeats these words, 'I could wish to be dead.' You know very well that the injury she received is exceeding great, and her Majesty will not soon forget it."

Poor Queen, the worst of her troubles were yet to come. After a consultation held among themselves by some of the nobles who were with her at Craigmillar, several of these, Bothwell, Argyll, and Huntly being of the number, proposed to the Queen that she should obtain a divorce from her worthless husband, their idea being in this way to win her consent to the restoration of the Lords then in exile for the Riccio affair. "Her Grace answerit, that under two conditions she might understand the same—the one, that the divorcement were made lawfully; the other, that it was not prejudie to her son—otherwise her hyness would rather endure all torments and abyde the perils that might chance her in her Grace's lifetime."

After this the Lords withdrew and later prepared a document setting forth that "sican a young fool and proud tyran should not bear rule of them" and undertaking over their signatures that he should

"be put forth by one way or other." The great hall is said to have been the place where this precious bond was composed. At the end of a dark passage beyond the kitchen are the dungeons where in 1813 a skeleton was found bricked into the wall. The building was so injured by the Hertford raid of 1543 that it had to be largely rebuilt. When the Queen was brought back to Edinburgh after the action at Carberry Hill she was lodged during that first terrible night in the house of the Provost, Sir Simon Preston, proprietor of Craigmillar.

Still nearer to Edinburgh is Merchiston Castle, the centre of a suburb called after it. The Castle, which is the ancient and once important stronghold of the Napiers, dates from the end of the fifteenth century and has been uninterruptedly occupied ever since. Even now it is used as a high-class flourishing boarding-school for boys. Here John Napier, Baron of Merchiston, the illustrious inventor of logarithms, was born in 1530, and in this castle he spent most of his life.

His cleverness and his fancy for being alone gained him the usual (in that age) notoriety—he was accounted a magician, and a certain tame black cock got the credit of being his "familiar." On one occasion some thefts had been committed; suspicion fell on the servants, but there was no way of discovering the delinquent. The master then bethought him of his reputation and determined to

turn it to account. The servants were all marshalled in single file up the winding stair to the small apartment where according to tradition the invention of logarithms had its birth. Here they were commanded to stroke in turn the back of the cock, who sat brooding, probably over human credulity, in the centre of the darkened room. "When the guilty hand touches him he will crow," announced the sage. The rite was gone through with and the cock remained silent, but on examination it was found that one hand bore no traces of the soot with which his feathers had previously been rubbed. There is another anecdote which also goes to show that Napier's inventiveness was by no means confined to logarithms. Having been much annoyed by the pigeons of a neighboring laird which persisted in feeding off the Merchiston grain, he declared that the next time he found them at it he would confiscate the whole flock. "Certainly," agreed the owner confidently, "when you have caught them." A few days later, a party of very tipsy birds were seen staggering about the Merchiston fields; having eaten heartily of grain steeped in spirits, they were quite incapable of offering any resistance when they were caught and put in pound for their thefts.

Archibald, second Lord Napier, grandson of the mathematician, was a nephew of the great Marquis of Montrose, and at the time when the latter was executed he in common with almost every other

member of the family was in exile. But Lady Napier (Elizabeth Erskine, daughter of John, eighth Earl of Mar), thinking that some one should remain in Scotland to look after the family interests, was established with her five young children at Merchiston, which stood on the outer limits of the Boroughmuir.

When the horrible details of Montrose's sentence had been faithfully carried out and the head, arms, and legs stricken off, the trunk was "cast into a little short chest and taken to the Boroughmuir and buried there among malefactors."

This was on May 21, 1650. When, ten and a half years later, the remains were collected and given honorable burial in St. Giles', we read that "all that belonged to the body of this great hero was carefully re-collected; only *his heart*, which two days after the murder, in spite of the traitors, was, by conveyance of some adventurous spirits appointed by that noble and honourable lady, the Lady Napier, taken out and embalmed in the most costly manner . . . then put in *a rich box of gold* and sent by the same noble Lady to the now Lord Marquis, who was *then in Flanders*." (Journal of Thomas Saintserf for January 7, 1661.) Another contemporary account states that on the night of the execution the body was dug up and the piece of linen in which it was wrapped stolen.

A great-great-great-grandson of this Lady Napier, Sir Alexander Johnston of Carnsalloch, has left an

account of the subsequent strange history of the heart. His mother when a little child at Merchiston used to stand before the portrait of Lady Napier and get her father to tell the story of the silver urn represented in the picture, standing on a table. This urn contained the heart of the great Marquis, which after embalming Lady Napier had placed in a small egg-shaped case made out of the blade of Montrose's sword; the case was enclosed in a box of gold filigree presented by a Doge of Venice to the mathematician (grandfather of Lady Napier's husband) and the whole was deposited in a silver urn which had been given by Montrose himself to his nephew. Sent for greater safety to the Continent, it was lost or stolen, and the urn was never recovered; but the filigree box was recognized long afterwards in a collection of curiosities in Holland, with the steel case and relic intact, and was recovered by the family. In the eighteenth century it was inherited by the daughter of Francis, fifth Lord Napier, and wife of Samuel Johnston of Carnsalloch. When this lady, her husband and their son (who writes the account) were on their way to India, the vessel was fired on by a French squadron off the Cape de Verde Islands. Mrs. Johnston was wounded, and the gold filigree box, which she carried in a velvet bag, was shattered; but the steel case and its precious contents escaped. In India she had copies made, both of the filigree box and of the silver urn, and on the latter a

brief account of the career and heroic death of Montrose was engraved in the Tamul and Telugoo languages. Mrs. Johnston's excessive solicitude soon gave rise to a report among the natives that the urn contained a precious talisman for preserving life, and it was stolen and sold to a native chief. This chief happening some time later to be on a hunting expedition with young Johnston, was so struck with admiration for the courage shown by the latter in an encounter with a wild boar that he asked if there were anything he could do for him. This led to the restoration of the urn, and when later the same chief was about to be executed by the English for taking part in an uprising against the Nabob of Arcot, he is said to have turned to his people and requested them, if they admired his fortitude, to preserve his heart as had been done with that European's. In 1792 Mr. and Mrs. Johnston were in France. As the Revolutionary Government was then confiscating all plate, jewels, and such like to raise funds wherewith to carry on the war, the silver urn was confided to an Englishwoman named Knowles living at Boulogne, with directions to dispatch it to England by the very first opportunity; but she dying shortly after, the urn was lost sight of and has never since been found. At Lord Napier's castle of Thirlestane in Selkirkshire there is still preserved however, along with other melancholy relics of the great Marquis, what is believed to be the piece of linen in which

the heart was wrapped when it was removed from the Boroughmuir grave.

Off to the northwest we come, a little beyond Murrayfield, to another Midlothian castle, whose associations are however much more modern. The Craigcrook estate had been gifted to St. Giles' Church, but at the Reformation became secular property, and its sixteenth-century owner, one Adamson, built the castle, which Archibald Constable, Scott's friend and publisher, leased early in the nineteenth century and transformed into the comfortable house we now see it. Here in 1812 was born his son Thomas, who founded the printing-house of Thomas and Archibald Constable, which still pursues a vigorous existence.

Francis, Lord Jeffrey, was its next tenant and occupied Craigcrook from 1815 till his death in 1850.

Lord Cockburn, in his *Life of Jeffrey*, gives a charming description of the place and the happy hospitable mode of life led by its owners. He declares that with the sole exception of Abbotsford it was resorted to by more interesting strangers than any house in Scotland. Every Saturday afternoon a stream of privileged visitors who had standing invitations to come when they would, poured out from Edinburgh, each one enjoying himself unhampered in the manner that liked him best; the bowling-green, the garden, the hill with its glorious view, were all favorite resorts. "The banquet that followed was

generous; the wines never spared but rather too various; mirth unrestrained except by propriety; the talk always good but never ambitious, and mere listeners in no disrepute. What can efface those days, or indeed any Craigmook day, from the recollection of those who had the happiness of enjoying them?" To the above a footnote is added, "A fictitious person of the name of Morris (but who represents a real man and a powerful writer), and who in *Peter's Letters to His Kinsfolk*, published in 1819, professes to describe Edinburgh and its neighborhood, mentions as if he had seen it a Craigmook scene where the whole party, including Mr. Playfair [the architect], who died in July, 1819, aged seventy-one, took off their coats and had a leaping-match. . . . This is entirely a fancy piece. . . . It is totally unlike the Craigmook proceedings and utterly repugnant to all the habits of Mr. Playfair."

The "fictitious person" was of course Lockhart, who belonged to the opposite camp. *Peter's Letters* were not taken in good part by some of those who found themselves keenly satirized in them, and the author had in one case to pay £400 damages for his unflattering description of the Black Bull Inn.

The lady of Craigmook was Jeffrey's second wife, a Miss Wilkes whom he had followed to America in 1813 to marry; her father, an Englishman, having settled there.

On Friday, November 9, 1849, Lord Jeffrey left

Craigcrook for the last time; on that day he writes to his daughter's family (the Empsons) that he had "taken a long farewell of garden and terrace and flowers, seas and shores, spiry towers and autumnal fields. I always bethink me that I may never see them again." And he never did; on Tuesday, the 22d of January (1850), he was in court, and on the 26th he died.

Craigcrook is on the eastern slope of Corstorphine Hill, beyond which on the south lies the village of that name. The interesting old building now Corstorphine parish church was a fifteenth century foundation of the Forrester family. It was in this neighborhood that a small detachment of Gardiner's dragoons were so panic-stricken by the approach of some gentlemen of Prince Charles's army (September 16, 1745) that they wheeled about without waiting to be attacked, and spreading the alarm among their comrades stationed at Coltbridge (a couple of miles nearer Edinburgh) the whole party broke into that disgraceful flight known as the *Canter of Coltbrig*.

A little further north on the Forth is an ancient ruined and ivy-capped tower believed to be a part of the Palace of the Bishops of Dunkeld, who owned lands here as far back as the reign of William the Lion; while seven or eight miles to the southwest is Hatton House, built in the seventeenth century by Charles Maitland, Earl of Lauderdale, and a very stately mansion in its day, though become greatly

dilapidated when Jeffrey had it for three seasons prior to leasing Craigcrook.

The Earl of Morton came into possession of Hatton House about the year 1870 and thoroughly restored it.

If the wayfarer leave Edinburgh by the southward road of Boroughmuir and Morningside he will pass on his left the Blackford Hill lately purchased by the city as a public park, near the top of which is situated the Royal Astronomical Observatory of Scotland. It is over this hill that Sir Walter Scott leads Marmion on his way to meet James IV. at Edinburgh, and the description of the view from this eminence conveys as no other words can an idea of the matchless scene, expressed with that fervid love of his country and pride in his native city which characterized the whole nature of Sir Walter, and which has been and is felt, whether he expresses it or not, deep down in the heart of every true Scotsman from immemorial time.

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stayed,
For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed.
When sated with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below,
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow
With gloomy splendor red ;
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.

Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
 Where the huge Castle holds its state,
 And all the steep slope down,
 Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky
 Piled deep and massy, close and high
 Mine own romantic town !
 But northward far, with purer blaze,
 On Ochil Mountains fell the rays,
 And as each heathy top they kiss'd,
 It gleam'd a purple amethyst.
 Yonder the shores of Fife you saw ;
 Here Preston-bay, and Berwick Law,
 And broad beneath them roll'd
 The gallant Firth the eye might note,
 Whose islands on its bosom float,
 Like emeralds chased in gold.
 Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent :
 As if to give his rapture vent,
 The spur he to his charger lent,
 And raised his bridle-hand,
 And, making demi-volte in air,
 Cried " Where is the coward that would not dare
 To fight for such a land !"

Three miles southwest of Blackford Hill, passing the "furzy hills of Braid," is Bonaly, the country-place leased by Lord Cockburn after his marriage in 1811, and of which he writes ten or more years later, "Everything except the two burns, the few old trees, and the mountains are my own work and to a great extent the work of my own hands. Human nature is incapable of enjoying more happiness than has been my lot here."

The house has been altered and improved since

Lord Cockburn's time, and is now perhaps the most successful imitation of an inhabited Border keep that has been done.

There is a pleasant story of Lord Cockburn sitting one day on the hill-slope above Bonaly and chatting with his shepherd. The Judge observed that the sheep all lay on the exposed side of the hill. "John," said his lordship, "if I were a sheep I would take the sheltered side of the hill." "My lord," retorted the shepherd, "gin ye were a sheep ye wad hae mair sense." Lord Cockburn could never discover the reason of the sheep's wisdom.

A pretty hill-path leads past Bonaly up the Pentlands, a range of hills which stretch some eighteen miles southwest through Midlothian into Peeblesshire, with peaks rising to over 1800 feet. Few who have not visited these hills could believe that within four miles of the heart of Edinburgh is to be found a mountain solitude with a wealth of beauty of wood and loch and landscape that rivals the Highlands in dignity and surpasses them in variety.

Bonaly is in the parish of Colinton, a pretty little village below in the valley of the Water of Leith. Here Louis Stevenson's grandfather, Dr. Balfour, was the parish minister and here the future author spent much of his childhood. The parish and the Sunday services are humorously yet sympathetically described in his poem "A Lowden [Lothian] Sabbath Morn." Later he came to live in its near neigh-

borhood. Swanston, which his parents hit upon for a summer residence, had been built by the Edinburgh magistrates at some by-gone time for a sort of rural retreat. "The dell was turned into a garden, and on the knoll that shelters it from the plain and the sea-winds they built a cottage looking to the hills. They brought crockets and gargoyles from old St. Giles's, which they were then restoring, and disposed them on the gables and over the door and about the garden." Thus Stevenson himself in "Picturesque Notes," and one of his biographers¹ says, "All who have read 'St. Ives' know Swanston as it was when the Stevensons first made it their spring and summer home—a place to go to for rest and change even in midwinter." And the same writer surmises that in the course of his wanderings among the Pentland Hills, Stevenson probably came upon and pondered over more distant memorials of Covenanting days than the monument seen to-day close to the roadside. The grave in the mountain-gap, "Sacred to the memory of a Covenanter who fought and was wounded at Rullion Green, November 28, 1666, . . .," and Rullion Green itself but a few miles to the south. "The lonely hills for the lonely Louis were peopled with the makers of history."

Stevenson is only one of a long roll of poets to whom the wild and romantic scenery about Edinburgh has appealed irresistibly. Allan Ramsay

¹ E. Blantyre Simpson, in *R. L. Stevenson's Edinburgh Days*.

places the scene of the "Gentle Shepherd" at Hab-bies' Howe on the North Esk near Newhall at the foot of the Pentlands, some seven miles above Hawthornden, through which the same romantic stream flows; while when Burns was in Edinburgh in 1786, he and Alexander Nasmyth the landscape-painter covered many a mile of the Pentlands in one another's congenial company, as they likewise spent many a cheerful evening together in that High Street tavern resorted to by the poet and his companions of the punch-bowl. James Nasmyth narrates of his father how early one June morning, on emerging into the fresh dewy air after a "nicht wi' Burns," the latter declared it was far too beautiful a morning to go to bed. "Let's awa' to Rosslyn Castle," said he. The pair accordingly set off and had traversed the eight miles or so before the rest of the world was astir. When they reached the gateway, Burns went down and stood beneath the bridge in a sort of ecstasy while the artist rapidly sketched in the whole scene—the rapt poet, the rocky bed beyond through which the Esk goes foaming and leaping on its way, the crumbling ivy-grown fortress of the St. Clairs clinging to its towering rock high overhead. "This sketch," says his son, "was highly treasured by my father in remembrance of what must have been one of the most memorable days of his life."

The sleeping village through which the two strode

on that summer morning was a far more picturesque place than we see it at present. Then its one-storied thatched or red-tiled houses had not given way to the substantially ugly graystone dwellings of to-day, and the dusty expanse of its wide and sunny street doubtless showed some tufts of grass and at least a tree or two. But the Castle, whose stately and ruined beauty so captivated the poet and the painter, remains unchanged or nearly so. It was begun sometime in the fourteenth century by one of the St. Clairs, whose ancestors are traced back by Father Hay (a connection of the family) to Robert, Duke of Normandy, father of the Conqueror. A Sir William St. Clair was one of the knights who accompanied the Good Sir James Douglas on his journey towards Jerusalem with the heart of Bruce, and like him he fell fighting the Moors in Spain. It was his great-grandson, Sir Henry, tenth Baron St. Clair and second Earl of Orkney, who erected the now ruined keep which, standing on the high ground to the south of the court-yard, is the oldest part of the building. Sir Henry's son, Sir William, added to this, threw the bridge which forms the present approach across the ravine and founded the famous Rosslyn Chapel that crowns the hill above it. Father Hay, after describing the great household kept by the Earl (whom he invariably styles Prince) and the splendor of his buildings, goes on to relate casually how these latter well-nigh came to be destroyed.

“About this time Edward Saint Clair of Draidon, comeing with foure grayhounds and some ratches to hunt with the Prince, mett a great company of ratts, and among the rest, one old blind lyard one, with a straw in his mouth, led by the rest, whereat he greatly merveilled, not thinking what should follow; but within fower days after, towitt, upon the feast day of Saint Leonard, in the year of our Lord 1447, the Princess, who tooke great delight in little dogs, caused one of the gentlewomen to goe under a bed with a lighted candle to bring forth one of them that had young whelps, which she doeing, and not being very attentive, set fire on the bed, wherat the fire rose and burnt the bed, and then passed to the seeling of the great chambre in which the Princess was, wherat she, with all that were in the dungeon, [that is the square keep] were compelled to fly. The Prince’s Chaplain sieing this, and remembring all of his Master’s writtings, passed to the head of the dungeon where they were, and threw out fower great trunks where they were. The news of this fire comeing to the Prince his ears, through the lamentable cries of the ladys and gentlewomen, and the sight thereof comeing to his view in the place where he stood, to witt, upon the Colledge Hill, he was sorry for nothing but the loss of his Charters and other writtings; but when the Chaplain, who had saved himself by comeing down the bell-rope tyed to a beam, declared how his Charters and Writts were

all saved, he became cheerfull, and went to comfort his Princess and the Ladys."

The Castle was restored, but was again burned in the invasion by the Earl of Hertford in 1545. Sir William St. Clair of Pentland, who succeeded to Rosslyn in 1580, built the three storeys seen on the southeast below the level of the court, a wide stair connecting them with the rest of the building, a clock-tower and the great hall.

The St. Clair family took the royal side during the civil wars and lost all their wealth. Sir John, who held the Castle against Cromwell, left no son, and his younger brother (Father Hay's stepfather) by redeeming it came into possession of the estate. On his death the widow, finding herself in very straitened circumstances, petitioned the King (James VII.) for aid in consideration of the fact that the family fortune had all been dissipated in the royal cause. She suggested various methods by which she could be benefited and which would at the same time "take no money out of your treasury." One was that she should have the right to coin farthings in America. As the entire result of infinite trouble and expense she obtained a commission for her son as Cornet in the Queen's Guards!

Since this time the Castle has undergone no change except that many parts have fallen into ruin. There is a tradition of an enormous treasure whose hiding-place will not be revealed until the day when a

trumpet-blast shall awaken from her long sleep a certain "lady of the ancient house of St. Clair."

The most noteworthy architectural feature of the Castle is the buttressed wall of the enceinte, which recalls that of the Chateau Gaillard built by Richard Cœur de Lion at Andelys on the Seine. On the hill above the Castle stands Rosslyn Chapel, whose pinnacles and flying buttresses outlined against the sky come constantly and unexpectedly into view as one follows the devious course of the North Esk or wanders up and down the steep hillsides and hawthorn-fringed roadways of that enchanting neighborhood. It owes its origin, as has already been stated, to Sir William St. Clair, third Earl of Orkney, who lived in the middle of the fifteenth century, and by some it is thought to be designed after the choir of Glasgow Cathedral. The large church, of which this chapel was merely to have been the choir, never rose above the foundations, so that the building with its five bays, three aisles, and Lady Chapel, is as complete to-day as it ever was.

"It is in some respects the most remarkable piece of architecture in Scotland; . . . when looked at from a strictly architectural point of view, the design may be considered faulty in many respects, much of the detail being extremely rude and debased, while as regards construction many of the principles wrought out during the development of Gothic architecture are ignored. But notwithstanding these

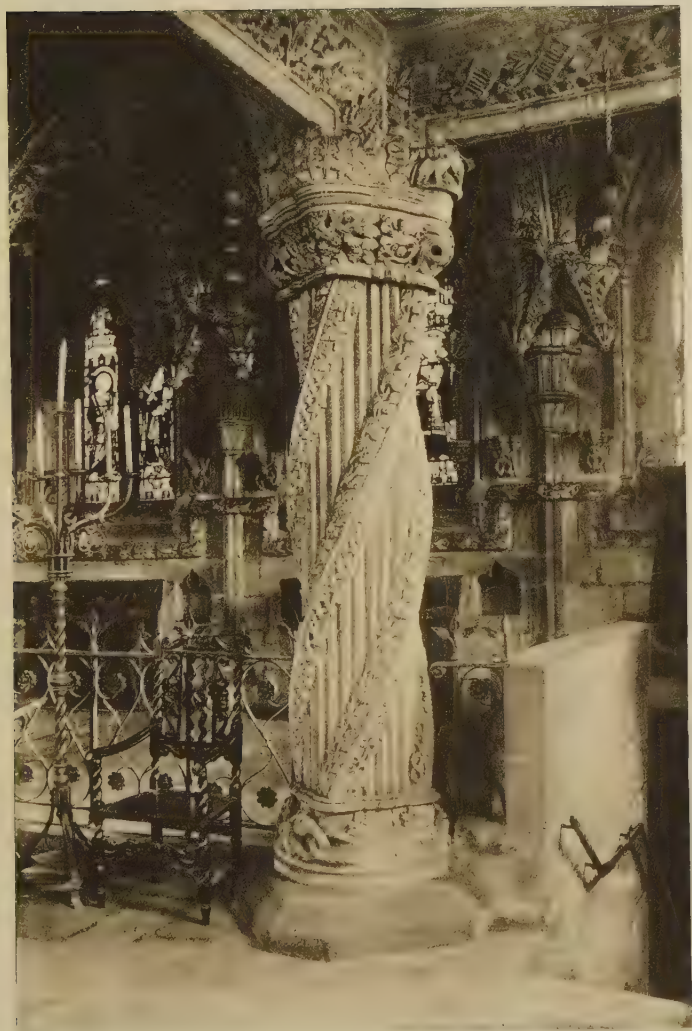
faults the profusion of design so abundantly shown everywhere and the exuberant fancy of the architect strike the visitor who sees Rosslyn for the first time with an astonishment which no familiarity ever effaces.”¹

When the Rev. Mr. Thompson, the present incumbent, was preparing his admirable “Guide to Rosslyn Chapel and Castle,” the late Earl of Rosslyn suggested that he should omit the “hackneyed legend” of the ‘Prentice Pillar. Mr. Thompson however not only gives it in full, but since the publication of his book has interested himself in an attempt to trace its origin. He notices for one thing that the following passage occurs in Thomas Kirk’s “Account of a Tour in Scotland” (1677). “Two miles further we saw Roslen Chapel, a very pretty design, but was never finished, the choir only and a little vault. The roof is all stone, with good imagery work; there is a better man at exact descriptions of the stories than he at Westminster Abbey: this story is told us, that the Master builder went abroad to see good patterns, but before his return his apprentice had built one pillar which exceeded all that ever he could do, or had seen, therefore he slew him; and he showed us the head of the apprentice on the wall with a gash in the forehead, and his master’s head opposite him.”

Thus the tradition has come down in unaltered

¹ Macgibbon and Ross.

'Prentice Pillar, Roslyn Chapel



form for over two hundred and twenty years. Mr. Thompson finds moreover that the Bishop of St. Andrews—whose diocese included Rosslyn—being in Rome at about the time when the chapel was approaching completion, obtained from the Pope a dispensation to *reconcile Rosslyn*, that is to cleanse it from the pollution of some deed of violence committed within the precincts. The details of the particular circumstance that made it necessary to “reconcile” Rosslyn are not given, but it seems at least likely that it was that one whose account has been so faithfully preserved.

The altars and images were all destroyed at the time of the Reformation. A nephew of John Knox, who was minister of Cockpen, was admonished by the Presbytery in 1589 for baptizing “the Laird of Rosling’s bairne” in the chapel and informed that “ye said Kirk was bot ane house and monument of idolatrie, and not ane place appointit for teiching the word and ministratioun of ye sacramentis.”

Thus it was abandoned as a place of worship, and in 1650, after the battle of Dunbar, Cromwell’s troopers stabled their horses in it.

General St. Clair nearly a hundred years later made some effort to preserve the building from going utterly to ruin, but when it was visited in 1803 by the Wordsworths it was in a terrible state of dilapidation. Not until 1861 was a thorough restoration undertaken by the third Earl of Rosslyn, and in

the following year the chapel was once more used for Divine service. The baptistery at the west end is an entirely modern addition of 1880.

The low chamber at the east end, probably intended as a sacristy, was built it is said by Lady Margaret Douglas, the first wife of the founder (she who was so fond of little dogs). This is borne out by the presence of the Douglas arms carved on the east wall by the window.

In the vaults, reached by lifting a slab between the fourteenth and fifteenth pillars, were buried the Lords of the House of St. Clair. Father Hay tells how when these vaults were opened at the funeral of his stepfather the body of Sir William, buried on September 3, 1650 (the date of the battle of Dunbar), seemed to be entire. "He was lying in his armour, with a red velvet cap on his head on a flat stone: nothing was spoild except a piece of the white furring that went round the cap. . . . All his predecessors were buried after the same manner in their armour. Late Roslin, my goodfather, was the first that was buried in a coffin, against the sentiments of King James the Seventh, who was then in Scotland, and severall other persons well versed in antiquity, to whom my mother would not hearken, thinking it beggarly to be buried after that manner. The great expenses she was att in burieing her husband occasioned the sumptuarie acts which were made in the following Parliaments."

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the family was so powerful that it was a source of uneasiness to the crown, second only to the Douglasses. Oliver, grandson of the chapel-builder, was the unpopular favorite of James V. who lost the battle of Solway Moss in 1542, and it was his brother John who as Bishop of Brechin performed the ceremony of Mary's disastrous marriage with Darnley.

With Sir William, known as "the last Rosslyn," ended the direct male line of the St. Clairs of Rosslyn; the present Earl, James Francis Harvey St. Clair Erskine, being descended from his daughter. At present the fortunes of the family appear to be at rather a low ebb. The large estate left by the late Earl has melted away, and his successor having taken to literature as a means of retrieving his losses on the turf, went to South Africa on the breaking out of the war, in the capacity of a journalist.

At the battle of Rosslyn (February, 1302) the Scottish army after a forced march from Biggar routed two successive divisions of the English encamped close to the village, only to be themselves driven back and scattered by the third division, which, while the fighting was going on, had been hearing mass.

After the publication of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" Rosslyn became such a resort for tourists that a coach was started from Edinburgh and a new inn was built, though the proprietor of the old one

had rather the whip hand, as he rented the whole property, chapel and castle, farm and inn. It was at this old inn, which to-day so loudly proclaims itself as the "original" one, that the Wordsworths stopped on September 17, 1803, and Burns and Nasmyth breakfasted on the morning of their famous walk. Here too came Boswell and Dr. Johnson when they hilariously turned aside from their road to visit Rosslyn, leaving Sir John Dalrymple with whom they were engaged to dine at Cranston, to consume his "seven-year-old sheep" alone. They went on next to Hawthornden, the whole excursion having seemingly been planned by Boswell in order that he might carry out a childish fancy to see "*Sam Johnson* at the very spot where *Ben Jonson* visited the learned and poetical Drummond."

The two followed of course the winding highroad, but there is a shorter and very charming way of going, a path that leads along the banks of the Esk. Taking this footway we pass close beneath Rosebank House, the residence of the Dowager Countess of Rosslyn, and the birthplace of Hector Macneill, best known as the author of "Come under my Plaidie" and "Mary of Castle Cary,"—"O saw ye my wee thing?"

High up on the opposite bank of the North Esk can be seen the opening to the caves where the gallant Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, with some sixty especially daring young Scotsmen, estab-

lished himself when the defeat of Halidon Hill (1333) left Edward III. in virtual possession of the country. From this retreat they would sally forth and make sudden raids across the Border, and it was deemed a conspicuous honor for anyone to have been a member of the band.

A little green bridge-house and a narrow bridge mark the border-line between the Rosslyn and Hawthornden estates.

Hawthornden belonged to the Abernethys and then to the Douglasses; they sold it to John (afterwards Sir John) Drummond, of a younger branch of the Drummonds of Stobhall in Perthshire, who dying in 1610 left the estate to his eldest son, William.

Thus at the age of twenty-five, with the equipment of a good education gained at the Edinburgh High School and newly founded University, and three years of foreign travel, the poet was left free to inaugurate that life of scholarly retirement to which his tastes and training inclined him.

The unhappy story of his first love for the "fine, beautiful young Lady, daughter to Cunningham of Barns," is recorded by himself in the volume called *Poems: By William Drummond of Hawthornden*, published by Andro Hart in 1616. His suit had prospered and the wedding-day was fixed when the bride fell ill of a fever and died. Sixteen years later Drummond, attracted by a likeness to his lost love, married one Elizabeth Logan, whose identity

is uncertain; with her he lived in contentment for the remaining seventeen years of his life. He died on the 4th of December, 1649, and on the extinction of the direct line about a hundred years ago the estate passed to a cousin. The ancient keep, to which the poet added that peculiarly picturesque and comfortable-looking dwelling we see to-day, dates from the fifteenth century, and the whole stands on a towering rock overlooking the narrow valley of the North Esk and at a point where the river makes a sharp bend.

In front of the house is a huge sycamore-tree, the Four Sisters, beneath which Drummond is popularly supposed to have been sitting when Ben Jonson presented himself at the time of his memorable trip to Scotland in 1619. Either the weather was peculiarly mild for the season or Scottish winters have changed their temper since, for the month was January, somewhere in the early part as is supposed. "Better than most myths of the kind is the myth which would tell us exactly how the visit began. . . . Rising and stepping forth to meet him, Drummond saluted him with 'Welcome, welcome, royal Ben,' to which Jonson replied, 'Thankye, thankye, Hawthornden!' and they laughed and fraternized and went in together.

"Then, if you know anything of the two men, you can see the scene as distinctly as if you had been peeping through the window. You can see the two

sitting on snugly by the ruddy fire far into the night, hardly hearing the murmur of the Esk and the moaning of the wind outside, but talking of all things in heaven or earth, Ben telling anecdotes of his London acquaintances back to Shakespeare, and reciting scraps of poetry and pronouncing criticisms on poets, and Drummond now and then taking out a manuscript from a desk and modestly reading as much as Ben would stand, and Ben helping himself and going off again, and the noise and the laughter always increasing on his part, till Drummond at length would grow dizzy with too much of it, and light their bed-room tapers by way of signal. And next morning you may be sure it would be a late breakfast, and Ben would be surly and taciturn for a while; but gradually he would come round, and the day's talk would begin again. As surely, I repeat, as if you had been a spy sent to watch, this is what went on in Hawthornden House during that fortnight or so when the great Ben from London was the guest of the cultured Drummond.”¹

Underneath the house are a series of curious rooms and passageways cut out of the solid rock whose origin or object no one seems quite to know. To some of these such fanciful names as “Bruce's bed-room” and “Bruce's library” are given, but there is nothing but vaguest tradition to show that the Scottish leader or any of his people ever used them for

¹ *Drummond of Hawthornden*, by Professor David Masson.

hiding-places. The square recesses in one of the apartments have given rise to widely differing theories, the most probable one being that they were made for pigeons.

Drummond of Hawthornden is buried in the churchyard of the near-by village of Lasswade, where there is a fragment of the former parish church called the Drummond aisle. There is a suggestion of Omar Kavyam in the closing lines of a sonnet addressed by him some years before his death to his friend Sir William Alexander of Menstrie, anent his own burial-place and the inscription thereof :

“ By all that bliss, those joys, Heaven here us gave,
I conjure thee, and by the Maids of Jove;
To carve this short remembrance on my grave :—
‘ Here Damon lies whose songs did sometime grace
The murmuring Esk : May roses shade the place ! ’ ”

Off on the Edinburgh road in the direction of Loanhead is the cottage that Scott rented the summer after his marriage (December, 1797) and where he spent “six of the happiest summers of my life.” It was while there that he made his first serious plunge into literature, a translation of Goethe’s “Goetz of Berlichingen with the Iron Hand,” entering at the same time and with almost equal zest into the planting and care of his little garden. He regarded with peculiar pride the construction with his own hands of a rustic arch over the gateway. It has disappeared now and the trees are so grown that only the

barest glimpse of the house can be had from the road. The owner, Mr. Todd, keeps the thatched roof of the old house in repair, and that part of the building is unaltered, but there is a later addition with a slate roof on the west.

Here came the Wordsworths afoot from Rosslyn so early on one September morning that the Scott family was not out of bed ; they got a warm welcome nevertheless, and Scott repeated to them some of the opening cantos of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," which he was then writing.

CHAPTER V.

THE LOTHIANS—CONTINUED (EDINBURGH AND HADDINGTON) AND BERWICK.

A MILE or so to the east of the hilly little village with which the last chapter closed are the park and mansion of the peer to whom the Lothians give his title—Newbattle or Newbottle Abbey, the chief seat of the Marquis of Lothian. The abbey was a Cistercian foundation of David I. (1140), but of the monastic buildings the fraternity alone is still standing.

Mark Kerr, younger son of Sir Andrew Kerr of Cessford, the Commendator at the time of the Reformation, embraced the Protestant cause so heartily that (having in consequence obtained the abbey for himself) he drove out his monks and “wald nevir gif thame ane penny to leif on.” He and his son altered the building into the seat of a secular noble, and they “did so metamorphose the building, that it cannot be known that ever it did belong to the Church, by reason of the fair new fabrick and stately edifices built thereon; except only that the old name and walls of the precinct stands; but instead of the old monks, has succeeded the deer.” A part of these old walls is even standing now, and is called the

Sir Walter Scott and his dog Maida



Monkland Wall. The fact that some of the fabric of a consecrated building had been incorporated into the house she lived in so weighed upon the conscience of the Roman Catholic wife of the eighth Marquis that she could not rest until Pius IX. had granted a dispensation and title ! At the meeting of the Franco-Scottish Society in Edinburgh in 1898 the members were entertained at Newbattle, and in the course of his speech proposing the health of the Marquis, the Comte de Franqueville alluded to the great kindness which this same lady had shown to distressed French people at the time of the Franco-German war. "When distress came upon France in 1870 many French refugees without any money found a refuge in London, and the English people very kindly and generously gave them assistance. She gave her house and she gave her heart. For some ten months her house was converted into a refuge. The basement floor furnished a reception and committee room to which poor French people came every day from nine o'clock in the morning till six o'clock at night, during which time she sat to receive, assist, and console them. There is no English house more worthy of the respect, admiration, and gratitude of the French people than the House of Lothian."

The French Assembly did in fact give a vote of thanks to the Marchioness for her services and President Thiers sent her a present.

Newbattle Park is famed for its magnificent trees,

among them one beech is said to be the largest in the kingdom. A gate on the north leads out close by Dalkeith village. The Dalkeith estate belonged successively to the Grahams, the Douglasses, and the Scotts of Buccleuch. It was during the Douglas period that the Earl, who was afterwards the Regent Morton, built the magnificent castle which we are constantly told was called the Lion's Den in reference to some characteristics of its builder. The name however was of earlier date, for Sir Ralph Sadler writing of Dalkeith Castle in 1543 says the donjon is called the Lion's Den.¹ It was this earlier castle that received Margaret Tudor, the fourteen-year-old bride of James IV., on the 3d of August, 1503, as she travelled from her father's palace at Richmond to her husband's northern kingdom.

The marriage ceremony had already been performed at Richmond—Patrick Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, acting as proxy for the King—and the bride and bridegroom had not yet met. About half a mile from Dalkeith the cortége drew up by the wayside in order that there might be a grand refurbishing of toilets, the Queen and her ladies changing their dresses in such privacy as the litters afforded. At the Castle gates a distinguished party of lords and ladies stood waiting to receive them, and the keys were formally presented to the not particularly

¹ See Miss Strickland's *Life of Margaret Tudor*, p. 43, n.

wise or beautiful or clever child who was for the time being the central figure of two kingdoms.

Shortly after, the King arrived suddenly and unheralded, determined to introduce if possible a little romance into the meeting; and very gallant and gay he doubtless looked, though more than twice his bride's age. They had supper and music and dancing, and then the King returned to Edinburgh to sleep. A fire that broke out at Dalkeith that night destroyed the stables with all the animals in them, beside giving the company a thorough fright; and Margaret, child that she was, wept loudly during all of the next forenoon over the loss of her favorite white palfrey. In the afternoon the royal party removed to Newbattle Abbey. In Cromwell's time Dalkeith was taken by the Protector's government. General Monk had his quarters in the Castle, and it is said that the plans for the Restoration were concocted there.

The Earls of Morton having lost most of their fortune, Dalkeith was sold in 1642 to Francis Scott, second Earl of Buccleuch; he dying a few years later it passed with the rest of his vast estates to his five-year-old daughter, Mary. The Countess, in order to be rid as soon as possible of the bother and responsibility of looking after a marriageable heiress, married her at the age of ten to Walter Scott of Highchester; but as she only lived two years, the whole business was to do over again with her younger

sister Anne. She also was therefore married when a mere child, to James, Duke of Monmouth, natural son of Charles II., then in his fifteenth year.

After Monmouth's execution for treason, on Tower Hill (1685), the Dalkeith estate was restored to his widow, for whom James II. had a very particular though entirely Platonic regard. She was the builder of the present palace, in which are incorporated some parts of the Regent Morton's castle. It is this Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth whom Scott, who had the warmest friendship for her descendants, sings in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

"In pride of power and beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb."

Two lines that combine more than the usual amount of poetic license, for the Duchess was lame and notoriously plain and could not have wept excessively over the tomb, bloody or otherwise, of a husband who left her as soon as possible after a marriage into which he declared he had been led by his relatives before he knew his own mind.

Nevertheless his Duchess through her forty-seven years of widowhood never let it be forgotten that her husband had had the royal blood of the Stuarts in his veins; bearing herself, says Robert Chambers, "as if she had been the widow of a true prince of the blood-royal." She sat beneath a canopy in her state apartments and obliged every one else to stand;

she was also the last in Scotland to keep up the custom of having pages—youths of good family attached to her person and brought up in her household.

When Prince Charles Edward left Edinburgh on his march to Derby in 1745 he spent the nights of November 1 and 2 at Dalkeith. It is known from contemporary sources that he occupied the palace, but no traditions have been preserved of the visit and no “Prince Charlie room” is now known. The grandson of Monmouth could hardly have been expected to be friendly to the grandson of James II.; the Duke was not present to welcome his cousin and there can be little doubt that he had no desire to perpetuate the memory of his visit.

The burial-place of the Douglasses and Buccleuchs of Dalkeith is in a fourteenth-century church dedicated to St. Nicholas, in Dalkeith village. Here in 1732 were buried on the same day Anne, Duchess of Monmouth, and the notorious Colonel Charteris. Francis Charteris was of the respectable old house of Charteris of Amisfield in Dumfriesshire. He bought a house near Haddington which he called Amisfield (now a seat of the Earl of Wemyss). As an Ensign he was cashiered from the army for cheating at cards. He served next in a Dutch regiment of foot and was expelled for stealing meat from a butcher of Bruges. His father then bought him a commission in the Third regiment of Foot Guards, but the officers refused to receive him. He managed

however to get into another regiment of Guards and rose to be its commander, but was found guilty of receiving bribes from tradesmen who having got into trouble wanted to enlist in order to escape arrest. For this he received a reprimand on his knees at the bar of the House. He next became a professional gambler and usurer, by which means he acquired a huge fortune. When he found he was dying it is said that he left off swearing, ordered "with a great roar" that his debts should be paid, and offered £30,000 to be convinced that there was no hell. Dr. Arbuthnot wrote an epitaph for him which appeared as the epitaph of Don Francisco in the *London Magazine* for April, 1732. It begins: "Here continueth to rot the body of ———, who, with an Inflexible Constancy, and Inimitable Uniformity of Life, Persisted, in spite of Age and Infirmities, in the Practice of Every Human Vice, excepting Prodigality and Hypocrisy."

Colonel Charteris married a daughter of Lord Mornington and had one daughter who married James, fourth Earl of Wemyss. Their son was the Lord Elcho (afterwards attainted fifth Earl of Wemyss) who went out with Prince Charles. He left a MS. Narrative of the Rising.

Colonel Charteris' law agent was Duncan Forbes of Culloden: it is not a little odd that a man of such unusual uprightness as the Lord President should have been on terms of intimacy with two such

notorious sinners as Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat; and Colonel Charteris.

In 1812 at the funeral of Henry, Duke of Buccleuch, Sir Walter Scott saw and talked with an old man who had been at the funerals of Anne, Duchess of Monmouth, and Colonel Charteris. "He said the day was dreadfully stormy, which all the world agreed, was owing to the devil carrying off Charteris. The mob broke in upon the mourners who followed this personage to the grave and threw cats, dogs, and a pack of cards upon the coffin; whereupon the gentlemen drew their swords and cut away among the rioters. In the confusion, one little old man was pushed into the grave; and the sextons, somewhat prompt in the discharge of their duty, began to shovel in the earth upon the quick and the dead. The grandfather of my informant (Dr. Rutherford), who was one of the mourners, was much hurt in the affray; and my informant has heard his mother describe the terror of the family on his coming home with his clothes bloody and his sword broken."

In the parish of Cockpen and on the left bank of the South Esk stands the Castle of Dalhousie, which has been in the Ramsay family since the twelfth century. Although modernized to suit the needs of a later age it preserves its fine mediæval gateway and some other features of the early fortress. The capture of Roxburgh Castle from the English in 1342 was mainly due to the gallantry of Sir Alexan-

der Ramsay of Dalhousie, and in recognition of this he was made Sheriff of Teviotdale. His neighbor (at Dalkeith Castle) was Sir William Douglas, a natural son of the Good Sir James. This nobleman's sobriquet of "The Flower of Chivalry" could hardly have been given him as a consequence of his conduct at this time; for, enraged at the advancement of Sir Alexander to a post which he coveted for himself, he lay in wait for and captured him at Hawick and throwing him into Hermitage Castle left him to starve to death. The prevalence at this time of the "good old rule, the simple plan," is illustrated by the fact that Sir William, far from being punished for this atrocious murder, shortly received the vacant post.

The mansion of Cockpen stood on the opposite side of the North Esk; by its purchase from Baron Cockburn the Earls of Dalhousie became also the "Lairds of Cockpen."

The ruined church of Temple, once the chief seat of the Knights Templars in Scotland, is in the valley of the South Esk, and further east on the banks of the slow-flowing Tyne stands Crichton Castle. Originally this was a simple keep, but it developed into an extensive and powerful castle built around a courtyard. In the first half of the fifteenth century the Chancellor, Sir William Crichton, lived here. He it was who kept the young James II. with him in Edinburgh Castle in spite of the intrigues of his

guardian, Sir William Livingstone, and the Queen Dowager, and who planned the infamous "black dinner" (1440). The two young Douglasses were hospitably constrained by the Chancellor to stop at Crichton on their way to Edinburgh, and after the most joyous feasting and revelry sent forward on their way to the death prepared for them. Sir William's grandson forfeited the estate, which was then given to Sir John Ramsay, who alone of all James III.'s favorites escaped the vengeance of the Earl of Douglas, "Bell-the-Cat," at Lauder Bridge (1482) by leaping upon horseback behind the King and holding him fast about the waist.

After James III.'s death, June 11, 1488, his successor rewarded the nobles who had helped to clear the road to the throne, with the forfeited estates of those who had not. In this way Patrick Hepburn, third Lord Hailes, acquired among other properties the Crichton and Bothwell estates, the latter erected into an earldom for his benefit. His son died on Flodden Field, and his grandson, who is described as "ane lustie young gentleman with a good presence in the sight of woman," tried to use these advantages to win the favor of the Regent, Mary of Guise. Both he and his rival, the Earl of Lennox, dallied about the court on this unprofitable business for months at a time, until at last Bothwell, having already spent much more than he could afford and seeing himself no nearer his end, retired sullenly to his estates.

The Queen appears never to have given either of them a serious thought, but merely to have played them off the one against the other.

The "totter'd keep" which Sir Walter speaks of in his address to Crichton stands at the northwest angle of the quadrangle. The anchors and cables carved on the capitals of the pillars which support the open arcade on the opposite front, are supposed to indicate that the builder was Earl Patrick, High Admiral of Scotland. Crichton now belongs to the Burn Callenders of Prestonhall.

Borthwick is about a mile to the southwest, close to the "Waverley Route" of the North British Railway, from which it can be plainly seen. It is accounted the best example of a keep castle to be seen in Scotland and is almost unaltered since the middle of the fifteenth century, when it was built by one Sir William Borthwick. Strikingly simple and to the point was this gentleman's reply when asked why, instead of placing the castle where it would have been surrounded on all sides by his own property, he had built it on its extreme edge. "We'll brizz yont" (press forward), said he.¹

To this grim fortress in its setting of wild moorland James Hepburn, the fourth Earl of Bothwell, brought his royal bride in June, 1567, but a few weeks after their marriage. He had observed by

¹ Also told of Sir Colin Campbell of Glenorchy, builder (1550) of Balloch Castle in Perth.

unmistakable signs that the powerful nobles were combining against him and deemed it prudent to remove quietly and expeditiously from Holyrood. Hurried as the flitting was—when were Mary's removals not hurried?—the Queen's attendants were able to make some provision for her comfort. "A silver basen, a silver kettle for heating water, a small cabinet with lock and key, and two thousand pins" are cited as having been given out by the keeper of the wardrobe stores for the journey.

Hardly were the pair secure in Borthwick Castle when an armed and hostile force headed by the Lords Home and Morton appeared before the walls. Bothwell made his escape immediately through a small postern door, and a few nights later the Queen entirely alone slipped down in the dead of night from her chamber at the south end of the state apartments, and out by the same door. Dressed like a page, booted and spurred, she mounted the horse that stood saddled ready for her and galloped off without a single attendant into the night. Whether she lost her way and rode aimlessly about for hours over the moorland or whether she was following some previously laid down plan, it was not until daybreak that at Cakemuir or Black Castle, only about two miles from Borthwick, she came up with Bothwell and a small party of his followers, and together they rode on to Dunbar Castle in East Lothian. Queen Mary's Earl of Bothwell was the son of the "lustie

young gentleman" who unsuccessfully wooed her mother, the Queen Regent. This "glorious, rash, and hazardous young man," as Walsingham calls him, was at this time about thirty years old. He was hereditary Lord High Admiral of Scotland, Sheriff of Berwick, Haddington, and Edinburgh shires, Bailie of Lauderdale, and Lord of Borthwick and Hailes Castles, and was, with the sole exception of James Hamilton, Duke of Châtellherault, the most powerful subject in all the south of Scotland. He had also been appointed by the late Queen Regent (in 1558) Lieutenant Warden of the Borders and keeper of Hermitage Castle. After the exposure by the mad Earl of Arran of what he declared to be a plot to seize the person of the Queen, Bothwell had been confined in Edinburgh Castle, from whence he made his escape to France, and the Queen, at that time certainly anything but kindly disposed towards him, had opposed his return in 1565. "The Queen misliketh Bothwell's coming home," writes Randolph to Cecil, "and hath summoned him to undergo the law."

After the Riccio affair however both Bothwell and Huntly came into favor and the Queen interested herself in arranging a match between the latter's sister, Lady Jean Gordon, and Bothwell. The wedding took place in the Canongate Church on the 22d of February, 1566, the Queen presenting the wed-

ding-gown of taffeta and cloth of silver and being the first to sign the marriage contract.

The Castle of Dunbar, to which the Queen and her husband made their way, had twice before received Mary at different crises in her exciting career: once when she escaped with Darnley from Holyrood after Riccio's murder, and again when Bothwell with eight hundred spearmen kidnapped her at Fountainbridge. It was now, although a royal castle, in Bothwell's keeping, the Queen having appointed him its captain in the previous year.

Dunbar was one of the most ancient as it was one of the strongest of Scottish castles. For three hundred and sixty-three years it was the property of the Earls of Dunbar, descendants of the Northumbrian Gospatrick, who like many other Saxon nobles fled from England in the train of Edgar Æthling and his sisters. When the Princess Margaret became Malcolm Ceanmor's Queen, these nobles came in for wide lands and high honors in the northern kingdom. Gospatrick for one was given large grants of land in Lothian and was made first Earl of Dunbar.

His descendant Patric, eighth Earl of Dunbar and first of March, was one of the thirteen competitors for the crown who came forward on the death of the Maid of Norway (1290), his claim resting on his descent from a daughter of William the Lion. The Earls of Dunbar gave a very intermittent and half-hearted support to Wallace and the patriot cause and

were in constant communication with the English. Thus it was Dunbar Castle that received Edward II., sore pressed by Sir James Douglas, after his defeat by Robert Bruce at Bannockburn (1314). The next day Earl Patrick sent him off in a fishing-boat to Bamborough. It was this same Earl, the ninth of Dunbar and second of March, who married Agnes, daughter of Bruce's nephew Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, called from her extraordinarily dark complexion "Black Agnes." The castle was demolished to prevent it from falling into the hands of the English, but was rebuilt later and strongly fortified by the Earl, now completely identified with the Scottish cause, so that although Dunbar was himself absent in the north when the English undertook its capture in January, 1338, his Countess unhesitatingly prepared to hold out. The attack was conducted by no less able commanders than the Earl of Arundel—later Constable at the battle of Cressy—and William Montague, Earl of Salisbury, who took an active part in the battle of Poitiers. The English carried on the siege with the utmost vigor. The castle was closely watched from the sea by a fleet of ships, and huge battering rams were brought up on the land side.

"They warpit at the wall great stanes
Baith hard and heavy for the nanys" (purpose).

And all the while the Countess, who conducted the defence in person, would fling down gibes and taunts

from the battlements, not very clever or witty to judge by the samples that have come down to us, but no doubt with a sting of their own.

At last a warden was bribed to leave the gate unfastened and Salisbury with a strong party prepared to slip in one night under cover of darkness. But the keeper either repented or else had never intended to act the traitor, for when the first man had passed in—mistaken in the darkness for the Earl himself—down came the portcullis and the others hastily fell back. "Adieu, Monsieur Montague," calls the ever-ready Countess from above, where she has been watching the whole proceeding. "I had intended that you should have supped with us and assisted in defending this fortress against the robbers of England."

Notwithstanding this brave show the garrison was getting into sore straits for want of food and might have been reduced after all, had not Sir Alexander Ramsay "run the blockade" with a light boat well stocked with provisions, which he launched at night from the Bass Rock. He entered by a small postern close to the water's edge, made a brisk and most unexpected sortie the next morning, and at night went away in the same manner in which he had come. At last after a five months' siege the undertaking looked so utterly hopeless that Edward III., then at Berwick, ordered it to be abandoned (June 16, 1338).

“Black Agnes” inherited the estates of her brother Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, and her husband took that title in addition to his own. Their successor, George, tenth Earl, thus came into such vast possessions that the Douglasses became uneasy, and when a marriage was arranged between his daughter Elizabeth, and David, Duke of Rothesay, son of King Robert III., Archibald the Grim, Earl of Douglas, contrived to have it broken off, and to bring about the marriage of the Duke to his own daughter Marjory Douglas, at Bothwell. This affair alienated the loyalty of the Dunbars, at no time very strong, and in consequence of some suspected intrigue with Henry VI. of England the titles and estates of the eleventh Earl of Dunbar and March were seized by James I. in 1435 and declared vested in the crown; after this the family disappears from Scottish history.

To return once more to Bothwell and Queen Mary. No sooner was it known that the Earl and the Queen were again together at Dunbar than the Associated Lords issued a sort of manifesto stating that the Earl of Bothwell had “put violent hands on the Queen’s person and shut her up in the Castle of Dunbar” and calling upon the lieges “to be ready on three hours’ warning to pass forward with them to deliver the Queen’s person and take revenge on the Earl of Bothwell. . . .”

Mary’s supporters rallied around her and on the

14th of June, 1567, she and the Earl quitted Dunbar and proceeded to Seton. On the next morning the two forces met at Carberry Hill near Musselburgh, but there was no battle. Mary permitted herself to be taken back to Edinburgh by the confederates; Bothwell was allowed to escape and made his way once more to Dunbar. They never met again, and in the same year an act of Parliament ordered "that the Castell of Dunbar and forth of Inche Keith be demolischit and cassin downe utterlie to the ground."

Some two miles to the east of the Castle, Cromwell fought the decisive battle of Dunbar on September 3, 1650. The English army exhausted by its long and fruitless attempt to take Edinburgh had withdrawn to Haddington on the 1st, and from there they went to Dunbar "a poor, shattered, hungry, discouraged army," as one of their own officers expressed it. Cromwell was in fact making preparations to ship his artillery and infantry back to England, while the cavalry was to attempt a dash through the Border. Just at this time however a number of enthusiastic Scottish ministers, declaring that they had had unmistakable intimations in visions from Heaven that the enemy was to be vanquished, insisted on Leslie abandoning his well-chosen position on Doon Hill and going down to give battle. "The Lord hath delivered them into our hands!" exclaimed Cromwell, who had visions of his own—seen from a hilltop though, with the aid of a telescope. The

victory was indeed complete and the Scottish army was scattered, with extraordinarily small loss on the English side.

The Dunbar of to-day has preserved but few traces of its antiquity and importance. The barrack standing within what was once a part of the Castle grounds was formerly a mansion built by the Falls, a family once prominent in the neighborhood; but the ancient Collegiate Church was torn down in 1819 to make room for the present parish kirk. In this later building is preserved the monument erected over the remains of George Home, Earl of Dunbar, who died at Whitehall in 1611 either by "the judgment of Heaven" or from the effects of "some poisoned sugar-tablets which were given him by Secretary Cecil for expelling the cold," there seems to be some uncertainty which.

Nothing now remains of the Monastery of Red Friars, or Mathurins, founded by Patrick, sixth Earl of Dunbar, in 1218, but a belfry and a pigeon-house standing in a field called the Friar's Croft.

Some six miles west of Belhaven Bay are the magnificent ruins of Tantallon Castle, a stronghold of the Douglasses dating from about the beginning of the fifteenth century. It stands well out on a rocky, sea-washed promontory, its one land side being protected by a twelve-foot-thick, battlemented curtain wall.

Subsequent to the forfeiture of the "Black" Dou-

Tantallon Castle and the Bass Rock



glases—the senior line, Tantallon was held in grant from James III. by Archibald, Earl of Angus, Bell-the-Cat, the head of the “Red” Douglasses. James V., who never forgave the Angus Douglasses for the constraint they put upon him in his boyhood, besieged his stepfather, the Earl of Angus (grandson of Bell-the-Cat), here in 1528; but so great was the strength of the place that he had finally to abandon the attempt. Afterwards, when Angus had fled to England, the King gained possession of and greatly strengthened Tantallon, putting his favorite Oliver St. Clair in as captain. The additions of James are plainly to be seen to-day. Angus was reinstated after the King’s death, and his power and insolence were a source of distress to the Queen Regent, Mary of Guise. She vainly endeavored to curb his power. In defiance of a royal order forbidding any baron to appear at court with a greater retinue than his household servants, he attended a summons of the Queen Regent with a following of a thousand men who rudely pushed through in front of the Earl to enter the portal. On being challenged by the porter he replied that he was helpless, his followers were so unruly they even entered his own bed-chamber when it pleased them. On reaching the Queen’s presence she observed that under his tunic he wore a coat of mail, which was also counter to the orders in council. Tapping it the Regent asked an explanation. “This, Madam, is no armor, but my old Dad’s coat, a very

kindly coat to me, and I cannot want it." For this the Queen ordered him to prison in Edinburgh Castle. The Earl presented himself at the gate of his prison, attended as before with all his followers, and gave as his excuse that the lads durst not and would not go home to his wife Meg without him. The Constable refused to admit him in this manner, upon which the Earl took witness to prove that he had surrendered in obedience to the royal mandate and had been refused admittance, and then quietly rode home to Douglasdale.

On another occasion the poor Queen Regent attempted to get from him the Castle of Tantallon under pretence of garrisoning it against the English. Lord Angus, who was brother-in-law to Henry VIII., was not afraid of angering a Queen Regent. While listening he fed a goshawk perched upon his wrist, who greedily pecked at the food. Not answering the Queen directly, he looked at the hawk. "The devil's in the greedy gled [hawk]; will she never have enough!" The Queen ignoring the hint proceeded to urge her views about the garrison, but at last the Earl's wrath broke out. "The Castle, Madam, is at your command; but by St. Bride of Douglas, I must be the captain, and I will keep it as well for you as any one you can put into it."

This great Earl died in peace at Tantallon in 1557 and made an exemplary ending. "My lord," said one of his retainers, "I thought to have seen

you die leading the vanguard, and I with many others fighting under your banner." "You say well," replied the dying man, "and now you see me here willing and ready to die in the vanguard of my Saviour Christ, whose standard I bear here before my eyes," then lifting a crucifix he kissed it. "Lo, here is the standard under which I shall die."

Tantallon was demolished by the Covenanters in 1639 and the beautiful ruins now belong to the descendants of Sir Hew Dalrymple, who bought it early in the eighteenth century.

About two miles out from the shore and north from Tantallon the Bass Rock lifts its craggy head over three hundred feet in air. Here at the close of the sixth century lived St. Baldred, a Culdee hermit and missionary, whose fame from the time of his death in 606 grew and waxed until innumerable legends and wonders clustered about his name; but the ruined chapel which occupies the probable site of his cell is not thought to be older than 1542.

From the beginning of the fourteenth century the Rock was held in the family of Lauder, called therefrom the Lauders of the Bass. Robert III.'s son, afterwards James I., sailing from the Bass for France in 1406, was captured and carried off to his nineteen years' exile in England. During his absence his uncle the Duke of Albany became Regent, and with his unruly sons so misgoverned the country that when released and restored to his throne one of

James' first acts was to imprison the Duke in Caerlaverock, his son Walter on the Bass Rock, and the Duchess in Tantallon. Within the year the father and both his sons were executed. There is a tradition that James sent the heads of her husband and sons to the Duchess at Tantallon "to try whether so violent a woman in a paroxysm of grief, as sometimes happens, might not betray the secrets of her soul; but she, though affected at the unexpected sight, used no intemperate expressions"! "Gif that whilk wes laid against them were trew, they worthilie died," she is reported to have said.

When James VI. made an expedition to the Bass in 1581 it made such an impression upon him that he determined to get it if possible for the crown, but the owner did not care to sell; the King offered to give any price that was asked. "Your Majesty," says Lauder, "must e'en resign it to me; for I'll have the auld crag back again." A hundred years later however it was purchased by the crown from Sir Andrew Ramsay, into whose possession it had come, and its strong castle was converted into a state prison. Here in the reigns of Charles II. and James VII. large numbers of the more important Covenanters were confined under circumstances of the greatest hardship. The landing of the Prince of Orange (1688) brought relief to the imprisoned Presbyterians all over Scotland, but the Bass held out for five years longer in spite of all that King William

could do, and only capitulated in April, 1694, with all the honors of war, being the last British stronghold to submit to the new order of things.

It was on the Bass Rock that Stevenson imprisoned his hero David Balfour in the romance of that name, and a part of the scene of "Marmion" is laid at Tantallon and along this part of the coast of Haddingtonshire.

North Berwick is now best known for its fine golfing course, but in the seventeenth century it was a great place for witches, who used to be burned on the top of "the Law" which rises behind the town. It is however a very ancient royal burgh, and there are near the railway station the remains of a Cistercian nunnery where the Abbess of St. Hilda stayed while Clare and Marmion proceeded to Tantallon.

The nunnery, a twelfth-century foundation of the Earls of Fife, was converted into a baronial mansion by the Humes of Polwarth. A little to the southeast rises the conical-shaped hill of North Berwick Law, whose 600 feet it is quite worth while to climb for the sake of the magnificent view from the summit. Further west is Dirleton Castle, built by the Devaux family in the thirteenth century and demolished after a long siege by the warlike Bishop of Durham, Anthony Beck. It was rebuilt and in James VI.'s time was owned by Lord Ruthven, Earl of Gowrie, chief actor in the celebrated Gowrie conspiracy.¹

¹ See p. 379, Vol. II.

Then as now, Dirleton was a place of surpassing charm, and so when Ruthven offered it to Robert Logan, the profligate Laird of Restalrig, as a bribe to induce him to join the plot, the offer was at once accepted. "I cair noch," he writes, "for all the land I hev in this kingdome, in case I get a grip of Dirleton, for I esteme it the pleasantest dwelling in Scotland." The conspiracy failed however, and Dirleton shared in the general confiscation of the vast estates of the Ruthven family. It was battered to pieces by General Monk in 1650 when a garrison of moss-troopers were in possession, and it has never been rebuilt.

Seton House stands a little back from the shore some ten miles to the southwest. The Setons intermarried no fewer than four times with the royal family. Throughout their entire history, from the time when Sir Alexander Seton held the town of Berwick against Edward III. in 1313, down to 1715 when the then head of the house, George, fifth and last Earl of Wintoun in the male line,¹ put himself at the head of a troop of horse and went out for the Chevalier, they were ever conspicuous for their loyalty.

On the failure of the '15, Lord Wintoun was taken prisoner, carried to London, and condemned to

¹ The title was awarded to the Seton-Montgomerie family, the nearest heir of the female line, whose chief now bears the title Earl of Eglinton and Winton.

be beheaded, but contrived to saw asunder the bars of his prison in the Tower, and escaped to the Continent. On his death many years later the direct line ceased.

The forfeited Wintoun estates were sold by the crown at auction and bought in by the York Building Company ; sixty years later, this company having become bankrupt, the estate was divided up into lots, the first two of which included Seton House. A certain Alexander Mackenzie, who had acted as common agent for the creditors, contrived to get Lord Monboddo, the Ordinary, into his seat at the stroke of the hour advertised for the sale, and before the time required by law had elapsed, the Seton property had been knocked down to Mr. Mackenzie, to the rage of a number of would-be buyers who arrived breathless on the scene just too late. The stately and historic palace which thus changed hands again was accounted one of the most magnificent as regards its internal fittings in all Scotland. Queen Mary stayed there on more than one occasion. It was the first halting-place of herself and Darnley when they fled to Dunbar after Riccio's murder ; and it was here that she came in 1670 after Darnley's death, when she caused such scandal by engaging in a shooting-match with Bothwell against the Lords Huntly and Seton, the forfeit to be a dinner at the inn in Tranent ; her son and grandson were also entertained in Seton House at different times. In spite of such associa-

tions Mr. Mackenzie promptly pulled down the building, putting up on the site a stupid, commonplace modern dwelling.

Close to Seton House is the battlefield of Prestonpans, where on September 21, 1745, Prince Charles met and defeated the Government forces under General Cope. The Highlanders marched from Duddeston on the 20th, and keeping to the high ground, passed by Musselburgh and Falside Castle to Tranent. When they reached the rising ground above this village, they came in sight of the enemy lying in the plain below, and a simultaneous shout arose from the two forces now confronted for the first time. A morass covered part of the intervening ground, but in the early morning the Highlanders guided by Mr. Robert Anderson, an East Lothian gentleman, along a little-known path, succeeded in making their way down to the attack. Then the clans hastily forming,—each clan by itself, with the chief in the middle surrounded by his nearest relatives, hurled themselves with a fury and impetus there was no withstanding, on the very guns of the enemy. In less than ten minutes the dragoons and infantry were in full flight and the day was decided. The gallant Gardiner who commanded a dragoon regiment, perceiving one small group attempting to make a stand, placed himself at their head and fought on for a little while, but ere long he was mortally wounded. They carried him aside to the shelter of a barley-rick, where still

armed and wrapped in his long cloak he lay for the few hours that elapsed before death came to his relief; he is buried in the neighboring churchyard of Tranent, close to his own seat of Bankton. It is an extraordinary coincidence that this old soldier who had fought all over Europe should have been killed in this battle fought within a few yards of his own house.

The house of Bankton, burned down since his day, has been rebuilt and is now, along with a monument to Gardiner, a prominent feature near the northeast corner of Prestonpans railway station.

Colonel Gardiner had been wild and profligate in his youth, and the story of his conversion is a remarkable one. While awaiting late one night the hour appointed for some assignation, he chanced to pick up a religious work entitled "The Christian Soldier, or Heaven taken by Storm." As he read, a stream of light enveloped him and he saw in a vision the crucified Saviour, while a voice in his ear uttered words of reproach that such suffering should be endured for him in vain. The effect was so powerful that he swooned, and from the moment of regaining consciousness completely changed his mode of life. In his latter years he was famed for his singular piety and uprightness.¹

The infantry were practically all killed or taken

¹ A good deal will be found about his personal history in the Notes to "Waverley."

prisoners, only a few escaping ; but after the battle Sir John Cope collected as many of his dragoons as he could, and galloped off to Berwick. He was received by Lord Mark Kerr, who observed that he “believed he was the first general in Europe who had brought the first tidings of his own defeat.”

“Said the Berwickers unto Sir John,
 ‘O what’s become of all your men?’
 ‘I’ faith,’ says he, ‘I dinna ken ;
 I left them a’ this morning.’
 Hey, Johnnie Cope,” etc.

It is told of the Prince that when one of his staff, pointing to the field strewn with the bodies of the English, exclaimed in triumph : “Sir, there are your enemies at your feet !” he answered seriously, “They are my father’s subjects.”

The Prince spent the night at Pinkie House, Musselburgh, three miles nearer Edinburgh. This interesting old house, now the residence of the Hopes, Baronets of Craighall, was formerly a seat of the Abbots of Dunfermline. At the Reformation it passed to Alexander Seton, Earl of Dunfermline, and Lord Fyvie, the celebrated “Chancellor Seton” of James VI. It was this Chancellor, who was a great builder, who added the strikingly ornamental parts to Pinkie and who also built the finer Fyvie Castle in Aberdeenshire in a similar style.¹ The glory of Pinkie House is the wonderful “Painted

¹ See p. 221, Vol. II.

Gallery," about ninety feet long, whose ceiling is covered with paintings and inscriptions, heraldic and mythical. The learned Chancellor (who was educated at Rome) had a passion for Latin inscriptions, which in stone carving and painted scrolls are thickly strewn throughout the mansion. They are mainly moral apothegms, many inculcating a special modesty in reference to the vanity of magnificent houses, which strike the visitor as odd in this place and which were possibly an attempt of their author to relieve his conscience.

The house has much historical as well as architectural interest. Here in their youth the sons of James VI., the Princes Henry and Charles (afterwards Charles I.), used to stay with the great Chancellor. Prince Charles Edward too paid a second visit to Pinkie House, sleeping there on October 31, 1745, the day he left Edinburgh for ever.

Less than a mile to the south is the battlefield of Pinkie-Cleuch, where the English (September 10, 1547) under the Duke of Somerset defeated a Scots army of nearly double their number under the Regent the Earl of Arran. This was the last battle ever fought between England and Scotland.

The object of the English invasion was to force the Scots to marry their young Queen Mary to the English King Edward VI. "A strange manner of wooing," as the Scots said. The result of the battle was however very different from what the English

expected ; five months later the little Queen was sent to France to be out of harm's way.

About a mile to the southeast is Carberry Hill, where twenty years later (June 15, 1567) this poor Queen Mary, even then but twenty-four years old, had to surrender to the "Lords Associators," who sent her next day a prisoner to Lochleven Castle, where she abdicated on July 24.

Three miles east of Carberry is Winton House, another of the beautiful and interesting old Seton palaces, on the site of an older castle burned by the English. It was built by George, tenth Lord Seton and third Earl of Wintoun, about 1620 and is a beautiful specimen of the French-Scottish style of the period. Its most interesting features to the architect are the carved and plastered ceilings and fireplaces. Winton House is generally supposed to be Sir Walter Scott's model for Ravenswood in "The Bride of Lammermoor."

Some six miles further east is Haddington ; this—the county-town of East Lothian, is on the Scottish Tyne, about ten miles east of Tranent. Its ancient abbey church, with square tower and ruined choir and transepts, was formerly so magnificent that it was called "The Lamp of Lothian."¹

The nave now restored is used as a parish church, and there may be seen the hereditary burial-chapel

¹ The name may have been applied however to an earlier building, now quite destroyed.

of the Maitlands and a seventeenth-century monument to the Duke of Lauderdale, the head of that family.

It was to Haddington that Edward Irving, lately graduated from Edinburgh University, came to take charge of a newly opened mathematical school, and shortly afterwards he became private tutor to the little daughter and only child of Dr. John Welsh, a medical practitioner in the neighborhood. As he could only give his pupil such hours as were not taken up by the school, the classes were conducted between six and eight in the morning and during a part of the evening. Mrs. Oliphant in her *Life of Irving* gives a pretty picture of the big, handsome young tutor—he was but eighteen—arriving in the darkness of the early morning and carrying the little girl out in his strong arms to see the stars and learn their names; and of his agonies of sympathy when truthfulness obliged him to write the dread and punishment-bearing word “pessime” on the day’s report, a necessity that no doubt caused him much the greater suffering of the two.

The village of Morham, which lies to the south-east of Haddington, was probably the birthplace of John Knox, though Carlyle decides for Giffordgate, a suburb of the town itself, and had an inscription put there and a tree planted. At all events the Reformer was born somewhere in this neighborhood, a fact of some moment, for, as Mr. Hume Brown¹

¹ Professor of Scottish History, University of Edinburgh.

says, “. . . in Haddington he was in the full current of the national life, and, as it happened, his presence there at a critical moment involved him in the movement of reform and gave a direction to his life which determined his whole subsequent career.”

This “critical moment” was the occasion of Wishart’s preaching tour in East Lothian in the winter of 1545-6. Knox was then acting as tutor to the young sons of Hugh Douglas of Longniddry, and he accompanied George Wishart on some of these excursions. Leaving Haddington one January night for the house of Cockburn of Ormiston, Wishart was seized by the emissaries of Cardinal Beaton and the Regent Arran and carried off to St. Andrews, where some weeks later he was burned as a heretic. Knox, while perfectly aware of the danger threatening his friend, had been most anxious to accompany him to Ormiston, but was dissuaded. “Nay,” said Wishart, “returne to your bairnes (pupils), and God blisse you. One is sufficient for one sacrifice.” And he did return, because he thought it was his duty. Knox’s worst enemy never accused him of cowardice, and even in those early days he may have had some dim visions of what he might one day be permitted to do for his country. “He is the one Scotsman to whom of all others his country and the world owe a debt,” says Carlyle. “This that Knox did for his nation, I say, we may call a resurrection as from death. It was not a smooth business; but it was

welcome surely, and cheap at the price had it been far rougher.”¹

BERWICKSHIRE.

Between East Lothian and Berwickshire run the Lammermoor Hills, rising in some parts almost to the dignity of mountains; and on the coast not far east of the border-line between the two counties stands the ruined and romantic fortalice of Fast Castle, a former stronghold of the Lords of Home and the original of Wolf's Crag in the “Bride of Lammermoor.” It was a place of extraordinary strength owing to its sole approach being by a narrow footpath on the edge of a deep precipice. In 1570, when it was occupied by but ten men, a force numbering two thousand was sent to reduce it. In the seventeenth century, Fast Castle belonged to Logan of Restalrig, and there was a tradition abroad that a great treasure lay concealed somewhere on the premises. A perfectly serious compact was therefore entered into by Logan with John Napier the mathematician, who was by his arts to discover the whereabouts of the said treasure and to receive one-third of it for his pains.

Had the Gowrie conspiracy succeeded, the King was to have been brought by sea from Gowrie House and confined in Fast Castle. Nine years after Logan's death some papers were discovered showing

¹ *Heroes and Hero Worship*, p. 146.

his complicity in the plot, and his body was forthwith dug up, carried into court, tried, and found guilty of high treason!

A few miles to the east of Fast Castle we come to the most striking feature of the Berwickshire coast, St. Abb's Head, a lofty promontory jutting out into the German Ocean, on one of whose two rocky elevations stood the monastery dedicated to the legendary Abb or Ebba, a sister of one of the Northumbrian Kings. Close to the neighboring village of Coldingham are the ruins of what once figured among the richest and most powerful ecclesiastical establishments in the kingdom, the priory of Coldingham founded by St. Margaret, long under the jurisdiction of the canons regular of Durham and a fruitful source of discord. James III.'s effort to suppress it ended in the battle of Sauchie Burn and his own wretched death. In the sixteenth century it went through the vicissitudes common to all the religious houses, and later the choir—the only part now standing—was partially restored as a parish church.

Throughout all of Berwickshire's stormy history—and to feel assured that it is a stormy one we need but to glance at its geographical position—the name of Home or Hume is of constant recurrence. A cadet of the family of the Earl of Dunbar came by marriage into possession of the Home estates, and the chiefs of his house grew to be looked upon as the natural guardians of the Berwickshire Border.

Sir John de Home, called from the color of his fighting-dress "Willie with the White Doublet," founded the house of Wedderburn in 1413, from which the Marchmont Humes sprang. The story is that two young ladies of the house of St. Clair having fallen heirs to the family estates, their uncle determined to prevent them from marrying and shut them up in a lonely castle in East Lothian. From here however their lovers, the two sons of David Home, Baron of Wedderburn, contrived to carry them off to Polwarth, where the two marriages took place at once, the ceremony winding up with the whole company dancing around a thorn-tree that stood in the village. The custom thus inaugurated was preserved for over three hundred years, that is until the early part of the nineteenth century, when the original tree was blown down; a successor was planted, but the newly wedded pairs of the district no longer keep up the practice. Allan Ramsay wrote a poem about it.

"At Polwarth on the Green,
If you'll meet me the morn,
Where lasses do convene
To dance around the thorn,
A kindly welcome you shall meet
Frae ane that likes to view
A lover and a lad complete,
The lad and lover you."

Polwarth is in the Merse district, the low country lying between the Lammermoors and the Tweed. It

was the easterly and most important part of The Marches, and so came to be called The March, giving the title of Earl of March to a succession of powerful families, (it is now held by the Earl of Wemyss.) Near the village is Redbraes Castle, the residence in the latter half of the seventeenth century of Sir Patrick Hume, sixth descendant of the younger of the two brothers whose marriages were celebrated on Polwarth Green; and in the grounds stands the church associated with the most romantic episode in the history of the family. This Sir Patrick Hume, first Earl of Marchmont, a prominent statesman of the Covenanting party, had already gone through two terms of imprisonment for his political zeal, when the execution of several leading Whigs in 1684 warned him that his own head was no longer secure. Giving out that he had left the country, he took up his quarters in the family burial-vault of Polwarth Church, the only persons who shared the secret being his wife, his eldest daughter better known as the poetess Lady Grizel Baillie, and a carpenter named James Winter. The church stood on a small hill surrounded by trees and close to a noisy burn, with no other habitation near; there night after night came the nineteen-year-old Grizel, woefully afraid of the ghostly terrors of the churchyard through which she must pass and the more real danger of detection from the barking of the manse dog, who invariably scented her out as she slipped fearfully

down the lonely path. Nevertheless her father must have food, and she was the person to take it; and so she did, through all the long weeks of his imprisonment there—weeks which he spent in reading Buchanan's Latin version of the Psalms so assiduously that forty years later he knew every one of them by heart.

One of the chief difficulties in the situation was how to abduct sufficient food to keep the master alive without arousing the suspicions of the servants or the sharp-eyed children. One day the family had sheep's head for dinner, a dish her father particularly liked, and Grizel determined that he should have a treat, so while no one was looking she managed to slip a large portion into her lap; a moment after, Sandy, later second Earl of Marchmont, sat gazing in astonishment at the dish. "Oh, mother," said he reproachfully, "will ye look at Grizzy! While we have been supping our broth she has eaten up the whole sheep's head!" Meantime winter was drawing near, and the three conspirators, uneasy at the idea of Sir Patrick remaining in the cold unhealthy vault, had laid their heads together to contrive a new hiding-place. After infinite trouble they succeeded in excavating a hole large enough to accommodate him beneath the bed of one of the ground-floor rooms of Redbraes; most of the work had to be done with their fingers to avoid making any noise, and Miss Grizzy's nails were worn to the quick before it was

completed. Jamie Winter fitted the pit with boards, and in the flooring above holes were bored to let in the air. In the room provided with this final place of retreat Sir Patrick stayed until Robert Baillie of Jerviswood, with whom he had been closely associated, was executed for treason, and the search for his own person became so keen that he attempted and carried through the well-nigh desperate enterprise of an escape to France.

The imprisonment of Baillie of Jerviswood had led to other consequences affecting the family of Hume. As the day set for his trial drew near, it became of very great importance that Sir Patrick should communicate with him. This task the ever-ready Grizel had undertaken; she travelled up to Edinburgh, gained admission to the Old Tolbooth, and safely delivered her dangerous packet to the imprisoned patriot, her assistant in the enterprise being young Mr. Baillie, recalled from Holland to be present at his father's trial. The friendship thus begun in the shadow of the scaffold ended many years later in an exceedingly happy marriage. This was after the landing of the Prince of Orange, the Hume family having passed the intervening period in Holland, in dire poverty but great lightness of heart. The Revolution brought back their own estates to both the Humes and the Baillies with many added offices and honors. Grizel was asked to remain at court as a maid-of-honor, but begged off, the muse and her

beloved Tweed wooing her irresistibly. A few of the songs she found time to write in her active, happy, busy life have come down to us, the most famous being the one known by its characteristic refrain "Were na my Heart licht I wad Dee," a proof that the Covenanters were not all the sour, morose characters they are often represented to be.

Anent the different ways of spelling this heroine's maiden name, a footnote in the chapter on the Marchmont Humes in "The Historic Families of Scotland" states that "It has not been discovered at what time or for what reason the difference in the spelling of the family name—which is pronounced Hume—originated. David Hume . . . says: 'The practice of spelling Hume is by far the most ancient and most general till about the Restoration, when it became common to spell Home, contrary to the pronunciation. . . .' John Home, the author of the tragedy of *Douglas*, on the other hand, resolutely maintained that Home was the original and proper spelling. . . . On one occasion David proposed that they should cast lots to decide the matter. 'It is all very well for you, Mr. Philosopher, to make such a proposal,' was John's rejoinder, 'for if you lose you will obtain your own proper name, but if you win I lose mine.' . . . David added the following codicil to his will on August 6, 1776, nineteen days before his death: 'I leave to my friend Mr. John Home of Kilduff, ten dozen of my old claret at his

choice, and one single bottle of that other liquor called port. I also leave him six dozen of port, provided that he attests under his hand signed John *Hume*, that he has himself alone finished that bottle at two sittings. By this concession he will at once surmount the only two differences that ever were between us concerning temporal matters.' ”

John Home, who had a well-known dislike for port, was the author of an epigram denouncing it as a drink for Scotsmen which runs thus :

“Firm and erect the Caledonian stood,
 Old was his mutton and his claret good ;
 ‘Let him drink port,’ an English statesman cried.
 He drank the poisen and his spirit died.”¹

Away down in the southwest corner of Berwickshire, on a green level stretch of meadow and orchard land almost converted into an island by the windings of the Tweed, stands the romantically beautiful ruin

¹ Mr. W. B. Blaikie informs me that claret was the universal drink of the Scottish gentry (who could afford it) down to the middle of the eighteenth century. Port was first imported in 1743, and at a banquet given in 1746 to Prince Isernberg, who came to Edinburgh with the Hessian army to assist the Duke of Cumberland against Prince Charles, this wine was served, and much offence was taken by the Scottish guests at the innovation. About this time heavy duties were placed on French wines and the trade with Portugal was encouraged. At the same time some of the Scots gentry refused to drink the Portuguese wine, and socially there grew up a feeling that it was a sign of Jacobitism to drink claret, while port grew to be considered the drink of the Government supporters. John Home however was of the Hanoverian side and fought for it in the '45.

St. Mary's Aisle, Dryburgh Abbey



of Dryburgh Abbey. The soil is unusually rich, so that since its final destruction sometime in the sixteenth century masses of ivy have clothed the walls, flowers which have planted themselves in all sorts of inaccessible crevices grow and flourish lustily high overhead, and trees of considerable size have rooted and grown on the tops of crumbling archways. The nave is a grassy roofless stretch, with however beautiful fragments of its piers and outer walls remaining, and the chapter-house is entire with barrel-vaulted roof and arched sedilia, while the exquisite rose-window of the refectory still crowns the ruined west wall. The foundation of Dryburgh dates from 1150, but its site was so near the Border that the building suffered again and again from the English. In all its various and many restorations it probably has never attained the splendor it enjoyed before the burning by Edward II.'s army in 1322. The tradition is that the monks in the joy of their hearts rang the bells in peals of triumph over the retreat of the English, who were so enraged thereby that they returned for the express purpose of paying the churchmen back. The lands of Dryburgh were granted in 1604 to John Erskine, Earl of Mar, and erected into the lordship and barony of Cardross. John, second Earl of Mar, was the playfellow and companion of James VI. when they were both boys under the tutorship of George Buchanan.¹ James called him

¹ George Buchanan (1506-1582), scholar and author, passed the

"Jock o' the Sclaits" it is said because Buchanan placed in his charge a slate on which the royal pupil's misdoings in the master's absence were supposed to be recorded. Jock could not have been over-severe in performing this duty, for James always had a very warm and lively friendship for him. When his first wife, a daughter of David, Lord Drummond, died (leaving him with a son and heir), he fell so violently in love with Lady Mary Stewart, daughter of the Duke of Lennox, that on her refusal to marry him he became seriously ill. The King was much concerned, and when he found that the lady gave as her reason that "Anne Drummond's bairn would be Earl of Mar, but that hers would be just Maister Erskine," he said to the love-sick Earl, "By my saul, Jock, ye sanna dee for ony lass in a' the land," and promised that if a son should result from the marriage he too should be made a peer. The marriage took place, the son was born, and the Barony of Cardross was created. The lands of Dryburgh after passing through many different hands in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are now held by

greater part of his life on the Continent. He was in Scotland in 1562 when Queen Mary had him to read with her for certain hours of the day. He later became bitterly hostile to her, and testified at the conference held at York on the "Casket Letters" that they were in the Queen's handwriting. His "Detection," a scurrilous attack on the Queen, was published while he was acting as tutor to her son, James VI. His best-known work, a History of Scotland, is still considered a valuable authority.

a descendant of Lady Mary Stewart, Shipley Erskine, fourteenth Earl of Buchan and Baron Cardross.

It is to the eleventh Earl that the burial there of Sir Walter Scott is due. In 1819, hearing that Scott was seriously ill, the Earl went to see Lady Scott to suggest in a pleasant friendly way the suitability of Dryburgh as a burial-place. "The place," said he, "is very beautiful, just such a place as the poet loves; and as he has a fine taste that way, he is sure of being gratified with my offer." It does not appear whether Lady Scott were gratified as well, but Sir Walter goodnaturedly agreed, and the spot chosen was that part of the aisle of the Haliburtons of Merton (his own ancestors through his paternal grandmother) called St. Mary's aisle. Sir Walter survived these arrangements thirteen years, and Lady Scott was the first to be laid there. At last there came that "dark and lowering" September day when the wrapping of that beautiful and heroic soul was returned to the dust from whence it came.

"The wide enclosure at the Abbey of Dryburgh was thronged with old and young, and when the coffin was taken from the hearse . . . one deep sob burst from a thousand lips."

CHAPTER VI.

THE BORDER COUNTIES.

ROXBURGH.

WITH the disintegration of the Roman Empire in the fifth century and the withdrawal of the Romans from Britain, a mist descends over the annals of the Border counties of Scotland. There are many traditions emerging into more or less well-authenticated history as the centuries elapse—battles fought by King Arthur, one in Ettrick Forest and another in the vale of Gala; legends of Merlin wandering through the Ettrick Forest to be stoned to death by the savage followers of a local chieftain, and buried beneath the great green mound at Drummelzier, still called by his name. Then come the more reliable records of Christian times, when about the middle of the seventh century a priest named Boisal, sent out by his superior, Aidan, Bishop of Lindisfarne (a former monk of Iona), founded the “old monastery” of Mailros on a narrow strip of land formed by a loop of the Tweed. On the night that Aidan died, tradition tells of a sturdy shepherd-boy who sat wakeful among his sleeping herds somewhere in the Border hills. Suddenly, like those other shepherds

six hundred years before, he saw a wonderful vision, the opening heavens and the angels of God receiving a shining spirit among them. This boy was Cuthbert, and the vision coming doubtless after many searchings of the heart, decided him to adopt the holy calling.

“Behold a man of the Lord!” Boisal is said to have exclaimed with prophetic insight when Cuthbert shortly afterwards presented himself for admission to the solitary, forest-bound monastery of Melrose. Here he passed many years occupied in successful missionary work among the wild Borderers, then he was made Abbot of Lindisfarne, and from there he went to live the life of a solitary hermit on the little rocky island of Inner Farne.

Won at last by the urgent entreaties of Ecgforth, King of Northumbria, he unwillingly left this retreat to become Bishop of Lindisfarne, but returned there for the closing years of his life. The chapel of Melrose was destroyed by Kenneth II. in 839; it was rebuilt, and again ruined in the reign of Robert I. by the English. In both the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries efforts were made to preserve it (when it is called the Chapel of St. Cuthbert) by the granting of indulgences to all who contributed to its support, and it became a popular goal of pilgrimages from all over Scotland; but at present no trace of this early building exists. In the meantime however David I. had established a colony of Cistercians two miles

further up the river and built the famous Abbey which in time quite superseded the earlier modest establishment. The first Abbey building was altogether destroyed by the English in 1322; the present one dates in part from the restorations by Robert Bruce, and other portions are attributed to Andrew Hunter, Abbot, and confessor to James II. It suffered at the hands of the English at various subsequent times, and when Queen Mary made the Earl of Bothwell Commendator it was already in a partly ruinous condition; the usual custom of taking from old buildings what was wanted to repair others or to build new ones brought it to its present state, when all the buildings except the church have disappeared and that is only a magnificent ruin. It has been said that "no building in Scotland affords such an extensive and almost inexhaustible field for minute investigation and enjoyment of detail as this. . . . It occupies an important position too historically, as it in part supplies an admirable example of that decorated architecture the existence of which in this country has been so often denied. . . ."

On the forfeiture of the Earl of Bothwell, James Douglas, afterwards Earl of Morton and Regent, was made Commendator in his room; he used stone from the convent "for the building of a fine house for himself and lady," said to be the one standing on the north of the cloisters with the date 1590. In Reformation times Melrose was formed into a parish,

and a grandnephew of John Knox, bearing the same name, was appointed minister. His successor, Thomas Forrester, was a poet, and the holder moreover of loose and heretical views.

The Reformation he declared to have been a mistake which had worked great harm to Christianity. "From all the knock-down race of Knoxes, good Lord deliver us" was the special clause with which he enriched the Litany, and as he also spoke slightly of sermons as compared with the liturgy, and insisted on gathering his crops on the Sabbath day, it is not surprising to find that in 1638 the Assembly of the Kirk deposed him.

The Abbey domains after passing through various different hands now belong to the Duke of Buccleuch. Opening into the cloister from the north aisle is the—no longer "steel-clenched"—postern door through which William of Deloraine, immortalized in "The Lay," was admitted. Beneath the chancel, now a dreary neglected stretch of bare soil, lies the heart of King Robert Bruce. The spot is marked by a fragment of carved stone unevenly propped up at one end, and a pasteboard placard. A little to the south is the tombstone of Alexander II. (or it may be of St. Waltheof, second Abbot), on which Deloraine and the monk are described as seating themselves to await the appointed hour for opening Michael Scott's tomb hard by. John Bower, keeper of the Abbey in Scott's day, always declared that Sir Walter

had never himself beheld the scene his marvellous description of which has induced people from all over the world to visit the ruins by moonlight. As they are kept locked, and Bower said Sir Walter never got the key from him at night, it seems highly probable that the lines

Then go and muse with deepest awe
On what the writer never saw,
Who would not wander neath the moon
To see what he could see at noon."

state the actual case.

Nevertheless Bower was not one to discourage enthusiastic sight-seers, and if there were no moon to be had he would obligingly substitute a double tallow dip. "It does na licht up a' the Abbey at aince, to be sure," said he, "but then you can shift it aboot, and show the auld ruin bit by bit, whiles the moon only shines on one side." Bower was very proud of Sir Walter's friendly way of treating him. "He'll come here sometimes with great folks in his company, and the first I'll know of it is hearing his voice calling out Johnny!—Johnny Bower! . . . and he'll stand and crack an' laugh wi' me just like an auld wife—and *to think that of a man that has such an awfu' knowledge o' history!*" In the chancel were the tombs of the Douglasses, defaced in 1544 by the English under Evers and Latoun. The Earl of Angus, on hearing that King Henry VIII. had conferred the ravaged territory on these two Lords,

declared that he would "write the instrument of possession upon their own bodies with sharp pens and in blood-red ink, because they destroyed the tombs of my ancestors at the Abbey of Melrose." The threat was made good in the following year, when he and Scott of Buccleuch led the Scots to victory at the battle of Ancrum Moor. Both English leaders were killed, and Evers lies buried in Melrose.

The excellent preservation of the ruins as we see them to-day is largely due to Sir Walter, who in 1822 induced the young Duke of Buccleuch to provide against their further injury; since then they have been systematically kept in repair.

It is one of the strongest testimonies to Sir Walter's magic power over our imaginations that at Melrose, as at so many other historic spots, it is the host of beings and scenes created by his marvellous fancy that crowd into our minds rather than the real people and events associated with the place.

Not the busy useful life of that early colony of Cistercians do we picture to ourselves as we sit in the sunny grass-grown nave, nor the figure of the great Patriot King whose heart lies buried almost at our feet; not the restless Douglasses, nor the English raiders bringing fire and sword across the Border—but Deloraine and the monk and the open tomb of the wizard Michael Scott, and the perfect and radiant

beauty of the moonlit Abbey as seen at the midnight hour. Well may we marvel how he

“ . . . so well
His legendary song could tell.”

A winding road beyond the Abbey leads down to the Tweed, which one comes upon with some surprise. For it is quite possible to go to Melrose and never suspect that it has a river. There is a very lovely path however running along the high bank on the south, which leads into the highroad and can be followed by those who prefer to walk the easy three miles to Abbotsford. Once when as a boy Scott was travelling from Selkirk to Melrose, his father stopped the carriage with the remark, “We must get out here, Walter, and see a thing quite in your line.” It was a stone marking the site of the combat between the Earl of Angus and Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch for the guardianship of the twelve-year-old King, James V. Angus was Warden of the Marches, and with his royal charge and a company of some three hundred men was riding home from Jedburgh, when at Melrose bridge he encountered Scott with an armed force, come it is said in response to a secret appeal from James himself to deliver him from the power of the Douglasses. The inevitable battle took place with the King for spectator, but terminated in favor of Angus, and the most conspicuous result was a blood-feud which lasted for a hundred years between the Scotts of Branksholme and the Elliots of Stob,

Melrose Abbey



against the Kers of Cessford, in consequence of the chief of the latter house (ancestor of the Dukes of Roxburgh) having been slain by Elliot in the rout of Buccleuch.¹ This is the spot on the Abbotsford estate known as *Turn-again*.

Twenty-six years later Sir Walter Scott was murdered by the Kers in the streets of Edinburgh.

On the Harden Burn near the border of Selkirkshire there is a ruined keep called Harden, which at the opening of the sixteenth century belonged to a cadet of the house of Buccleuch, Robert Scott of Strickshaws. A descendant of his, famed in Border warfare as Auld Wat of Harden, married the "Flower of Yarrow." "I am," says Scott in his memoir, "lineally descended from that ancient chieftain, whose name I have made to ring in many a ditty, and from his fair dame, the 'Flower of Yarrow,' no bad genealogy for a Border Minstrel." The great-grandson of this pair, and the great-grandfather of Sir Walter, was called "Beardie" on account of his flowing beard which he had vowed never to cut till the Stuarts should come to their own again. His enthusiasm for the cause of James VII. lost him all his fortune and would have cost him his life as well it is said, had it not been for the influence of Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth. Beardie's second son Robert rented the farm of Sandy-Knowe

¹ See "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," Canto I., Stanzas vii., xxx.

from his relative Scott of Harden, and laid the foundation of a respectable fortune by the successful outlay of his entire capital in a spirited hunter, which he sold for twice what he gave for it. His eldest son, Walter, became a Writer to the Signet—or Solicitor, and lived in Edinburgh, where the great Walter was born. It was to Sandy-Knowe that the little boy was sent (on the advice of his mother's father, Dr. Rutherford), when, at about the age of a year and a half, he lost the use of his right leg after a violent attack of fever. It was thought that country air and exercise might restore power to the injured limb, and among his earliest recollections is that of lying on the floor "while my [paternal] grandfather, a venerable old man with white hair, used every excitement to make me try to crawl." Here through the confinement of the wintry weather his aunt, Miss Janet Scott, would read aloud to him out of such small store of books as the house afforded, until the quick child could repeat long passages by heart. The ballad of Hardyknute he mastered easily and dearly loved to spout it, an accomplishment which Dr. Duncan, minister of the parish, failed to appreciate when he would drop in for a little edifying conversation with the elders. "One may as well speak in the mouth of a cannon as where that child is," is an outburst of his, recorded quite sympathetically by the "child."

Crowning the height above Sandy-Knowe stands

Smailholm Tower, the first Border stronghold with which Scott was familiar, and around which his childish fancy grouped all those stirring scenes of Border warfare which his eager mind drew from the ballads and tales of his Aunt Jane. It commands a wonderful view, a great sweep of country the history of every mile of which is recorded in ballad and song. As seen from the railway to-day near Rutherford station, the Tower appears entire and uninjured; but in reality it is ruinous and without a roof, having been battered to pieces by Cromwell before its commander Pringle would yield. It is now the property of Lord Polwarth.

In 1799, through the interest of the Duke of Buccleuch, Scott was appointed Sheriff of Selkirkshire, or of Ettrick Forest as he greatly preferred to name it, the ancient sherifffdom having been known generally as "The Forest," with the subdivisions of Selkirk Forest, Ettrick Forest, and the Forest of Traquair.

It is required of a Sheriff that he shall spend four months of the twelve within his jurisdiction. Scott at first fulfilled this condition by going for that length of time from Lasswade to Clovenfords, a couple of miles west from Galashiels, but in 1804 he removed altogether from the Lasswade cottage to Ashestiel, a former Border tower on the banks of the Tweed, about seven miles from the town of Selkirk. There was no bridge over the river within two miles, and it was one of the attractions of the

place for him that in order to reach the house a somewhat dangerous ford had to be crossed.

At Bowhill, a seat belonging to the Buccleuch family, in the Forest, Scott was a frequent visitor, and it was a suggestion made by the Countess of Dalkeith that led to the writing of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." This poem was completed at Ashestiel in 1805, and it was followed three years later by "Marmion."

The extraordinary success which greeted "The Lady of the Lake," his next publication, enabled Scott to purchase a cottage and a tract of land called Clarty Hole which he re-named Abbotsford, and for which he left Ashestiel in the spring of 1812.

"Waverley" had then been begun, but was thrown aside and forgotten. Scott coming upon the MS. accidentally when rummaging through an old cabinet some years later, decided to complete it. He says the last two volumes were "begun and finished between the 4th June and the 1st July, during all which I attended my duty in Court, and proceeded without loss of time or hindrance of business."

One evening in this same month of June a gay party of young men sat drinking their after-dinner wine in a room in the rear of a house on George Street. Suddenly a shadow was observed to fall across the host's face; asked solicitously what ailed him, he requested one of his guests to change seats with him, "for there is a confounded hand in sight of

me here which has often bothered me before, and now it won't let me fill my glass with a good will. . . . Since we sat down I have been watching it; it fascinates my eye—it never stops—page after page is finished and thrown on that heap of MS. and still it goes on unwearied—and so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night—I can't stand a sight of it when I am not at my books."

The hand was Scott's writing "Waverley" in the library of the Castle Street house.

The Abbotsford estate, when Scott moved there with his family in May, 1812, consisted of about a hundred acres of rolling heather-grown land almost devoid of timber, lying on the banks of the Tweed, with a small and unattractive farmhouse, and had in ancient times formed a part of the Abbey domain of Melrose. The first care of the new proprietor was to enlarge the house and begin the extensive planting-out of trees. "It [Abbotsford] is very bleak at present, having little to recommend it but the vicinity of the river; but as the ground is well adapted by nature to grow wood, . . . I have no doubt that by judicious plantations it may be rendered a very pleasant spot." (Letter to his brother-in-law, Mr. Carpenter.)

How triumphantly this modest expectation has been fulfilled every visitor to Abbotsford may see for himself. The trees had not however had time to

affect the general aspect of the landscape when (in August, 1817) Washington Irving was hospitably entertained there. In describing a walk taken in the company of the master he says, "our ramble took us on the hills commanding an extensive prospect. . . . I saw a great part of the Border country spread out before me, and could trace the scenes of those poems and romances which had in a manner bewitched the world. I gazed about me for a time with mute surprise, I may almost say with disappointment. I beheld a mere succession of grey waving hills, line beyond line, as far as my eye could reach, monotonous in their aspect, and so destitute of trees that one could almost see a stout fly walking along their profile; and the far-famed Tweed appeared a naked stream flowing between bare hills, without a tree or thicket on its bank; and yet such had been the magic web of poetry and romance thrown over the whole, that it had a greater charm for me than the richest scenery I had beheld in England. I could not help giving utterance to my thoughts. Scott hummed to himself for a moment and looked grave; he had no idea of having his muse complimented at the expense of his native hills. 'It may be pertinacity,' said he at length, 'but to my eye these grey hills and all this wild Border country have beauties peculiar to themselves; I like the very nakedness of the land; it has something bold and stern and solitary about it. . . . if I did

not see the heather at least once a year, *I think I should die !* ”

At the time of Irving's visit Scott was building the square tower and the rooms (now used as parlor and dining-room) which connect the cottage he had built on his first coming, with the original farmhouse on the west; some of the walls of the latter are still standing in a part of the building near the servants' quarters. These additions were finished in 1818; three years later, when Scott had been made a Baronet and had added extensively to the property, a much more ambitious addition was begun; this was three years in building and occupied the site of the early cottage. At Sir Walter's death, Abbotsford passed to his son, also Sir Walter Scott, second Baronet and lieutenant-colonel of the Fifteenth regiment of Hussars. Upon his death at sea in 1847 (his younger brother Charles having predeceased him in 1841, and both being childless) the male line became extinct, and Scott's earnest hope of founding a Border family was disappointed. The next heir was Walter Lockhart, son of J. G. Lockhart and Scott's daughter Sophia, and he in turn, some twenty years after the founder's death, leased the property to Mr. J. R. Hope, husband of his sister Charlotte.

The eldest son of J. G. Lockhart and Sophia, Sir Walter Scott's daughter, was John Hugh—the “Hugh Littlejohn” of the “Tales of a Grandfather.” Always a delicate child, he died when ten years old,

just nine months before his grandfather. His younger brother grew up, but only to be a source of sorrow and anxiety to his family; he died at Versailles in 1853 and was buried in the cemetery there.

On Walter Lockhart's death, Abbotsford by the entail became the property of his sister Mrs. Hope, who with her husband thenceforth took the name of Hope-Scott. Anne Scott, Sir Walter's youngest daughter, had died ten months after her father. The only direct descendants of Sir Walter at the time of young Lockhart's death were Mrs. Hope-Scott and her daughter Mary Monica, who was born in October, 1852. This daughter, the present proprietor of Abbotsford, married the Hon. Joseph Maxwell, a brother of the present Lord Herries, who in accordance with the deed of entail has assumed the name of Maxwell-Scott.

Mr. J. R. Hope (Mrs. Maxwell-Scott's father) had taken an active interest in the Tractarian movement. He was received into the Church of Rome on the same day with Manning, and a month later Mrs. Hope followed him. Thus it comes about that Sir Walter's descendants to-day are Roman Catholics. The additions made to Abbotsford by Mr. Hope-Scott consist on the east of some bed-rooms, a hall, drawing and reception rooms, and a private chapel, some domestic buildings overlooking the Tweed, and a new entrance by which strangers can be conducted to and from the show-rooms without intruding upon the privacy of

Abbotsford



the rest of the building. It was to Abbotsford that Sir Walter was brought after the complete breakdown of his health which occurred on his return journey from Italy in June, 1832. The enormous strain he put upon his brain after the failure of Constable & Co., closely followed by that of James Bal-lantyne & Co., of which Scott was a silent partner, so shattered his health that he was induced after five years of colossal labor to try what a winter on the Continent might effect. Of the loss of his fortune and all that it entailed, one of the most painful episodes in the annals of literature, Lockhart writes, "He regarded the embarrassment of his commercial firm on the whole with the feelings not of a merchant, but of a gentleman. He thought that by devoting the rest of his life to the service of his creditors he could in the upshot pay the last farthing he owed them. They (with one or two paltry exceptions) applauded his honourable intentions and resolutions and partook to a certain extent in the self-reliance of their debtor. Nor had they miscalculated as to their interest. Nor had Sir Walter calculated wrongly. He paid the penalty of health and life, but he saved his honour and his self-respect."

On the 23d of September, 1831, Sir Walter, his daughter Anne, and Lockhart set out from Abbotsford, and on the 8th of the following month he sailed from Portsmouth. In June of the next year he was brought back to London a dying man. After a few

week passed in St. James's Hotel, Jermyn Street, his irrepressible longing for Abbotsford decided those in attendance upon him to attempt the journey. From London to Newhaven by sea, and from thence to Douglas's Hotel in St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh—where two nights were passed—he was transported in an unconscious condition. Lockhart's inexpressibly affecting account of that return to Abbotsford, familiar as it is to everyone, can however bear any number of repeated readings. “At a very early hour on the morning of Wednesday the 11th [of July] we again placed him in his carriage, and he lay in the same torpid state during the first two stages on the road to Tweedside. But as we descended the vale of the Gala he began to gaze about him, and by degrees it was obvious that he was recognising the features of that familiar landscape. Presently he murmured a name or two—‘Gala Water, surely—Buckholm—Torwoodlee.’ As we rounded the hill at Ladhope, and the outline of the Eildons burst on him, he became greatly excited, and when turning himself on the couch his eye caught at length his own towers at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight. The river being in flood, we had to go round a few miles by Melrose bridge; and during the time this occupied, his woods and house being within prospect, it required occasionally both Dr. Watson's strength and mine in addition to Nicolson's, to keep him in the carriage.

After passing the bridge the road for a couple of miles loses sight of Abbotsford, and he relapsed into his stupor; but on gaining the bank immediately above it, his excitement became again ungovernable."

A brief improvement in the patient's condition followed this return to his home, so that those about him almost allowed themselves to hope. For the first few days he would have himself wheeled about the house and garden and liked to be read to.

Of the second morning after his return Lockhart writes, "After again enjoying the Bath chair for perhaps a couple of hours out-of-doors, he desired to be drawn into the library and placed by the central window, that he might look down upon the Tweed. Here he expressed a wish that I should read to him, and when I asked from what book, he said—'Need you ask? There is but one.' I chose the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel; he listened with mild devotion, and said when I had done—'Well, this is great comfort—I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I were yet to be myself again.'" This hope was not to be realized; about a week later he took to his bed (the dining-room had been turned into a bed-room for his reception) and after that was seldom conscious for more than brief intervals.

On the morning of the 17th of September his man Nicolson came to Lockhart's room to tell him that Sir Walter had awakened perfectly conscious and wished to see him. "I found him entirely himself,

though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm—every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. ‘Lockhart,’ he said, ‘I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.’ . . . About half-past one P. M., on the 21st of September, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.”

Twenty-two years later Lockhart too came to Abbotsford to die. There was some revisiting of old scenes, a rapidly increasing feebleness, and then the tranquil ending to a troubled life. He refused to occupy the dining-room as his affectionate daughter and son-in-law desired, but consented to take the adjoining breakfast-room; here soothed by that same gentle ripple of the Tweed, and with the triumphant prayers provided by the Church for her dying children sounding in his ears, he peacefully passed away on November 25, 1854.

A mile or so up the river from Abbotsford the factories of Galashiels lift their many tall chimneys to the skies. There is little in the busy streets of

to-day to suggest the easy-going ways of the seventeenth century, when, its mills being unprotected from the weather, a hard frost threw all the male population out of work. When this occurred, according to Jeffrey, (the author of a history of the county) a bell was rung at the Cross, and the laird and parish minister would lead a procession to the "haugh"; there the Habs, Jocks, Tams, Andrews, Adams, and Dans would play at "Shinty," against all the others, so that the game came to be called "Hab and Jock ba." At the conclusion the entire company was feasted at the manse.

The barony of Gala has been held ever since the early half of the seventeenth century by the Scott family—descendants that is of Hew Scott of Deuchars, third son of Auld Wat and the Flower of Yarrow.

On the Tweed below Melrose is the pretty little village of St. Boswells, called after Boisal, St. Cuthbert's superior. A few miles from Rutherford station a little further on is Fairnington, an old Border mansion of the Rutherfurds, in perfect preservation and still occupied. Rutherford County in the State of New York is named after the family. The estate is skirted on the southwest by a section of "Watling Street," the old Roman road from York to the Lothians.

At Roxburgh, some four or five miles to the east, are the remains of what was once one of the most powerful and highly prized of the Border strongholds.

The town was of importance in the time of the early Scottish Kings and their frequent place of residence. Roxburgh Castle occupied a strong position on some high ground between the rivers Teviot and Tweed. It was struggled over and fought over in the War of Independence, captured by Wallace, retaken by Edward I., and surprised by the Scots under the Good Sir James Douglas on Shrovetide, or Fastern's E'en, 1314. The English garrison were holding revel in the great hall of the Castle, and only the sentinels were about; when the wife of one of the soldiers, crooning to her child on the battlements, saw some dark objects straying about in the fields below the walls. The sentinel told her they were cattle belonging to a neighboring farmer, so she went on singing

“Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye,
Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye,
The Black Douglas shall not get ye.”

“Do not be too sure of that,” says a deep voice in her ear, and there close beside her stands the Douglas himself, who with his men had crept close to the Castle on all fours and covered with dark cloaks. They had scaling ladders with them and were already swarming up the walls; the alarm was given, but too late, for the English were overpowered and the garrison put to death—at least that is how Sir Walter Scott says it all came about, and he adds that Douglas protected the woman and her child. He was but

human and it must have been gratifying to overhear her unconscious testimony to his prowess.

Roxburgh did not remain uninterruptedly with the Scots, but was several times lost and retaken. Its capture by Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie and his subsequent murder by the jealous Laird of Hermitage has been told elsewhere (p. 203). In the siege by the allied Scots and French in 1385 a quarrel arose as to who was to have the Castle when taken, with the result that the French abandoned the undertaking and returned to France, expressing deep disgust with the homely fare and rough living of the Borderers.

Seventy-five years later, while laying siege to Roxburgh Castle, James II. was killed by the exploding of a great gun called the Lion (August 3, 1460). On receiving the news the widowed Mary of Gueldres at once repaired to the camp from Holyrood, bringing the boy James III. with her and stimulating the besiegers by her presence to such renewed efforts that shortly afterwards the Castle yielded. Coming thus into the hands of the Scots for the first time in a hundred years (*i. e.*, since the battle of Neville's Cross) it was dismantled as too precarious a possession to keep up. It remained in a ruined condition until the autumn of the year 1547, when—two weeks after the battle of Pinkie—the Duke of Somerset (then Earl of Hertford), having encamped in the neighborhood, he determined to put

it in a state of defence. He had said at an earlier date that it was "the veraye seate and place which shall and maye scourge and keep in obedience both the Marches and Tevvytdale." By employing all his men on the work and even handling a spade himself this was accomplished in the short space of six days, and when the English army continued its march southward a garrison of five hundred men was left behind. Subsequently both the town and Castle of Roxburgh disappeared so completely that doubts exist now as to the site even of the former, while the latter consists only of a few ruined walls.

Floors Castle on the north of the river is the (modern) seat of the Dukes of Roxburgh; the property extends for nearly two miles along the bank of the Tweed, as far as Kelso.

On the south of this last-named beautifully situated town stand the ruins of its famous Abbey, one of David I.'s innumerable foundations (1128). It rose to be chief of all the Scottish monasteries and enjoyed in a peculiar degree the favor of Pope Alexander III. and of several of his successors. Its most remarkable privilege was the right to celebrate mass even should the whole kingdom be excommunicated, but it must be behind closed doors without the ringing of bells and in an undertone. The church, the ruins of which alone remain, while the domestic parts of the Abbey have completely disappeared, was about a hundred years in building, and even in its present

dilapidated state is a fine example of the Late Gothic and Transition styles. In 1545 the Earl of Hertford, to "requite the malice" of the Borderers at Ancrum Moor, wasted the surrounding country and besieged the Abbey, where a force was garrisoned in the square tower of the church. The defenders having been taken and slaughtered, the building was knocked to pieces and left roofless and ruined. What escaped at this time was destroyed thirty years later by the Reformers. Later still it was patched up for a parish kirk, but in 1771 the congregation took fright at some falling plaster, mistaking it for a fulfilment of a prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer that the building was to "fall when at the fullest," and they could never again be induced to use it for public worship. William, fourth Duke of Roxburgh, began the removal of the Reformation additions, and the work was continued by Sir James Innes-Ker, a distant relative who succeeded as fifth Duke.

Bridge Street, which leads from the bridge across the Tweed to the market square in the centre of the town of Kelso, runs over a part of the ancient Abbey graveyard.

Kelso was the scene of some of the most prominent events in the ill-fated rising of the '15. Here the Jacobites of Northumberland met the Highlanders, and the proclamation of James VIII. at the Cross was followed by enthusiastic yells from the populace of "No Union! No malt-tax! No salt-tax!" The

troops stayed there however only a few days and marched south on the approach of General Carpenter. Altogether different were the experiences of Prince Charles Edward at Kelso in the '45; he met with no opposition it is true, and a number of the Jacobite gentry came forward and—made speeches, but that was all the support he gained, while many of the Highlanders—who entertained the strongest prejudice against crossing the Border, deserted in the two days spent there.

“I have drinking friends, but few fighting ones, in Kelso,” the Prince is reported to have said.

In the manse of the very ancient village of Ednam or Edenham (*Eden*, a gliding stream, and *ham*, a home or dwelling) James Thomson the poet was born on September 11, 1700, just prior to his father's removal to Southdean. An obelisk was raised to his memory in 1820 (on the Henderside estate) by a small club of ladies and gentlemen who had been in the habit of meeting at Ednam every year on September 11 for the purpose of keeping alive the poet's memory and of perfecting arrangements for a suitable monument in his honor; its work accomplished, this club held its last meeting in 1819.

Seven or eight miles southeast from Kelso and hard by the English Border is the town of Yetholm, especially associated with the gipsies who made their appearance in Scotland about the middle of the fifteenth century.

James IV. liked these people and used to have them about his court, but in James VI.'s reign they were styled a pack of thieves and vagabonds and expelled the country under penalty of death.

A certain number of gipsies seem always to have remained however, preserving their traditions and peculiar mode of life through many generations and always choosing their "king" from among the members of one family named Faa.

To-day the distinctive features of the race have well-nigh disappeared. They live in houses, intermarry with outsiders, and have abandoned their roving habits.

Jedburgh, the county town of Roxburghshire, is said to stand upon the precise centre of the British Islands, whatever prestige that circumstance may lend it. Jedburgh was the convenient and frequent meeting-place of the royalty of both kingdoms and the scene of many a court function. Here Alexander III.'s son Alexander was born, and here he himself married his second wife Yolande, Comtesse de Montfort, in October, 1285, when a figure representing death unexpectedly introduced itself among the dancers in the revels, presaging, as was believed, the King's sudden death only five months later. The royal Castle has utterly disappeared. When in 1400 the men of Teviotdale drove out the English who had held it for upwards of sixty years, it was thrown down as a matter of precaution and in accordance with Bruce's

“Testament,” the Regent Albany paying the cost of the work out of the royal treasury. The old county prison now occupies the site.

It was from Jedburgh that Queen Mary took the ride to Hermitage Castle that has been made the subject of so much controversy. Of this expedition and the illness that followed, an exceedingly interesting account is given by Mr. John Small, in a paper read in 1881 before the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. This paper is based mainly upon the facts as they appear in a contemporary MS. account, whose existence had previously been overlooked.

About the year 1820 Mr. Alexander Bower, acting librarian of the University of Edinburgh, carried off a package of MSS. belonging to the collection of books and papers given to the University by the poet William Drummond of Hawthornden, for the purpose of having them bound and catalogued; he dying suddenly of heart-disease the MSS. went to London, but were eventually returned by his son-in-law, Mr. Alfred Marshall, in 1875. Among them was a contemporary account of the illness of Queen Mary at Jedburgh and her (as she supposed) dying injunctions.

The troubled condition of the Debatable Land, or Border district beyond Jedburgh, had induced the Queen to announce in the autumn of 1566 that she would presently hold a “justice-air” or Circuit Court at Jedburgh, and the Earl of Bothwell as

Warden of the Marches was notified to capture and bring thither for trial as many as possible of the marauders who had been raiding in Liddesdale. In an effort to capture "Little Jock Elliot," one of the most notorious of this class, Bothwell was severely wounded; he had wounded Elliot and had then dismounted to seize him, but stumbled and fell to the ground so heavily that he fainted, perceiving which Elliot came back and struck him on the head, the body, and the hand, and escaped before the Earl's servants came up and carried their master to Hermitage Castle. Elliot himself died not a mile away on a hillside, of the wound given him by the Earl. Some prisoners already confined in the Castle had in the meantime broken loose and taken possession of it, and it was only by pledging them their liberty that the Earl's people were able to get their master and themselves in time to save his life. News of this mischance reached the Queen on her journey to Jedburgh, where she arrived on the 9th of October. The Circuit Court sat until the 14th, and two days later Mary took her famous ride to Hermitage Castle, about twenty-three miles distant as the crow flies, but, by the circuitous road she followed, upwards of thirty. At Hermitage, which then belonged to the crown, the Queen paid her visit to Bothwell, attended to some public business, and then returned to Jedburgh the same night. The next day she was seized with a severe illness,

brought on as those about her believed by worry and anxiety over her husband's behavior and by the over-exertion of her long ride. For eight or ten days her case was well-nigh desperate. In the account of Claude Naw, who later acted as her secretary, it is stated that at the crisis of her illness she was thought by those about her to be dead. "On the Friday her Majesty lost the power of speech and had a very severe fit of convulsions about ten or eleven o'clock at night. All her limbs were drawn together, her face was distorted, and her whole body became cold. Everyone present, especially her domestic servants, thought that she was dead, and they opened the windows. The Earl of Moray began to lay hands on the most precious articles, such as her silver plate and jewels. The mourning dresses were ordered and arrangements were made for the funeral." Her physician Arnault would not however abandon hope, and by resorting to heroic measures, *i. e.*, bandaging her toes, legs, and arms, and administering a stimulant, succeeded in eliciting signs of life. In the account of the Bishop of Ross he says that "Maister Naw [Arnault] quha is ane perfyt Man of his Craft," drew her knees, legs, arms, and feet "with sic vehement Tormentis, quhilkis lestit the space of three Houris, quhill hir Majestie recoverit agane hir sight and speeche, . . ." This was on the 25th, and by the 30th she was nearly well. Meanwhile Bothwell had been removed from Hermitage and was con-

valescing in a room below that occupied by the Queen. The house still stands, a little back from a quiet street (now called Queen Street) in Jedburgh. The present owner has replaced the thatched roof with one of red tiles as a matter of precaution against fire, and has made a few other alterations such as were necessary to fit it for modern occupancy. But in its principal features the house is the same; the thick walls, the turnpike stair, (spacious and handsome for that day) and that still little room from whose narrow window a glimpse is caught, now as then, of the square Abbey tower; while before the bust of the unhappy lady, daffodils nod sweetly. There is nothing to whisper of those "vehement Tormentis" which racked her beautiful limbs within these very walls, nor of those still more searching tortures to which her mind was subjected. The peace she often sighed for came at last, but there were many weary years to be travelled first. "Would God I had died at Jedburgh" was an aspiration she uttered more than once in the troubled years that followed.

Darnley meanwhile was frolicking about the country on a hunting expedition; he did come to Jedburgh once, but was dissatisfied with his reception and left again immediately. The unfortunate Mary does not seem to have won the affection of her Jedburgh subjects during this stay—though the failure was not from over-severity, for it is a noteworthy

fact that during the session of the Court not one execution is recorded—for when during the struggle between her own and her son's adherents that followed the battle of Langside, a herald attempted to make a proclamation in her name, he was hauled down from the Cross, made to eat the document, and birched. Another building occupied by an equally unfortunate member of her house is still standing in Jedburgh, its wide doorway opening on Blackwell's Close. This is the house in which Prince Charles Edward slept on his march southward.

The Abbey, for which the town is chiefly famous, was another of David I.'s foundations. He peopled it with French monks from Beauvais, to which circumstance it may be, was due the after fame won by the district for its apples, plums, and "Jedhart pears." After reading the history of this Abbey, placed so perilously near the Border, the wonder remains that one stone should be left upon another, so determined and recurrent were the burnings and pillagings it was subjected to by the English. Nevertheless in its present condition, cleared as it has been of its Reformation disfigurements by the interest of the Marquis of Lothian, it is a most lovely and wonderfully well-preserved ruin showing features of both the Norman and Early Gothic styles. The north transept was the burial-place of the Kers of Fernieherst, ancestors of the present house of Lothian.

Fernieherst stands on the east bank of the Jed, a mile or so below Jedburgh; the present building, dating from about the end of the sixteenth century, occupies the site of one put up by Thomas Ker some two hundred years earlier, which "stode marvelous strong within a grete wood." It was captured by the English under Lord Dacre in 1523 and held by them for over twenty years, during which period they roused such bitter hatred among the Scots of the district that when with the aid of the French it was retaken in 1549, the most horrid acts of barbarity were committed against the garrison. After they had killed all their own prisoners, the Scots bought in those of the French, eagerly giving in exchange anything they possessed, even to their armor. An account by a French officer, after telling how he got a small horse in return for a prisoner of his own, describes the savage and brutal tortures and death of the poor wretch and says that he "cannot greatly praise the Scots for this practice."

The legend of Fernieherst tells of a frail and lovely lady of the house who indulged a secret attachment for a stranger whom she used to meet in the adjoining forest. Before the birth of her child she had learned that the mysterious one was not an earthly lover; it was therefore determined to drown the infant in boiling oil, but although every arrangement had been made, the seething caldron, the waiting attendants—the Thing managed to escape up the

chimney, leaving only the *imprint of a claw* (still visible) on the chimney brace.

Almost opposite Fernieherst are the sparse remains of the first stronghold occupied by the Douglasses in the south of Scotland—Lyntalee—built by the Good Sir James when King Robert Bruce gave him a grant of the forest of Jedburgh. The forest was very real in those days; thick and well-nigh impenetrable, it was the best kind of outlying protection. No fewer than three attempted attacks of the English against the fortress were frustrated by reason of their bewilderment and helplessness when trying to make their way through it. The wreath of stakes added to the armorial bearings of the Douglasses in 1325 alludes to this protecting forest. Jedburgh has associations, some cheerful and humorous and one somewhat painful, with Scott. It was there that, arguing his first case in a criminal court, he succeeded in clearing his vagabond poacher client. The man received his congratulations complacently, agreed that he *was* “a lucky scoundrel,” and shamelessly promised to send his counsel a hare in the morning. Scott failed another time in the case of a burglar, but it was not for want of trying, and the man showed his gratitude by giving him two bits of professional advice: one was not to keep a watch-dog *without*, but “a little, tight, yelping terrier” *within*, the house; and the other was to eschew “gimcrack” locks in favor of large old-fashioned ones, especially if pro-

vided with a clumsy rusty key. Long years afterwards, when telling the story at a dinner, Scott wound up thus—

“Yelping terrier, rusty key,
Was Walter Scott’s best Jeddart fee.”

On March 31, 1831, the year before his death, he appeared at a meeting of the freeholders of Roxburgh at Jedburgh and made a speech against the Reform Bill; he was hissed and hooted at and was unable to finish. Notwithstanding this experience and against the earnest entreaties of his family he insisted some two weeks later upon attending the county election at the same place. Lockhart, who accompanied him, says that the town was crowded with mill-hands, most of them from Hawick, who filled the streets and amused themselves by insulting everyone who failed to show the reforming colors. Stones were thrown at their carriage and they were saluted with insults and groans. The tumult became so violent when the election was over (Henry Scott of Harden, the Tory candidate, was re-elected) that they were obliged to leave the town by some quiet back lanes and meet the carriage outside; they were exposed to a final shower of stones at the bridge.

Sir Walter in the slight notice he gives of these events in his diary says: “I left the borough in the midst of abuse and the gentle hint of ‘Burk Sir Walter.’” Possibly, reflecting that these people now attacking him were the very ones who had so often

cheered him to the echo, his mind may have reverted to those lines written by himself more than twenty years before.

“ Who o’er the herd would wish to reign,
 Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain !
 Vain as the leaf upon the stream
 And fickle as a changeful dream ;
 Fantastic as a woman’s mood,
 And fierce as Frenzy’s fevered blood.
 Thou many-headed monster thing,
 O who would wish to be thy king !”

At all events it was evident that the scene had made a more lasting and painful impression upon his mind than he had allowed to appear, for when lying semi-unconscious on his death-bed more than a year later, he was several times heard to murmur the words “Burk Sir Walter.”

A few days after at the election at Selkirk, where he was much better known, no affront was offered him. Hawick, which contributed the greater part of the agitators on these occasions, is the chief manufacturing town in the south of Scotland and a very modern and uninteresting-looking place, having been almost rebuilt in recent times. The building called the Tower Hotel is an exception, being a part of an ancient castle of the Douglasses, occupied later by Anne, Duchess of Monmouth and Buccleuch. The parish church of St. Mary’s, dating from 1214, has been twice completely restored ; in it is buried Walter, first Earl of Buccleuch. It was at Hawick

that Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie was seized by the Knight of Liddesdale, carried off to his Castle of Hermitage, and starved to death.

The old ceremony of "riding the Marches," *i. e.*, riding around the boundaries of the burgh property once a year in order to keep the limits well in mind, is still observed early in June. A "Cornet" with a flag copied from one taken from the English in 1514 and a mounted following do the riding, winding up with a modern rendering of a very old song recounting deeds of valor performed by Hawick men. Jeffreys says that one method of preserving the boundaries of a property fresh in the minds of the rising generation was to carry boys around and birch them at certain spots.

Goudielands, a tower of the Scots, stands on a hill close to the town and commands a magnificent view of the Border country. It was built by the Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch who was murdered by the Kers in 1552, twenty-six years after the fight at Melrose bridge,¹ when the blood-feud between the two houses had its origin. It was meant for a watch-tower for Branksholm, but being left to a natural son of Sir Walter, his descendants became the "Scotts of Goudielands." Branksholm was acquired by the Scotts early in the fifteenth century, when they abandoned their manor of Buccleuch in the south of Selkirkshire for it. Here lived "the bold Buccleuch,"

¹ See p. 247.

the famous keeper of Liddesdale, whose rescue of Kinmont Willie threatened the peace of the two kingdoms. Elizabeth was absolutely determined to get some redress for that affront, but it was not till eighteen months afterwards that Buccleuch, who had with Cessford audaciously raided into England just at the most acute stage of the negotiations, was delivered up. Elizabeth, who in her heart greatly admired the dash and daring of the Kinmont Willie exploit,¹ treated Buccleuch from the first with marked distinction. "How did you dare do such a thing?" she is reported to have said when the Scottish Lord was presented to her. "Madam," said he, "what is it that a man *dares* not do?" That was the sort of thing that went straight to the heart of the Queen. "With ten thousand such men," said she, turning to one of her Lords, "our brother in Scotland might shake the firmest throne of Europe." And Buccleuch was so fêted and honored from then on that King James began to fear for his loyalty, apprehending that he was becoming "too much Englified."

It is soon after the murder of the head of the house in 1552 that the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" opens:

"Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branksome Hall;
Nine-and-twenty squires of name
Brought them their steeds to bower from stall;
Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall
Waited duteous on them all:

¹ See page 307.

They were all knights of mettle true,
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

* * * *

Such is the custom of Branksome Hall.
Many a valiant knight is here;
But he, the chieftain of them all,
His sword hangs rusting on the wall
Beside his broken spear.
Bards long shall tell
How Lord Walter fell!
When startled burghers fled afar
The furies of the Border war,
When the streets of High Dunedin
Saw lances gleam and falchions redden,
And heard the slogan's deadly yell,—
Then the Chief of Branksome fell."

The old Castle was blown up with gunpowder by the Earl of Sussex in 1570; a new one was erected on the site by Sir Walter Scott and his wife, Lady Margaret Douglas. Of this only the square tower called Nebsy is standing, with a modern building tacked on to it.

Harden Castle, the ancient tower of "Auld Wat" of the Scott family, has already been alluded to. It stands about four miles west of Hawick and is still in the family, being the property of Lord Polwarth, the present head of the Clan Scott. At one time Scott thought of restoring this ancient stronghold of his race and occupying it himself, but gave the idea up as impracticable on account of its inconvenient situation.

Liddesdale, that much-contested district of the Border, forms the wedge-like termination of Roxburghshire, running a little into Dumfriesshire. At the peace of Northampton (1328) it was agreed that certain of the Scottish barons who had gone over to the English should be allowed to retain their possessions. Among the nobles thus exempted was Thomas, Lord Wake, who claimed Liddesdale as his property ; and the refusal of Sir Andrew Moray, acting as Regent for the infant son of King Robert Bruce, to admit this claim plunged the district into a long period of Border warfare. The most notable of its fortresses or peel towers is that Castle of Hermitage where the Queen visited Bothwell, as already narrated. It is said to have been built by Lord William Soulis (about the year 1244) who then owned all of Liddesdale. His reputation for brutality was so great even in that rough age that he was believed not to be human. The people on his estates, groaning under his unbearable cruelty and exactions, were forever sending up petitions against him until at last one day, tired out with the never-ending complaints, the King exclaimed, "Oh, boil him if you want to, but let me hear no more of him." It was a literal age, and the advice thus given was cheerfully followed. The Lord of Soulis, wrapped in a sheet of lead, was carried by his own people to a spot called the Ninestane Rig, about a mile from the Castle, and boiled in a huge caldron (long preserved at Skelfhill) on the spot

Hermitage Castle, Liddesdale, South Side



now marked by a circle of stones. Such at any rate is the agreeable tradition.

Hermitage ranks as the best existing example of a Border fortress in Scotland, and its remote position in the midst of a stretch of desolate country on the edge of a deep morass bears out the grim character of the tales associated with it—tales of the vassals of the Lord of Soulis “working like beasts of burden” to fortify the Castle, and the gallant Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie lying in its peculiarly horrible dungeon warding off starvation for seventeen days with the grains of corn that occasionally dropped through a crevice in the roof from a granary above. The Soulis family forfeited their estates in 1320, and Hermitage went to the Grahams, and then, by the marriage of Mary Graham to the Knight of Liddesdale, to the Douglasses. In 1492 Patrick Hepburn, first Earl of Bothwell, exchanged Bothwell Castle on the Clyde for Hermitage and Liddesdale. On the forfeiture of Francis Stewart, last Earl of Bothwell, Hermitage went by grant to the Earl of Buccleuch, and is still owned by his descendants.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BORDER COUNTIES.—CONTINUED.

SELKIRK AND PEEBLES.

BUCCLEUCH CASTLE, which gives its territorial name to one of the most famous of the Scottish peerages, was even in its palmiest days no lordly residence, but a rough peel tower standing at the junction of the Rankle Burn and a smaller stream in a remote valley of Selkirkshire.

According to a fanciful tale of Walter Scott of Satchells, Kenneth III., hunting one day in the vale of Rankleburn, in consideration of the prowess shown by a young Galwegian of the company, declared that he should no longer be called "Galloway John," but John Scot,

"And for the buck thou stoutly brought
To us up that steep heugh,
Thy designation ever shall
Be John Scot in Bucksleugh."

A modern writer however holds that the common spelling of the name up to the middle of the seventeenth century (when it appears as *Balcleuch*, *Balcleugh*, etc.) quashes this tradition and suggests the prosaic explanation that, as there was undoubtedly

a village in the cleugh in ancient times, and as *Bal* is the Celtic word for a hamlet, it no doubt meant simply the village in the ravine. Since 1415 to our own day the lands of Rankleburn or Buccleuch have been in the family of Scott, but of the ancient tower no vestige remains.

Buccleuch was abandoned by its lairds after the Earl of Hertford's raid in 1544, and it is there as to a place of banishment that in the "Lay" the Lady of Branhholm dismisses her supposed son, who had so unaccountably betrayed a spirit of cowardice.

"Hence with the weakling to Buccleuch !
Wat Tinlinn, thou shalt be his guide
To Rankleburn's lonely side."

Thirlestane Castle, standing near Ettrick Water, was another stronghold of the Scotts ; its owner in the early half of the sixteenth century, one John Scott, responds to the summons to appear at Branhholm in the poem, and he was probably a descendant of Walter Scott of Buccleuch. Thirlestane is called from an ancient mill on the river, to whose "stane" the neighboring tenants were "thirled," *i. e.*, bound, to bring their grain for grinding. There is an old document, probably a copy of the original warrant of James V., accounting for the fleur-de-lys and lances in the coat-of-arms of the Thirlestane Scotts and for their stirring motto, "Ready, aye ready."

The warrant (confirmed in 1700 by King William III.) states that in recognition of the fact that John

Scott of Thirlstane was "willing to gang with us into England, when all our nobles and others refused, he was ready to stake all at our bidding," there should be granted to him "ane border of fleur de lises about his coatte of armor, sic as is on our royal banner; and alsua ane bundell of launces above his helmet, with thir words, Readdy, ay Ready. . . ."

Scott of Thirlestane was one of those who assisted his relative of Buccleuch in the rescue of Kinmont Willie, and when Buccleuch was at length given up to Elizabeth he went to London with him.

The ancient ballad of "The Dowie Dens of Yar-row" refers to an incident in the feud between the Scotts of Thirlestane and their relatives, the Scotts of Tushielaw, though the facts as given in the poem have never been quite reconciled with those of history.

About the close of the seventeenth century the heir of Thirlestane inherited the peerage of Napier and took that name (see page 294). Thirlestane Tower was burned in 1544 by the Earl of Hertford; its ruins may be seen quite close to Lord Napier's modern house. Only a few miles away are the still imposing remains of Tushielaw Castle—imposing that is for what they suggest of size and massive strength, for the walls are now almost level with the ground. The upper portions fell as late as the beginning of the nineteenth century "with a crash," says Hogg, "that alarmed the whole neigh-

borhood." Of Tushielaw it has been said that it had "a more evil name for mischief than any peel in Selkirkshire." The estate was a part of the Douglas lands, and on the forfeiture of that family passed to the crown; it was granted by James IV. in 1507 to one Adam Scott, with permission to build a tower, an unwise concession it would appear, as for upwards of twenty years the laird of Tushielaw was a very pest and scourge to the entire district, winning from his oppressed neighbors the ambiguous titles of "King of the Border" and "King of Thieves." But justice in those days, though by no means sure, was sometimes very sudden. The King wearied at length by the unending, reiterated complaints of Tushielaw's lawlessness, cruelty, injustice, and what not, mounted and rode into Ettrick one spring day; the hoary sinner, taken unawares, made such resistance as he could, but it was of no use, the royal force was too powerful, and the brief and concise statement dated May 11 [1530] that he was "convicted of art and part of theftuously taking black-maill" from a number of persons, winds up with the single word "Beheaded." It is a young heir of Tushielaw who figures in Scott's and Campbell's ballads, "The Maid of Needpath," and the Castle is also commemorated by Hogg (in the "Queen's Wake") and by Charles Gibbon in "The Braes of Yarrow."

About four miles below Tushielaw there is a stone inserted in the wall of the highroad on which are cut

the letters J. H. It was once the hearthstone of that small "clay biggin" in which James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was born in 1770. His father, a farmer, met with reverses a few years later, so that from the age of five or six the boy had a hard struggle with poverty. When still very young he was put out to service, and had so little schooling that at seventeen he could barely write, and only read with difficulty. It was through the kindness of Mr. Laidlaw, on whose farm of Blackhouse in Yarrow he was employed as shepherd for ten years, that he got his first ready access to books, and then the hunger for authorship was aroused in him. His master's son William (the author of "Lucy's Flittin'") became his devoted friend, and on the occasion of a visit made to Blackhouse by Scott in the summer of 1801 or 1802, Laidlaw offered to take him to see this brother enthusiast in Border minstrelsy. Hogg at this time was helping his father in the management of the home-farm at Ettrickhouse. As the visitors approached the field where he was at work, a friendly messenger hurried ahead to warn him of the honor. "I'm thinking it's the Shirra," said the herald, "an' some o' his gang." Hogg started off in hot haste to get into his Sunday best, but fortunately was prevented by meeting the guests on the road. "Scott," says Lockhart in his account of the incident, "found a brother poet, a true son of nature and genius, hardly conscious of his powers." The three proceeded to the

cottage where Hogg's mother, famed in the district for her knowledge of old songs, repeated to them the ballad of *Old Maitland*. Hogg writes that Scott was greatly delighted and asked the old lady if it had ever been printed. "O na, na, sir," was the answer. "There war never ane o' my sangs prentit till ye prentit them yoursel', an' ye hae spoilt them awthegither. They were made for singing an' no for reading; but ye hae broken the charm now, an' they'll never be sung mair. An' the worst thing of a', they're noutherright spell'd nor right setten down." On hearing the laugh which this raised she added, giving Scott a slap on the knee, "ye'll find, however, that it is a' true that I'm tellin' ye." And the Shepherd adds that it was indeed too true, "for from that day to this these songs, which were the amusement of every winter evening, have never been sung more."

The publication of "The Mountain Bard" was so successful financially that Hogg cleared quite a little capital, but lost it all (as he had the former savings of ten years when he worked as a shepherd) in sheep-farming, and moreover got himself so deeply into debt that to the end of his life he was never quite free from pecuniary troubles. The "Queen's Wake," his best piece of work, which appeared in 1813, set him on his feet and made him famous. Byron, Wordsworth, Southey, De Quincey, Wilson, were numbered among his intimate friends and correspondents, while, though severely tried at times,

Scott's kindly interest in and friendship for him were never allowed to die out. When Wordsworth visited the district in 1814 he was met at Traquair by Hogg and guided by him on a tour through the shire, a circumstance he commemorated in a poem written on receiving the news of Hogg's death.

“When first, descending from the moorlands,
I saw the stream of Yarrow glide
Along a fair and open valley,
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.”

Hogg was made comparatively comfortable by the kindness of the Duke of Buccleuch, who leased him the farm of Altrieve at a nominal rent, or rather for no rent at all. Unfortunately however, when in 1820 his marriage to Miss Margaret Phillips of An-nandale was arranged, he conceived this farm to be too modest for his new estate, and by leasing the neighboring one of Mount Benger and launching into sheep-raising he once more plunged himself deeply into debt.

The last years of his life were spent at Altrieve, and it was from there that he went up to London in January, 1832, being courted and lionized during the three months he spent there, to an extent sufficient to turn a much steadier head than his. To his credit though be it said, the highly seasoned life of cities seems at no time to have spoiled his taste for his own wild solitudes, and his simplicity is shown by the fact that he declined an invitation to accompany Scott to

London to witness the coronation of George IV. rather than miss the fair at St. Boswells!

His death occurred at Altrieve on the 21st of November, 1835, and he was buried in the Kirkyard of Ettrick.

“Many a sorrowing friend was there,” writes Dr. Russell, the minister of Yarrow, “many a shepherd in his grey plaid; and one was there, besides his only son, who might be called chief mourner, for he loved him with the affection of a brother. Who that was present could forget the noble form of John Wilson—a model for a sculptor—as he stood at the top of the grave, his cloak wrapped around him, his head uncovered, his long auburn hair streaming in the wind, while tears flowed down his manly face?” Twenty-five years later the monument which Wilson had predicted would one day be raised to Hogg in his native county was put up on a green level at the side of the beautiful St. Mary’s Loch; seated on the root of an oak tree, wrapped in his plaid and with his dog Hector at his feet, the Shepherd rests one hand upon his staff, and in the other holds a scroll with a quotation from the “Queen’s Wake”—“He taught the wandering winds to sing. . . .” Close to the Shepherd’s grave in Ettrick Kirkyard is that of “Tibbie Shiels”—Mrs. Richardson, who gave her maiden name to the snug hostelry likened so prettily by Wilson in one of the *Noctes* to a wren’s nest. “Tibbie Shiels’s” or St. Mary’s cottage stood, and

though much modified stands to-day, on the causeway between St. Mary's and the Loch of the Lowes, not far from the Shepherd's monument. It was the scene of many a gay carouse of Hogg and Wilson with their friends, becoming in fact so widely known through them as to lose its character of primitive simplicity. Mrs. Richardson—"Tibbie"—outlived her friend for forty-three years, and liked to talk of him to the visitors whom his fame chiefly attracted to the spot. "For a' the nonsense that he wrait, Hogg was a gey sensible man—in some things" was her rather qualified meed of praise.

Still another, whose grave lies in the quiet Ettrick Kirkyard, must be mentioned—Thomas Boston, for twenty-five years minister of Ettrick, and who by the zeal he bore his flock earned for himself the title of the Ettrick Shepherd long before he to whom it is now applied was born. Hard, dogmatic, and uncharitable as the character of Boston appears in the light of a more tolerant age, he seems not only to have been respected but beloved in the wild and remote region where he labored so faithfully, and his success is shown by the fact that the number of communicants increased by more than seven hundred during his pastorate. His first publication, "The Fourfold State of Man," appeared in 1721 and achieved a success only possible in a country to whose people doctrinal discussion was as the breath of their nostrils, and it adds a realizing touch to our sense of

St. Mary's Loch



the hardships of Scottish peasant-life to be told that this unspeakable book found its way into "almost every cottage in Scotland." The author died on May 20, 1732, at the age of fifty-six, worn out by his labors and sorrows; six of his ten children had died in infancy, his wife to whom he was tenderly attached had for many years been a suffering invalid, and the state of his own health had for long rendered life a well-nigh insupportable burden. His spirit held out gallantly however to the very last, and it is told of him that when he became so wasted that it was no longer possible for him to conduct the services in the church—even when seated—he continued to preach from an open window of his manse to a congregation who stood patiently listening without.

North of St. Mary's Loch on Dryhope Burn stands the still formidable-looking ruined tower of that name, the home which Marion Scott, the Flower of Yarrow, left to be the bride of Walter Scott ("Auld Wat") of Harden. The marriage contract is dated March 21, 1576. Sixteen years later Scott of Goudilands is ordered to demolish both Dryhope and Harden, their lairds having been accused of conspiracy against the King at Falkland. Dryhope is now included in the Buccleuch estates.

Two or three miles from Dryhope, on the Douglas Burn, stands Blackhouse Tower, which Scott identifies as the scene of what is known as "The Douglas Tragedy." In the poem a knight called Lord Will-

iam, having carried off his true love "Lady Marg'ret" Douglas, is pursued down the steep, rough glen by her father and seven brothers. Throwing his bridle to the lady, he makes a stand and succeeds in killing all eight of the pursuers. Lady Marg'ret overtaken by tardy repentance calls to him to hold his hand, as

"True lovers I can get many a ane,
But a father I can never get mair."

Finding it is too late however she concludes to go on with her lover, but when they reach the burn and "light down to tak a drink" she discovers that he too has received his death-wound; they succeed in reaching his mother's house, but before morning both are dead. The "seven" stones on the hillside that are pointed out as marking the spot where the seven brothers lost their lives, in reality number eleven; tradition might therefore have well allowed one to the father too. Professor Veitch points out that they are of much greater age than the ballad or the story it commemorates, and evidently belong to one of the stone circles common in the district. Nor can Mr. Craig-Brown, the latest historian of Selkirkshire, refrain from wondering a little how such a lusty family—Lord and Lady Douglas, the bride, another daughter and seven sons, with the retainers—contrived to stow themselves away in a tower with walls $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick whose outside measurement is 32 by 25 feet! He adds that to his mind Douglas Crag, a

tower that stood north of the Yarrow and east of Douglas Burn and which was destroyed by James II. in 1450, is much more likely to have been the scene of the tragedy.

Blackhouse was the early home of William Laidlaw, the author of "Lucy's Flittin'," who later lived as land-steward at Abbotsford, and it was there that Hogg passed ten years of his life, as already mentioned.

Deloraine, the estate of William of that name in the "Lay," is on Ettrick Water some miles north of Tushielaw.

It is only since the publication of the "Lay" that the formerly uniform pronunciation of Delorne has been sometimes altered in the neighborhood to that required by the metre of the poem. It belonged to the lands of Buccleuch in the time of Anne, Duchess of Monmouth, whose third son took his title from it. The last Earl of Deloraine died in 1807.

Oakwood Tower, the best preserved peel in the Forest, was another stronghold of the Clan Scott and a part of the Harden estate. It was built by Robert Scott in 1602, as recorded over a window on the east side. Hence, the tradition of its having been occupied by Michael Scott the Wizard, who died about the year 1300, is hardly tenable; he has evidently been confused with another, a sixteenth-century Michael Scott. It is of Sir William Scott, son of Auld Wat and the

Flower of Yarrow, that is told the story of the marriage with "Meikle-mouthed Meg." Sir William, famed for his handsome person, had been seized by Sir William Murray of Elibank on the Tweed while in the act of raiding on the latter's lands, and was given his choice whether he would be hung from a neighboring oak-bough or marry the ill-favored daughter of the house. It was not till the noose was about his neck that he could bring himself to choose the latter alternative. The marriage is said to have turned out exceedingly well.

Carterhaugh, lying a couple of miles to the southwest of Selkirk, is where the scene of the ancient ballad of Tamlane is laid, the spot where the lovers met and where Janet won Tamlane back from the fairies. It was at Carterhaugh that the famous game of ball was played in 1815 between the shepherds of Yarrow wearing the heather and the "souters" or townsmen of Selkirk wearing twigs of pine. Sir Walter Scott took the liveliest interest in getting up the contest. A party of distinguished persons came to witness it, and the banner of Buccleuch which had not been unfurled for nearly two hundred years was borne around the field at the opening of the game by Sir Walter's son. Unfortunately the Selkirk men thought they were not fairly treated, and the game which began with so much enthusiasm and mirth, resulted in a deep and prolonged ill-feeling between the souters and the shepherds, which all Sir Walter's

efforts combined with his great popularity could not quite allay.

Although of very ancient origin, the neighboring town of Selkirk has preserved none of its old buildings: Castle and monastery alike have utterly disappeared. Philiphaugh on the outskirts of the town was the stronghold of the outlaw Murray, the hero of a ballad which under various versions has for generations maintained its popularity in the shire. John Murray, eighth laird of Philiphaugh, is supposed to be the "outlaw" and James IV. the "nobil King." Before coming into the hands of the Murrays in 1461 Philiphaugh was the property of the Clan Turnbull, whose founder fell at Halidon Hill in 1333. From Archibald de Moravia, who flourished in the fourteenth century, to the present baronet, who has however recently sold the property, the direct male succession of the Murrays is unbroken, but most of the large possessions of the family were lost by Sir John Murray, the laird from 1735 to 1802; an intimate friend of "Old Q." he shared his horse-racing proclivities and other extravagant tastes. The old mansion stood on a site occupied now by a modern villa, close to the spot where Montrose stationed his artillery in 1645.

Montrose had brought his Highlanders south on the strength of the false assurances of support held out by the Lords Roxburgh, Traquair, and Home, and Charles's no less unreliable promise of

reinforcements from England; disappointed by all these pledged allies and with a force greatly weakened by desertions he reached Selkirk on September 12; here early on the following morning he was attacked by a powerful body of trained soldiers under the skilful generalship of David Leslie. The result was not long left uncertain, and when the day was seen to be irretrievably lost Montrose surrounded by his staff cut his way through the enemy's force and escaped across Minchmoor Hill. Among this little band were Lord Napier, and his son the Master of Napier; fifty-four years later this ancient peerage passed, with the marriage of the "Mistress of Napier"¹ to Sir William Scott, second Baronet of Thirlestane, into the Covenanting family of the Thirlestane Scotts, whose representative fought with Leslie at Philiphaugh.

The first halt made by Montrose was at Traquair House, standing in Peeblesshire a little south of the Tweed. Lord Traquair had been one of those whose loud professions had induced the ill-judged march to the south, but his son Lord Linton had deserted with his troop of horse on the eve of the battle. Montrose demanded to see these champions, but was

¹ The eldest son of a Scots peer bears the title "Master" unless he can claim a higher one; thus the eldest son of Lord Napier is "Master of Napier." The title "Mistress"—of Napier—is not given to the Master's wife, but only to the daughter and heiress of the peer when there is no heir male.

assured they were both away. It is told that Lord Traquair's own daughter could not refrain from uttering a rebuke on hearing the Earl a little later offer his congratulations to the Covenanters on their victory; and well she might, for not only did he owe his fortune and his titles to the generosity of the King, but he (a Stewart himself) had hitherto professed most ardent loyalty for the royal cause. He met the usual fate of those who try to bestride the fence, and passed the closing years of his life in great wretchedness, neglected by his son Lord Linton, who seems to have inherited the amiable characteristics of his father and added to them those of drunkenness and profanity. After marrying two Roman Catholic wives, Lord Linton is said to have died in "deep penitence and a sincere member of the Church of Rome."

The male line and peerage of this family expired with the death of the eighth Earl in 1861. They were descended from James Stewart, Earl of Buchan, who bought the Traquair estate in 1478 from William Rogers, one of James III.'s favorites. The original peel tower was added to from time to time, notably by the first Earl. It is now the property of the Maxwells of Nithsdale, who have assumed the name of Stuart.

Innerleithen, a village on Leithen Water, a mile or so north of Traquair, gained notoriety in 1824 from a widely circulated report that the St. Ronan's Well

of the novel was the identical spa that, until not very many years before, had trickled unnoticed down the side of the Lee Pen above the river.

There is a saying that

“Annan, Tweed, and Clyde,
Rise a’ out o’ ae hillside.”

They do not quite do that; but they rise out of different sides of “ae” hill, which is quite near enough to serve the purpose of a popular rhyme. This notable hill is in the southernmost extremity of Peeblesshire, and the Tweed flows in a northeasterly and easterly direction through the whole county, which indeed has the alternative name of Tweeddale—a name that suggests mingled pictures of the pleasant pastoral country of to-day, and the stirring Border-life of the past. All up the vale of Tweed are to be found traces—often traces only—of those ancient towers which, with their use, their history, and their owners, have so completely passed away. But so carefully were they placed, so thorough and methodical was the system of intercommunication between them, that a beacon lighted at nightfall at the southern extremity of Berwickshire would meet its answering flame from the keeps of four counties before day. The Border keep, says Prof. Veitch, not only bears the name of peel, but usually occupies a spot close to the *pill*—a fossed and mounded stronghold or fortress—of the Cymri, the earlier holders of the soil.

The Castle of Peebles, once a powerful fortalice

of this type, has entirely gone, the parish church occupying the site. Almost the only historic building Peebles now possesses stands on the High Street; it was formerly the town residence of the Earl of March, son of William, first Duke of Queensberry, and was presented to the town to be used as a library and museum, by Mr. William Chambers, who, as well as his brother Robert, was a native of Peebles. West of the town are the ruins of two ancient churches—St. Andrews, founded in 1195 by Bishop Jocelyn of Glasgow, and the Cross Church founded in 1261 and used as a place of worship up to 1784; it is the burial-place of the Hay family.

To this family Neidpath Castle (still further to the west) belonged from early in the fourteenth century to near the close of the eighteenth century. The early tower was battered down in 1650 by Cromwell, but the two massive towers built by Lord Yester, second Earl of Tweeddale, withstood the siege; they form the present Castle. About forty years later the Duke of Queensberry bought the entire Tweeddale estate; and it was the fourth Duke, "Old Q.," who by cutting down the fine timber and otherwise playing havoc with the property, got for himself such an unenviable reputation. To him Wordsworth addressed the oft-quoted sonnet beginning: "Degenerate Douglas! oh the unworthy Lord!" Having no children, he doubtless felt that he could do what he liked with his own. But one wonders wherein lay

the enjoyment of destroying such a property as Neidpath. A want of ready money probably led to the cutting down of the timber, but he certainly could not have felt the actual pinch of poverty, for although he was wildly extravagant he left an estate valued at a million pounds sterling. Neidpath was inherited by the Earl of Wemyss.

It was in an apartment over the now ruined gateway that the maid of Neidpath watched for the return of her lover, the young laird of Tushielaw, whom her father, the haughty Earl of March, deemed an unsuitable match for her. The young man was sent abroad, but the maiden pined so visibly that at last her father could stand it no longer,

“ Earl March looked on his dying child,
And smit with grief to view her—
‘The youth,’ he cried, ‘whom I exiled,
Shall be restored to woo her.’ ”

But she had wasted away to such an extent that when her lover at last came riding up to the Castle gate he failed to recognize her altered form; the shock proved her death-blow, and the ballad closes with

“ ‘ And am I then forgot—forgot !’
It broke the heart of Ellen.”

The old custom practised by the Britons of lighting fires on the hilltops in honor of the sun-god Baal was turned by the churchmen (according to their usual policy of diverting without attempting to eradicate

Neidpath Castle



deeply rooted local customs) into a sort of spring holiday—the third of May, called Beltane. This was always kept at Peebles with all manner of rural sports, and has been commemorated in the very ancient poem of “Peebles to the Play,” usually attributed to James I.

The cottage built and occupied by the original of Scott’s Elshender the Recluse in the “Black Dwarf” is on the Woodhouse property some miles above Peebles. Scott visiting him in 1797 was so affected by the dwarf locking him in the cottage, and then telling him in sepulchral tones that a great black cat which sat glowering at them from a shelf had “poo’er” (*i. e.*, magical gifts), that when they got away his companion, Sir Adam Ferguson, found that he had turned deathly white and was shaking in every limb! “Bowed Davie,” the name the dwarf went by, lies buried in the neighboring churchyard of Manor. Not far from here is the picturesque Tower of the Burnetts of Barns, whose laird at the close of the sixteenth century was the renowned “Howlet,” or Owl, famed for his gigantic strength and given his sobriquet in graceful acknowledgment of his peculiar gift for conducting midnight forays.

Still further along and on the left bank of the Tweed is Stobo Castle, built in 1805–11 by James Montgomery, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Scotland. His marriage with the heiress of Kinross brought that estate with Lochleven into the

family. The curious old church of Stobo adjoining the village was badly defaced and mutilated at the time of the Reformation, but has been restored by the Montgomery family.

In Drummelzier, the southernmost parish but one in the county, are the ruins of the renowned Castle of that name, the hold of the chief of the Clan Tweedie, whose blood-feud with the Veitches of Dawyck, their neighbors on the northeast, kept the district in a state of turmoil through several generations. William Veitch, laird of Dawyck at the close of the sixteenth century, who went by the name of "The Deil," had for his friend and ally "The Howlet" of Barns. The crisis of the feud was reached with the peculiarly cowardly murder of the heir of Dawyck, Patrick Veitch, a mere youth, who was waylaid, when riding quite alone through a narrow defile close to Neidpath Castle, by six Tweedies and three of their friends—nine to one. They "with swords and pistolettes, cruellie and unmercifullie slew him, upon set purpose, auld feid and forethought."

Other murders resulting from this, James VI. issued a proclamation in 1611 directing the Lords of the Privy Council to take such action as might be needful to stop the feud, quaintly stating that in his judgment the two families should be willing to sink their differences because "the Wrongs and Mischiefs done by either of them, as We understand,

to others, being in such a Proportion of a Compensation as neither Party can either boast of advantage, or otherways think himself too much behind."

Besides the ruins of Drummelzier Castle, there are on the estate the remains of Tinnies Castle, occupying the summit of a lofty conical hill. In this parish is the reputed grave of Merlin, near the junction of Powsail Burn with the Tweed. The prophecy that

"When Tweed and Pausayl meet at Merlin's grave,
Scotland and England shall one monarch have."

is supposed to have been verified by a flood which caused the river to overflow its banks and mingle its waters with those of the Powsail on the day of James VI.'s coronation as King of England (1603).

More than a mile up the river and on the opposite side stands Newark; first a royal castle, then owned by the Douglasses, it reverted to the crown on the forfeiture of that family in 1452. In the first half of the sixteenth century it passed to the Scotts of Buccleuch, who have held it ever since. The scene of many actual events in stirring Border history, and the abode at times of such imagination-moving personages as the second, third, and fourth Jameses, "Wicked Wat," and the "Bold Buccleuch," it is safe to say that not one visitor to Newark in the course of the past eighty years has failed to pay to Scott the involuntary tribute of picturing it rather as the

spot where Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch, hospitably received the Last Minstrel; though as a fact the family had removed from Newark some fifty years before the time of the "Lay," and she was probably never actually there.

A mile below Newark and lying between the Yarrow and the Ettrick is Bowhill, a modern house of the Buccleuchs, where Scott used to go from Ashiestiel to visit the Duchess and where he schemed out his first great poem, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

Hangingshaw, a Tower of the Murrays, about a mile up the Yarrow from Newark, was famed for the richness and splendor of its interior fittings. It was burned with almost everything in it sometime before 1770, during the term of that Laird of Philiphaugh whose genial tastes dissipated most of the family possessions. The loss of Hangingshaw however was a piece of pure ill-luck, a servant having started the fire by pushing a bucket of live cinders under a bed! At the sound of the alarum rung from Yarrow kirk, the neighbors turned out to the assistance of the unfortunate laird, and did what they could to stay the flames, but with little success. For long after, the ruins were haunted by an old woman formerly employed by the family, who used to chant a sort of dirge over their fallen fortunes. The Castle was said to be the hold of the Outlaw Murray. "In Ettricke Forest, where dwelleth he."

Hangingshaw was bought by the Johnstons after the fire, and has since remained in that family. Elibank was the Tower of the Murrays of Elibank—and the home of “Meikle-mouthed Meg.” The young lady upon whom (without it would seem a shred of proof) this title has been tacked, was named Agnes and was the daughter of Sir Gideon Murray, the favorite whose glove James VI., delighting to honor him, picked up and handed to him with a pompous and labored compliment. Elibank gave his title to Sir Gideon’s son Patrick, who was ennobled by Charles I., and who was one of the six peers who voted against the surrender of the King to the Parliament.

Hogg passed eighteen months at Elibank in the employ of Mr. Laidlaw. The ruins of the Tower are still to be seen on a hillside overlooking the Tweed and close to the Peebles boundary-line.

Selkirk’s pre-eminence however lies in none of these things that have been mentioned, but rather in the fact that the river that bears for its name what is “probably the most rhymed word in the English language,” runs almost through its entire breadth. The Yarrow Water, taking its rise close to the Dumfries border, flows through St. Mary’s Loch from end to end and joins the Ettrick Water not far west from Selkirk town. Every year is said to add “its hundred verses of more or less beauty, ending in the magic dissyllable.” And indeed from Dunbar

to Andrew Lang, no poet seems able to come within sound of its waters and not fly to verse. None of these productions are more famous as perhaps none are more lovely than Wordsworth's three, for so potent apparently is the charm that even *unvisited*, Yarrow acts as an inspiration. While a much more recent poet sings of the crowding associations which the mere sound of its rippling is sure to arouse.

“Oh Yarrow! garlanded with rhyme!
That clothes thee in a mournful glory,
Though sunsets of an elder time
Had never crowned thee with a story,

“Still would I wander by thy stream,
Still listen to the lonely singing
That gives me back the golden dream
Through which old echoes yet are ringing.”

CHAPTER VIII.

DUMFRIES.

THE territory now called Dumfriesshire formed, after the Roman occupation, a part of the kingdom of Cumbria or Strathclyde. Ceded in 945 to Malcolm I., King of the Scots, it was made into a county under William the Lion (1165-1214).

It is described as a "coast and Border county in the south of Scotland," though its coast-line consists of a stretch of some twenty miles along the Solway Firth, and the extent of its contact with Cumberland is rather less. However a Border county it is, and it counted as a most important one in the old days, for the ford across the Esk, just above the Solway, was the favorite crossing-point both for English and Scottish raiders during that long period when Border forays formed the never-ending theme of mutual complaint between the two countries.

The tract lying between the Sark and the Esk as far as the junction of the latter with the Liddel was from the days of Robert Bruce regarded as a sort of neutral ground, and was called "Batabel or threip lands"—the Debatable Lands. In 1552 it was divided by treaty, a series of stone pillars marking

the boundary-line. So unsettled was all this part of the country that even families of respectable standing, despairing of making a living out of the soil when the fruits of months of toil, as well as their tools, stock, and their very houses, were liable to disappear in a single night, were driven almost, by circumstances, into the more lucrative and far more exciting life of Border raiding. The "thieves of Liddesdale and the outlaws of Levin," they are frankly termed in documents of the times, but nevertheless more than one name so classed is well and honorably known in Scottish annals. Perhaps the most powerful of these freebooting families was that of Armstrong, which in the sixteenth century could muster as many as three thousand armed horsemen. More than one stirring Border ballad commemorates the adventures of some member of this family. Johnnie Armstrong, for instance, "sumtime called Laird of Gilnockie," whose strong tower (Langholm Castle) stood on the church-lands of Canonbie¹ on the banks of the Esk. He was very shabbily betrayed in 1530 by James V. Relying on the royal safeguard he rode into the camp at Hawick with a following of but twenty-four men. The whole party was seized and hanged on the trees of Carlanrig

¹ The Priory of Canonbie was founded in the time of David I., and with its church was destroyed by the English after the battle of Solway Moss in 1542. The only part of the ancient building that remains is the sedilia, probably of thirteenth-century work, set up in the churchyard.

chapel on the Langholm road, all of which is set forth in the ballad of "Johnnie Armstrong."

The very spirited ballad of Kinmont Willie tells of the dashing exploit by which Willie Armstrong of Kinmont was rescued from Carlisle Castle.

It was towards the close of the sixteenth century when Sir Walter Scott of Branxholm in Roxburgh, laird of Buccleuch and ancestor of *the* Sir Walter, was Warden of Liddesdale; and Lord Scrope was English Warden of the West Marches. A day of truce had been appointed to allow the respective deputies of the two countries to meet and discuss certain matters in dispute. The conference over, William Armstrong, a notorious thief and Border raider, accompanied the Scots deputy for a short distance and then rode on quite alone along the north bank of the Liddel, which at this point forms the boundary-line. A band of the English, perceiving their enemy thus unprotected, thought the opportunity too good to lose, and in defiance of the truce, pursued, captured, and carried him off to Lord Scrope, who clapped him into Carlisle Castle.

The Laird of Buccleuch, after trying to get his release by representations to both governments, at last undertook it himself, and with a force put at forty in the ballad, and at two hundred in another account, succeeded in the marvellously daring feat of gaining entrance to Carlisle Castle and carrying off the prisoner, with his iron fetters still on, across

the Eden and the swollen waters of Esk, safe into Scotland. No wonder that Lord Scrope is described in the closing stanza as standing amazed on the bank soliloquizing.

“ All sore astounded stood Lord Scrope,
 He stood as still as rock of stane ;
 He scarcely dared to trew his eyes
 When thro’ the water they had gane.
 ‘ He is either himsell a devil frae hell,
 Or else his mother a witch maun be ;
 I wadna have ridden that wan water
 For a’ the gowd in Christentie.’ ”

To the east of the usual route across the Debatable Lands, and before the river Sark is reached, lies the scene of the ill-planned, ill-commanded battle of Solway Moss, lost in 1542 by the Scots, over whom James V. had arbitrarily placed Oliver St. Clair, one of the gentlemen of his household. They were surprised and scattered by a small force of English while floundering across the Solway Moss. James, who (for some unexplained reason) was not with his army, never recovered from the shock of this defeat, and died soon after. By far the greater number of the Scots who lost their lives in this affair are thought to have sunk in the morass. The Solway is a tricky piece of water, wide and shallow, leaving uncovered at low tide great stretches of sand to all appearance easily crossed, only to rise with such overwhelming swiftness and force as most surely to overtake and engulf the unwary adventurer.

The Sark is crossed here by a bridge, on the further side of which Edward Irving, going up to London after his marriage, playfully constrained his wife to alight that she might enter afoot the country they were to make their home in. Dumfriesshire, the county on which the couple turned their backs, lies just beyond, and there quite close to the river is the notorious village of Gretna Green. Here in the latter half of the eighteenth century lived one Joseph Paisley, smuggler, fisherman, and farmer. This man, reflecting that the English marriage laws requiring the publishing of banns and other inconvenient formalities must often interfere with the course of true love, determined to take advantage of this circumstance and of his own proximity to the Border, to start a fresh line of business. In Scotland it was only necessary to go through the form before witnesses to make a marriage legal. Paisley therefore, dubbing himself a "parson" (on what ground is not known), adopted some sort of formal dress and proceeded to perform marriages for runaway couples from across the Border. He had opened a small tobacco-shop at this time, but was not a blacksmith as is usually stated. On his death in 1811 the business, then become a valuable one, was taken up by two men named Elliot and Lang, and some of the descendants of the latter are said still to carry it on in a desultory way, though the Brougham Act of 1856 makes such marriages illegal, unless one of the

parties has been a resident of Scotland for three weeks. It is said that for a quarter of a century before the passage of the Brougham Act these irregular marriages averaged as many as four hundred a year.

Seven or eight miles west of Gretna Green is the town of Annan, where the Bruces had a fortress in the thirteenth century. Edward Balliol, marching south after his coronation at Scone, in 1332 halted his army at Annan to celebrate the Yuletide feast; and here he was attacked on Christmas Eve by Archibald Douglas and the Earl of Moray. So sudden and complete was the surprise that Balliol, who had gone to bed, only saved his life by riding the fifteen miles to Carlisle in his night-clothes and mounted on the bare back of a work-horse.

The Highlanders, retreating from Derby in 1745, crossed the Esk on December 20 and advanced on Annan, camping for the night before Galabank House. James Johnstone, of Galabank, a boy of fifteen, by a bold manœuvre succeeded in saving his father's horses from being requisitioned; he led them off across the front of the army by the Annan bridge to Limekilns. Of this performance he writes years after, "I did in thoughtless youth what perhaps with some design would have failed." He describes the progress of the Highlanders: "I saw the clans march through Annandale to Dumfries; Prince Charles walked at the head of the Clan Macpherson, which defeated the Duke of Cumberland's horse in a skir-

mish and gave some check to the advance of the troops. He was a tall, well-made young man; his deportment affable and princely. When the army crossed the Esk the river was flooded and the Highlanders had to ford it, nearly one hundred packed together to avoid being carried away by the stream. Prince Charles took one of them on his own horse and desired the officers to do the same."

On reaching the shore the dripping and benumbed Highlanders danced a reel on the frozen ground to restore their circulation and dry their clothes.

Annan's chief interest to-day lies in its association with the name of Edward Irving: Carlyle's friend, the tutor and lover of Jane Welsh, and the founder of the sect calling itself the Catholic Apostolic Church.

Irving was born in the house, close by the Town Cross, then occupied by his father, a well-to-do tanner, and the date was August 4, 1792. There are pleasant stories of his boyhood passed in the quiet little town: how he besieged the door of a neighbor where his mother had gone to a party, to get permission to give some of his own clothing to a needy lad; his early school-days, first with "Peggy Paine," a relative of Tom Paine the sceptic, and later under the severer training of Adam Hope of the Annan Academy; and of the lifelong friendship—begun under the common elm-tree—with his next-door neighbor, Hugh Clapperton, who was later to acquire celebrity as an African explorer. At thirteen

Irving went forth into the troublous world, and Annan from then on saw him but little save at the crises of his life. Here he came in 1815, a licensed preacher of the Gospel, and the town turned out to see how Edward would acquit himself. In the midst of his discourse and to the intense delight of all—except probably his anxious family—a written sermon (a thing then abhorrent to the Scottish mind) slipped from under the big Bible and fell to the precentor's desk below. There was one moment of breathless excitement, ended by the preacher who stretching down one of his long arms seized the paper, put it in his pocket, and calmly continued his exhortation. The congregation drew a deep breath, and his success, in Annan at least, was from thenceforth assured. To this same church he returned in the spring of 1822 for ordination, before going to London to take charge of the Caledonian Chapel in Hatton Garden; and here in March, 1833, he came to be tried by the Annandale Presbytery that had ordained him, charged with holding the heretical doctrine of the sinfulness of our Lord's humanity. Crowds collected in the streets to see him alight from the coach; attracted partly by the noise of his London fame, where his unpretending chapel had been crowded week after week with the most brilliant and fashionable personages in society, and partly by the interest of the case. An account quoted in *Mrs. Oliphant's Life of Irving* says: "In the course of the forenoon hundreds of

Annan



individuals of all classes kept pouring into Annan from the neighborhood; and parties, in vehicles of different descriptions, came in from Dumfries, Carlisle, Longtown, and other neighboring towns. Twelve o'clock was the hour appointed for the proceedings to commence at the parish church, and by that time the place was literally crammed." The trial proceeded. Irving made an impassioned appeal from the justice of the charge, but was found guilty by a unanimous vote. "The Moderator was about to proceed to the solemn duty which had devolved upon him . . . when a voice was heard from the pew in which Mr. Irving was seated, and which was immediately found to be that of Mr. Dow, late minister of Irongray, exclaiming: 'Arise, depart! Arise, depart! Flee ye out, flee ye out of her! Ye cannot pray! . . .' As there was only one candle in the church, no one at first knew whence or from whom the voice proceeded; and it was not till one of the clergymen had lifted the candle and looked peeringly about that he discovered the interjectional words spoken were emitted by Mr. Dow."

He and Irving then left the church; Irving vehemently pronouncing the words "Stand forth—stand forth. As many as will obey the Holy Ghost, let them depart," and the Presbytery forthwith pronounced the sentence of deposition "on the ground," as has been said, "of statements never made, and of inferences from them, solemnly abjured."

On high ground overlooking the river Annan, and just south of Ecclefechan parish, stands the altered and modernized but really ancient Castle of Hoddam, dating from the fifteenth century. Its owner, John, Lord Herries, was accused of kidnapping Englishmen and throwing them into underground dungeons, a bad habit of which he is supposed to have repented and then built the enigmatical Tower of Repentance close by. Another idea is that it was built by a Maxwell who had committed acts of rebellion against Queen Mary, but who afterwards became a Papist and built this for a beacon and put up in Saxon characters over the door "Repentance." A watch or signal tower it certainly was, as all its arrangements show, and it occupies the very summit of the hill, commanding a view that stretches away even beyond the Solway and into Cumberland. The site was probably that of a former chapel, whose churchyard can be seen surrounding it. It was built well on in the seventeenth century after Hoddam House. The name of Hoddam occurs as early as 573 in Scottish history. When Rhydderch, King of Northumbria, recalled St. Kentigern from Wales, "the King and his people went forth to meet him, and they encountered each other at a place called Holdelm, now Hoddam, in Dumfriesshire. . . ." Here the saint had his see until his return to Glasgow.

At Ecclefechan, about four miles distant, Thomas Carlyle was born on December 4, 1795, and from

there, fourteen years later, he walked the sixty miles to Edinburgh in three days, to enter the University.

In March, 1825, Carlyle returned to Scotland from London, where he had been for some time, determined to try what country air and life would do for his miserable health.

“My poor little establishment at Hoddam Hill,” he writes in the *Reminiscences*, “(close by the ‘Tower of *Repentance*,’ as if symbolically!) I do not mean to speak of here. A neat compact little Farm, rent of £100, which my Father had leased for me; on which was a prettyish Cottage for dwelling-house (had been the Factor’s place, who was retiring),—and from the windows such a ‘view’ (fifty miles in radius, from beyond Tyndale to beyond St. Bees, Solway Frith, and all the Fells to Ingleborough inclusive) as Britain or the world could hardly have matched.”

Here with his Books and *Lares*, his “ever kind and beloved mother” and sisters to look after him, and his brother Alick as “practical *farmer*,” he spent a peaceful year, which ended however in misunderstandings with the landlord. “Next 26th of May we went, all of us, to Scotsbrig (a much better farm which was now bidden for and got); and where, as turned out, I continued only a few months:—wedded, and to Edinburgh in October following. Ah me, what a *retrospect* now!

“With all its manifold petty troubles, this year at Hoddam Hill has a rustic beauty and dignity for me;

and lies now like a not ignoble russet-coated Idyll in my memory; one of the quietest on the whole and perhaps the most triumphantly important of my life."

The name of Carlyle in Dumfriesshire is both an ancient and an honorable one.

A sister of Bruce married one Sir William of the name, and at one time fully half of Annandale was held by members of the family. These great estates were reduced by the year 1700 to a few scattered holdings.

"What illustrious genealogies we have," writes Carlyle, "a whole regiment of Thomas Carlyles, wide possessions all over Annandale, Cumberland, Durham, gone all now into the uttermost wreck, absorbed into Douglassdom, Drumlanrigdom, and the devil knows what."

A strong seat of the house was Torthowald Castle, the ruins of whose oblong, fourteenth-century keep are standing above Lochar Moss, three or four miles east from Dumfries, and there are also the earthworks of a still earlier fortress. Some ten miles up the Nith, in Dunscore parish, is the farm of Craigenputtock, inherited by Mrs. Carlyle on the sudden death of her father, Dr. Welsh, in 1819. There being no provision for Mrs. Welsh, her daughter made over Craigenputtock to her for life. Carlyle writes in the *Reminiscences*, "We must have gone to Craigenputtock [from Edinburgh] early in May, 1828: I remember

passing our furniture carts (my Father's carts from Scotsbrig, conducted by my two farming Brothers) somewhere about Elvanfoot, as the coach brought *us* two along." There the Carlyles lived for six years and then they removed to London, to the house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, which was their home for the rest of their lives.

Of those years at Craigenputtock, Carlyle writes:

"We had trouble with servants, with many paltry elements and objects; and were very poor; but I do not think our days there were sad,—and certainly not *hers* in especial, but mine rather." And again, "We were not unhappy at Craigenputtock; perhaps these were our happiest days. Useful, continual labour, essentially successful; that makes even the moor green. I found I could do fully *twice* as much work in a given time there, as with my best effort was possible in London,—such the interruptions, etc. Once, in the winter time, I remember counting that for three months, there had not any stranger, not even a beggar, called at Craigenputtock door."

But visitors in the summer season were not infrequent. Members of their own families (Carlyle's father once, from Scotsbrig, thirty-six miles distant, the farthest he had ever been from his birth-place!) the Jeffreys and others, and once Emerson for a night. "The visit of Emerson from Concord, and our quiet night of clear fine talk, was also very pretty to both of us."

The last piece of work of any importance done at Craigenputtock was "Sartor Resartus," which after coming out in *Fraser's Magazine* was, through Emerson's efforts, published in book form in America.

On Mrs. Welsh's death in 1842 the Craigenputtock farm reverted to her daughter. She left it to her husband, and Carlyle bequeathed it to the University of Edinburgh to found the "John Welsh Bursaries."

A few miles from Annan and quite close to the shore is the town of Ruthwell, named from a chalybeate spring—the "Rood well" or well of the Cross, which still yields its healing waters under the name of the Brow well. It was the scene in 1627 of one of those rapid and terrifying onslaughts of the tide by which dwellers on the shores of the Solway are sometimes visited; the wind blowing in with terrific force from the Firth, swept the seething mass of water over the stretch of low land between Ruthwell and Caerlaverock, drowning many cattle and a number of laborers in the salt-mines close by. "The ruin occasioned by it had an agreeable influence on the surviving inhabitants, convincing them more than ever of what they owed to divine Providence."¹

Close to the parish church of Ruthwell there had stood from very early times a beautifully carved Cross, whose destruction, as a symbol of idolatry, was ordered by the General Assembly of 1642. Overthrown and broken, the pieces were however saved

¹ Chronicle quoted in Stevenson's *History of the Church of Scotland*.

by some reverent soul and placed within the building, only to be cast out into the kirkyard sometime towards the close of the eighteenth century. When about the year 1802 Dr. Duncan came to Ruthwell as its minister, he rejoined the fragments, set the Cross up in the manse garden, and submitted an exact copy of the Runic inscription to Thorleif Repp. The scholar taking it for granted that, in common with all other known Runes, it was in the Norse language, said that it recorded an offering made by the "Therfusian fathers" to expiate a certain devastation. Another Norse authority said it had nothing to do with a devastation, it was the record of a marriage, and who were the "Therfusian fathers" anyhow? No one could answer this, but the translation was accepted as correct in a general way until 1838, when Mr. John Kemble came down to Dumfriesshire for his vacation. "There are," says Sir Herbert Maxwell, "tiresome people who never know when to let well alone . . . it occurred to Mr. John Kemble, a student of Anglo-Saxon . . . that there was something curious in a stone bearing Saxon ornamentation, along with a Scandinavian inscription. Why, he asked, should the inscription not be Saxon also? Setting to work independently with this idea, Kemble made out that the Cross was inscribed with a metrical soliloquy, supposed to be spoken by the Cross itself. Forthwith there began a storm which raged for years between all the universities of Western Europe, and

might be raging still, but for a little incident that happened about forty years ago. Among some Anglo-Saxon homilies preserved at Vercelli, near Milan, there was found a hymn entitled the 'Dream of the Holy Rood,' since known as Cædmon's hymn. In this hymn the Cross—the original Cross of the Crucifixion—is supposed to address the sleeping Cædmon. There are, in all, fifty-nine lines in the hymn; of these, seventeen were found to correspond word for word with the inscription on the Ruthwell Cross. . . . Thus, all learned controversy being set for ever at rest, the traveller may leave the train at Ruthwell station and view this beautiful relic of the Anglo-Saxon Church of Northumbria in the eighth or ninth century—by far the most important of the ecclesiastical remains of Dumfriesshire."

Three or four miles to the west and not far from the mouth of the Nith, stand the neglected remains of a Castle that ranks high among the examples of Early Renaissance architecture in Scotland.

The tradition is that Lywarch-Ogg, a son of the British warrior-poet Lywarch-Hen, settled in Nithsdale in the sixth century and built a mighty fortress which he called *Caer* (the city or fortress) Lywarch-Ogg—*Caerlaverock*. When in 1093 Malcolm Ceannmor was killed at the battle of Alnwick, one of his companions was Ewan de Maccuswell; to whom Malcolm's son David I. later granted lands near Kelso; he married a daughter of the Lord of Galloway, and

thus his grandson acquired the barony of Caerlaverock, and in the thirteenth century began to build the present Castle, which is still held by his descendants. Here Wallace spent the night after his relief of Sanquhar Castle and his defeat of the English army in 1297, and here either Herbert, fifth Lord of Maxwell and third of Caerlaverock, or John his son, held out against Edward I. and a force of 3000 men in a memorable siege in 1300.

A full and minute account of this siege exists in the so-called "Chronicle of Walter of Exeter."¹ We are told that vessels came up the Solway bringing to the besiegers large stores of provisions, catapults, battering-rams, and every sort of engine for beating down the walls. The attack began early in the morning of the 15th of July, was carried on with hardly a let or pause throughout that day, the whole of the ensuing night, and well on into the second day. As fast as one gallant knight with his band of followers was overpowered or driven back by the fierce rain of stones and other missiles from the walls, others pressed forward eager to take their places. Fitz-Marmaduke with a banner and a great troop of good and select bachelors long held the van, till his "banner received many stains, and many a rent difficult to mend." The Knight of Kirkbride, with a white shield having a green cross engrailed, won his way to the

¹ The account of this siege is thought to have suggested to Scott the siege of Front de Bœuf's Castle in *Ivanhoe*.

very gate and tried to beat it in with his battle-axe, striking such blows "as never did smith with hammer on iron." John Cromwell is in the train of Lord Clifford, "so brave and handsome, who went gliding between the stones" and bearing his blue shield with a white lion rampant. When the garrison finally capitulated, showing a white flag from a loophole of the front tower, it was found to number only sixty men. The Chronicle says they were honorably spared and each received a present as a tribute to his bravery, but according to a more likely account most of them were hanged forthwith on trees close to the Castle. Edward was still at Caerlaverock when the Archbishop of Canterbury delivered to him a Bull of Boniface VIII. claiming Scotland as an immemorial fief of the Holy See and commanding the King to withdraw. There was a lively scene when Edward read this document, and Winchelsea had to listen to language more strenuous than polite before he was dismissed with a promise that the matter would "be thought over." Caerlaverock was retaken from the English in 1356 by Sir Roger Kirkpatrick, who here received as his guest in the following year Sir James Lindsay. They were the grandsons of the Kirkpatrick and Lindsay who had completed the murder of the Red Comyn, wounded by Bruce in the Greyfriars Monastery at Dumfries (February 10, 1306), and it had been whispered that on the fifty-second anniversary, the murder would be expiated.

Accordingly when on the night of June 24, 1357, after supping together in apparent amity the two retired to rest, Lindsay, consumed with jealousy (for Kirkpatrick had married the lady he himself loved), stole in the dead of night to his host's bed-room and stabbed him in the heart. Then mounting his horse, he fled for his life. All night the murderer rode, spurring on, pursued by fearful images, never daring to draw rein; but when day broke and he was recognized and seized, he found himself not three miles distant from the Castle.¹

In the first half of the sixteenth century a feud broke out between the Maxwells of Caerlaverock and the Johnstones of Lockwood, which figured conspicuously in the events of the county for upwards of a hundred years.

Lockwood Castle, a strong fourteenth-century tower, stood on the upper waters of the Annan (about seven miles south of Moffat). It was in the midst of an almost impassable morass and surrounded by a close circle of huge forest-trees, some of which, measuring more than seventeen feet in girth, still stand guard beside the ruined and abandoned stronghold. James VI., on first beholding the great thickness of its walls and its remarkable situation, shrewdly observed that he who planned Lockwood, "however honest appearing he may have been, was a rogue at heart." This

¹ Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, a descendant of the murdered man, wrote a ballad on the incident.

place the Maxwells burned in order, as they brutally said, "to give the Lady Johnstone light to set her hood." Some years later William Johnstone of Wamphray (Scott's "Lads of Wamphray"), called the "Galliard," raided the lands of Lord Crichton of Sanquhar and killed a number of his followers. Fifteen widows of Crichtons, to arouse justice in behalf of their murdered husbands, then paraded up the High Street of Edinburgh (July 23, 1593), each carrying a blood-stained shirt.

The chief of the Maxwells, who was Warden of the Marches, was thereupon ordered to raise a force and punish the offenders. An encounter took place near the Church of Dryfesdale, but the Johnstones were victorious, pursuing their enemies all the way to Lochmaben. The Warden had offered a reward of ten pounds for the head or hand of the chief of the Johnstones, who on his part had promised land to half that value for the head or hand of Maxwell.

It is told that William Johnstone of Kirkhill overtook and unhorsed the Warden on the bank of the Dryfe, and when the latter threw out his hand for mercy, he struck it off and rode back to claim the reward. Lady Johnstone of Kirkton, passing by soon after in search of wounded members of her clan, found the Warden lying bleeding under a thorn-tree, and when he called out for help, she ran up and dashed out his brains with the great key of her Castle. The head and right hand of the chief were

taken to Lockwood and nailed to the wall. Two very old thorn-trees, supposed to be those beneath which Lord Maxwell died, having been swept away in a flood about the middle of the nineteenth century, others called "Maxwell's Thorns" were planted in their stead.

The Jeddert axes used by the Johnstones in this fight inflicted horrible wounds, and are said to have given rise to the expression "a Lockerbie Lick."¹

Fifteen years after this there was an attempt at a reconciliation between the chiefs of the two houses; a meeting was arranged, which ended however in Maxwell treacherously stabbing the Laird of Johnstone in the back and then fleeing for his life. The ballad called "Lord Maxwell's Goodnight" refers to this event. He escaped to France, but returning some years later he was taken, tried for the murder, and executed (1613). His brother Robert (called the "Philosopher") succeeded him and proved a much more worthy representative of an old and honored house. While holding the office of Warden he managed to heal the old differences between his family and the Johnstones, and from his time we hear no more of the feud. The Union (of the crowns) stopped all these Border troubles by instantaneously

¹ Lockerbie Tower was one of the Johnstone strongholds. Its ruins are seen above the present town of Lockerbie. In former times it was nearly surrounded by the water of two small lochs, and the Roman road through Annandale ran close to it.

transforming the Border from the extremity to the centre of the King's dominion.

It was in favor of this Lord Maxwell that the earldom of Nithsdale was created, in compensation for that of Morton, held by his family since the execution of the Regent Morton and now given back to the family of Douglas. He was a student and a man of cultivated tastes, and to him are due the Renaissance additions to Caerlaverock Castle on the east and south sides of the court-yard, the "daintie fabric of Nithsdale's new lodgings" which form the last of the six periods to which the building as it now stands belongs. There are seen the Maxwell saltier and double-headed eagle, the Nithsdale stag and holly-bush, together with the initials of the Earl and his wife, Elizabeth Beaumont.

The district of Nithsdale declaring for the Covenanters, Nithsdale garrisoned Caerlaverock with a hundred men, and sustained a siege by Colonel Home, of thirteen weeks. Being reduced to sore straits and receiving word from King Charles, then at York, that nothing could be done to relieve him, he capitulated, September 26, 1640, Colonel Home agreeing to spare the library and furnishings of the Castle. "Whereas it is desired he and they may sorte out with bag and baggage, trunks, household stuff belonging, on their honor and credit, to his Lordship and them, with safe conduct to the Langholm or any other place within Nithsdale, is granted."

Caerlaverock has never been inhabited since that September day; but in the year 1859 its ruined courts were once more the scene of grand festivities, when William Maxwell of Nithsdale and Everingham entertained the tenants to celebrate his reinstatement in one of the titles forfeited by his ancestor.

This ancestor, the fifth and last Earl of Nithsdale, engaged in the Jacobite insurrection of 1715 and was taken prisoner at Preston in Lancashire, tried, and condemned to death. His escape from the Tower, owing to the devotion of his Countess, was one of the most romantic events of that not very romantic rising.

The Countess of Nithsdale was the Lady Winnifred Herbert, a daughter of the English Marquis of Powys, the head of a Catholic and Jacobite family who had followed James II. to France, where Lady Winnifred had been brought up in exile. After the Earl's condemnation the Countess endeavored to approach the King in order to petition for a reprieve. Placing herself in a public room which she knew he must pass through, she fell on her knees as the King went by. He took no notice of her, so she seized the skirts of his coat and was dragged across the room by the King, who, ignoring her presence, tried to pass on. One courtier took hold of the unhappy lady by the waist, while another disengaged the King's skirts. The Countess fell fainting on the floor, her written petition was lifted by the lord-in-

waiting, who took good care that it should be read to the King; but in vain. King George was greatly enraged, all the more so as his rudeness was widely censured. It was said that no King of England had ever refused a petition from the hands of even the poorest of his subjects, while George I. had then been King of England but for eighteen months and even by his own supporters he was looked upon as more or less of a parvenu.

Finding the King inexorable the spirited lady determined to try other means. She saw that the wives and daughters of the keepers of the Tower had ready access to an anteroom of the prison. She determined that her husband should escape in female attire. The day before her final effort she conciliated the guards, who were inclined to compassionate her, with presents of money. On the eventful night before the execution she drove to the Tower in company with two faithful female friends. One of these was left outside, as only a single companion was allowed to accompany the Countess to the prison chamber. To prevent tension of feeling the Countess only told her friends of her project a little before they started, and with profound prescience she chatted to them incessantly all the way to the prison, to keep their minds from dwelling on the risk they ran.

First one lady was taken to the Earl's chamber and there divested of an extra set of clothing she

Caerlaveroch Castle



had brought. Lady Nithsdale after a time accompanied her through the anteroom and dismissed her, loudly imploring her to go to her lodging and to send back her maid with a petition for mercy she had prepared for the Earl's signature, but had forgotten to bring. She then brought in her second friend, who was dressed in a cloak and hood, her face concealed in her handkerchief as if in an agony of weeping.

This lady, having left the cloak and hood in the prison and put on the clothes previously brought, was in her turn led out by the Countess, who implored her in audible voice to fetch her maid. The Countess returned to her husband. There was no time to shave him, but whatever a wig and rouge and cosmetics and the cloak and hood could do, was done to complete his disguise. It was now getting dark, and, as the lady had calculated, the unsuspecting and pitying guards had kept no very clear reckoning of the number of friends who had come and gone to take a farewell of the Earl. In his female dress, with his face buried in his handkerchief, the Countess led out the apparently weeping woman through the guards and the anteroom, loudly imploring her "dear Mrs. Betty" to fly to her lodgings for the lost petition. The Earl escaped to an obscure lodging, where he remained for two days, and was then taken to the Venetian ambassador's, whence, entirely unknown to that envoy, he accompanied his carriage to Dover

and crossed to France, disguised as a footman in the Venetian's livery.

Even when Lord Nithsdale had left the Tower, his wife's presence of mind never forsook her. She returned to the now empty prison to take means to prevent the escape being discovered. To quote her own words, "When I got into my lord's chamber, I spoke as it were to him, and I answered as if he had, and imitated his voice as near as I could, and walked up and down the room as if we had been walking and talking together, till I thought he had time enough to be out of their reach." Finding the darkness gathering, and fearing that candles might be brought, she half-opened the door and in audible tones took an affectionate and solemn farewell. Her last act was to remove the tag that opened the latch from the outside and to close the door with a sounding bang; then telling the attendant not to bring candles, as the Earl wished to pray, she left the Tower.

Next day the Earl of Derwentwater and Lord Kenmure were executed, but Lord Nithsdale had escaped. All London rang with the exploit; friend and foe rejoiced alike, and the hooded cloak became fashionable as "the Nithsdale."

The King was furious, and it was hinted that by the law of treason the Countess's head might be answerable for that of her husband. But the brave lady was far from daunted. Having saved her hus-

band's life, she was determined to save her son's property. The estates had formally been made over to the son before the Earl "went out," and the Countess herself had buried the title-deeds in the garden at Terregles. These might be lost or destroyed by damp. Lady Nithsdale, though her confinement was approaching, disguised herself and rode on horseback down to Dumfriesshire, recovered the family papers, and concealed herself until things quieted down.

The title was of course attained, but the estates were preserved to the son by the forethought of his mother, and the government was unable to touch them. Thirty years afterwards the son visited Prince Charlie at Holyrood, in 1745, and apparently intended to join him, but either his heart failed him or he thought his family had suffered enough for the Stuart cause; he fled from Edinburgh next day and lived in retirement until the Forty-five was over. He had no sons, but was succeeded by an only daughter named Winnifred after her devoted grandmother. This Winnifred Maxwell married Mr. Constable, an English gentleman.

The Maxwell attainder was removed in 1848, and Lady Winnifred's grandson, William Constable-Maxwell, was restored to the family honors—not to the earldom of Nithsdale, which could be inherited only through the male line—but to the title of Lord Herries of Terregles, a minor honor of the Maxwell family

which went to "heirs-general." Accordingly the great-great-grandson of the forfeited Earl became tenth Lord Herries.¹

The name Dumfries comes from Dun Pheris—the Fortress of the Frisians; but not only has that ancient stronghold gone, but the later Border castle which once stood in the town of Dumfries has likewise so utterly disappeared that its very site is uncertain.

In the middle of the thirteenth century Devorgilla, daughter of Alan of Dumfries, Lord of Galloway, and wife of John Balliol of Barnard Castle, Yorkshire, visited the little town of Dumfries and built for the inhabitants a bridge across the Nith (the old bridge now used only by pedestrians) to open up communication with Galloway. She also founded the monastery of the Greyfriars, where Robert Bruce stabbed the Red Comyn (see p. 341). The monastery fell into bad odor after this, the murder being held to have polluted its altar, but it was not suppressed till the latter half of the sixteenth century.

In the '45 the Highlanders on their march to the north reached Dumfries on December 21, and the Prince lodged in the Commercial Hotel (then the Blue Bell). The proprietor, named Lawthian, was in great perplexity as to which side to declare for: if he followed his inclinations and announced himself a

¹ One of his younger sons, the Hon. Joseph Maxwell, married Miss Mary Monica Hope-Scott, now Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, the proprietor of Abbotsford.

Jacobite, he feared the magistrates; while if he held aloof from the Highlanders, what might they not do to ruin him? Thus harassed he hit upon the happy expedient of getting himself so thoroughly intoxicated that had he attempted to announce his principles, no one could possibly have understood them.

Near Dumfries is the farm of Ellisland, on which in June, 1788, Robert Burns settled with his wife and child. The venture was unsuccessful from the outset, the winters in Edinburgh having quite unfitted Burns for the constant toil and drudgery required to so much as win a living out of the soil. In the first year he writes, "The heart of the man and the fancy of the poet are the two grand considerations for which I live; if miry ridges and dirty dunghills are to engross the best part of the functions of my soul immortal, I had better been a rook or a magpie at once." After about three and a half years of this life Burns abandoned Ellisland, and having in the meantime received an appointment as exciseman, he removed with his family—four persons beside himself—to Dumfries. Here they settled in three small rooms on the second floor of a house in the "Wee Vennel" (Bank Street). One of these rooms, a bed-closet, served him for a study; overhead there lived a blacksmith with whom he was on neighborly terms, while his landlord—and admirer—Captain Hamilton, who lived opposite, would frequently ask him to join his family at the Sunday dinner. A year or so later he removed to the

house in Mill Street (now called after his name), where he died on July 21, 1796. He had gone to Brow on the Solway for the baths; his health slightly improved, and he wrote his last poem, "Fairest Maid on Devon's banks." While there he received a notice from a lawyer to pay an overdue bill. In his poor state of health he magnified the importance of this demand, and wrote off terrified requests for loans to two of his friends, "A rascal of a haberdasher . . . taking it into his head that I am dying has begun a process against me, and will infallibly put my emaciated body into jail. . . ." His one idea now was "Home, home, home, if only to die."

Allan Cunningham, a boy at the time, who had come to Dumfries as a mason's apprentice, gives the following account of Burns's return and last days: "The poet returned on the 18th, in a small spring-cart. The ascent to his house was steep, and the cart stopped at the foot of the Mill-hole Brae; when he alighted he shook much, and stood with difficulty; he seemed unable to stand upright. . . . Dumfries was like a besieged place. It was known he was dying; and the anxiety, not of the rich and the learned only, but of the mechanics and peasants, exceeded all belief. . . . As his life drew near to a close, the eager yet decorous solicitude of his fellow-townsmen increased. . . . They thought only of his genius; of the delight his compositions had diffused; and they talked of him with the same awe as of some depart-

ing spirit whose voice was to gladden them no more." The body of Burns, who was but thirty-eight years old, remained from the 24th to the 25th in the Traders' Hall in High Street, and from thence was escorted by a party of his brother Volunteers, a regiment of cavalry and one of infantry, as well as an immense gathering from the town and neighborhood, to St. Michael's Cemetery, accompanied by a band playing the Dead March from Saul. He was then buried with military honors. On the same day his wife, "Bonny Jean," gave birth to a son, who was named Maxwell after the doctor who had devotedly attended Burns through all the time of his failing health. In 1815 a mausoleum was erected by public subscription in the southeast side of the cemetery, and the poet's remains were removed there from the original grave on the north.

His widow and his sons are buried beside him, the last of these dying in May, 1857.

About a mile above Dumfries, at the meeting of the Cluden and the Nith, are the ruins of Lincluden Abbey, founded by a Lord of Galloway who was murdered by his brother and buried there. There are still the magnificent ruins of the tomb of Margaret, daughter of King Robert III., and widow of Archibald, son of Archibald the Grim, Earl of Douglas. She died at Thrieve Castle, rebuilt by her father-in-law on an island in the Dee, and was buried in Lincluden Abbey. Her husband, sons, and grand-

sons having predeceased her (the last were murdered at the "Black Dinner" in Edinburgh Castle), she held the lordship of Galloway for fifteen years. The church in which her tomb stands was built by Archibald the Grim in the end of the fourteenth century, when he expelled the Benedictine Nuns for whom it had been founded, and gave it to a Brotherhood for a college.

In the Nith valley, twelve miles or so north of Dumfries, is Closeburn Castle, belonging to the Kirkpatricks at the time when Roger Kirkpatrick completed the murder of the Red Comyn. In 1783 it was bought by J. S. Menteith, whose factor was Burns's friend, "Willie Stewart."

On the point of a heart-shaped promontory extending into Castle Loch, about eight miles northeast of the town of Dumfries, is Lochmaben, the great ancestral Castle of the Bruces. As the most powerful of the Border strongholds it commanded at one time the entrance to all the southwest of Scotland. David I. gave the heiress of Annandale in marriage to Robert le Brus, son of a Norman knight who came to England with William the Conqueror. The tower built by him is thought to have stood on the hill overlooking the little group of lakes from the northwest, close to the present town. Somewhere about the end of the thirteenth century the later Castle was built. It was a huge affair covering about sixteen acres; a deep ditch cut across the peninsula behind it

was filled with water from the loch, so as to completely cut off the Castle from the mainland. Its usual approach was probably at all times by boat; there is a moat in front which protected by its wall afforded a secure landing-place. Three additional ditches guarded it on the land side and each was furnished with a drawbridge.

The estate appears in thirteenth-century charters of the time of the fifth Lord Robert Bruce of Annandale, under the name of Lochmalban, Celtic for the "lake of the smooth eminence."

It was on the marriage of this fifth Robert, Lord of Annandale, with Isabella, second daughter of David, Earl of Huntingdon, brother of William the Lion, that the claim of the Bruces to the crown of Scotland rested, and it may be well here to explain these claims and the causes that led to the great War of Independence and to that mistrust of England which continued even after the Union four hundred years later.¹

From the time of David I. the succession to the throne of Scotland had descended in regular hereditary sequence.² David's only son who grew to manhood was Henry, generally known as the Earl of Huntingdon. He died before his father, leaving

¹ For the following account of the succession, and for the sketches of Bruce, Wallace, and the Covenants, contained in Vol. II., I am indebted to the kindness of a Scots historian.

² This passage will best be understood with the assistance of the genealogical table at the end of the second volume.

three sons. The eldest, Malcolm IV., succeeded David, and dying childless, was succeeded by his brother, William the Lion. The third son was David, Earl of Huntingdon, to whom reference will be made later. William the Lion was succeeded by his only son, Alexander II., and he by his only son, Alexander III.

Alexander III. had also an only son, who died before his father, leaving no children, and an only daughter who was the wife of Eric II., King of Norway. She also died before her father, but she left an only daughter Margaret, known in history as the "Maid of Norway." In 1286 King Alexander was accidentally killed, and the Scottish people acknowledged his granddaughter Margaret, then a child of three years, to be their sovereign. Four years later this Maid of Norway was despatched to Scotland, but died on the journey at Orkney, then part of the Norwegian dominions. On her death Scotland was plunged into consternation. No legitimate descendants of William the Lion remained, and the question of succession was most complicated. No fewer than thirteen competitors for the crown appeared, the claims of most of whom were founded on relationship to illegitimate scions of royalty. In their perplexity the magnates and Parliament of Scotland appealed to Edward I., then known as the wisest King in Christendom, to decide the claims. At this time the feelings between England and Scotland were

most friendly. Many of the great lords had estates in both countries. Particularly had King Edward especial claims on the confidence of Scotland, for not only was he brother-in-law of King Alexander III. and grand-uncle of the deceased maiden, but his eldest son, the Prince of Wales, had been betrothed by solemn treaty to the little Queen.

The English King seems at this time to have acted quite straightforwardly, in spite of everything that Scottish chroniclers have alleged against him. The list of competitors was reduced to two, indeed the only two who to modern notions had any real claim. These were John Balliol, Lord of Galloway, and Robert Bruce, Lord of Annandale. Both were descendants of English-Norman nobles who had married Scottish princesses. Balliol was the son of John Balliol and his wife Devorgilla¹ (the founder of Balliol College, Oxford), who was daughter of Margaret, the eldest daughter of David, Earl of Huntingdon, brother of William the Lion.

Bruce was the son of Isabella, the second daughter of the same Earl. Balliol founded his claim on being the descendant of the *eldest* daughter, while Bruce being a generation senior claimed to be nearer the original royal stock than the younger Balliol.

King Edward conducted the arbitration in the most business-like way, and the Latin records of the proceedings, preserved to this day, read when trans-

¹ See page 364.

lated, like a page of a newspaper report. Balliol and Bruce were ordered to call twenty-four assessors or jurymen each, and Edward appointed twelve on his own account. The conclave met and gave their verdict in favor of Balliol, and Edward perfectly justly awarded the crown to him two years and two months after the death of the Maid of Norway. The decree was given at Berwick on November 17, 1292, and thirteen days later Balliol was crowned at Scone as King John.

The decision was universally acquiesced in, but trouble soon began. John Balliol was not only a Scottish King, he was also an English noble. He was summoned to London to answer to some complaints preferred against him, and there treated as a subject and not as an independent monarch. This irritated him so that he formed a French alliance against England, and a Scottish army actually invaded Cumberland, where it was repulsed at Carlisle. Edward, enraged, marched an army to Scotland, defeated the Scots in a great battle at Dunbar (April, 1296), and three months later the mean-spirited John Balliol resigned to King Edward his realm and people and royal seat.¹

From the moment that Edward received the kingdom from Balliol he considered himself the veritable

¹ Balliol, after being imprisoned in England for three years, retired to his ancestral home, Bailleul in Normandy, where he died in 1313, the year before the battle of Bannockburn. He left a son however, who subsequently caused much trouble in Scotland.

King of Scotland. Most of the nobility gave him their allegiance, and for ten years the Scots had no other King. It was left to William Wallace, then an obscure knight, to raise the standard of independence. First he defeated the English at Stirling in 1297. The following year he was totally defeated by Edward at Falkirk, and seven years later he was betrayed to Edward and hanged as a rebel in London, August, 1305. He had however accomplished his work; the Scottish national spirit had been revived and even the jealous nobility had rallied to the cause. Among those who had communicated with Wallace was young Robert Bruce, grandson of Robert the Competitor, who in the meantime had died, as had also his eldest son. Learning by a secret message while in England that King Edward had discovered his negotiations with the National party, he fled to Scotland and went to his ancestral home at Dumfries. Here he had arranged to meet John Comyn, known as the Red Comyn, who was a nephew of Balliol's, being a grandson of Devorgilla, and consequently by the recent decision nearer to the throne than Bruce. Comyn was the heir to vast possessions, and it is said that Bruce made the proposal to him that he—Bruce—should resign his claim to the throne to Comyn, accepting instead Comyn's private estates, or that Comyn should resign his royal claim and accept Bruce's estates. The two claimants met in the Greyfriars' Church in Dumfries. What actually

passed between them can never be known. Some annalists say that Bruce deliberately murdered Comyn, others that he stabbed him in self-defence. But it is most generally believed that Bruce stabbed Comyn in a sudden heat of passion on discovering signs of treachery. All that is actually known is that he ran out into the street and there met two knights who had come to Dumfries to attend a justiciary court—Sir Roger Kirkpatrick and Sir John Lindsay. “I must be gone,” said Bruce, “for I doubt I have slain Comyn.” “You doubt?” said Kirkpatrick; “I mak siccar” (I will make certain). The two knights rushed into the church and killed Comyn behind the high altar, whither he had fled for protection. To this day the Kirkpatrick family use the words “I mak siccar” as their heraldic motto. The assassination occurred on February 10, 1306; six weeks later Bruce was crowned at Scone as King Robert; but it was not until the battle of Bannockburn, eight years later, that he finally drove the English out of Scotland.

After he became King, Bruce gave Lochmaben to his nephew, Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, another of whose seats was Auchin Castle, still standing on the high ground above Beattock station. It has ditches, embankments, and a powerful enclosing wall, and dates probably from the thirteenth century.

Lochmaben, together with the lordship of Annandale, passed to the Douglas family in the beginning

of the fifteenth century, but on the attainder of the Douglasses in 1455 it became crown property and was kept up under a special governor as a Border fortress until the Union of 1707.

At present Lochmaben suggests very little of its former wonderful strength and grandeur. Almost as soon as the Union made it practically of no importance, the work of destruction began, and now there is nothing left but some ruinous walls and a few small rooms. All of the original ashler-work has been carried off for other buildings, leaving only the inner packing of small stones firmly cemented together. Masses of débris lie heaped in the former halls and court-yards, and a thick growth of trees serves to obliterate still more completely what was one of the most interesting buildings in all Scotland.

In the wild and beautiful country of Upper Nithsdale, at the junction of the Marr Burn and the Nith, stands a splendid seventeenth-century castle, Drumlanrig, a seat of the Duke of Buccleuch. Its commanding position on the summit of a *drum* or long hill gives it its name. The tower of an earlier fortress once dominated the Nith valley from the same site, but all of the present Castle dates from about 1679–89, and therefore cannot be the work of Inigo Jones, as is often said, as he died soon after it was begun.

Drumlanrig is a four-storied quadrangular building having corner turrets and so bewildering an array of

windows that they are vulgarly said to correspond to the days of the year. Everywhere on the architraves of the doors and windows and even on the leaden water-pipes are to be seen the star and winged heart of the Douglasses. The first Viscount Drumlanrig and Earl of Queensberry devoted ten years to its erection, and spent such vast sums of money that he grew heartily sick of it. At last it was finished and the owner took possession, but only for one night. The thought of his squandered fortune so tormented him that he became ill, and owing to its isolated position no medical aid could be procured. Bitterly disgusted he left the next morning and never stayed there again. So ashamed was the Earl of his folly that all the bills having to do with the building of Drumlanrig were afterwards found endorsed "The Deil pike out his een wha looks herin."

The Highlanders marched here from Dumfries on December 22, 1745, and left a memento of their visit in the claymore-slashes they inflicted on the portrait of William III. In 1810 the Douglas line of Dukes, by the death of Old Q., fourth Duke, became extinct, and the title of Duke of Queensberry and the Drumlanrig estates devolved on Henry, third Duke of Buccleuch, a descendant of whom still holds them. At the same time the marquise of Queensberry went to a Douglas of Kelhead, and the earldom of March to the Wemyss family.

Only a few miles to the east, and standing well

back from the road leading up the centre of the Nith valley, is another stronghold of the Douglasses, Morton Castle, which probably gave its name to the earldom. Its history goes back to the days when the Celtic chief Dunegal ruled over the whole of Nithsdale and had a tower here. The Castle which now from its desolate height overlooks those wild uplands dates probably from the early part of the fifteenth century, when the barony had come into the Douglas family. Its position is a particularly strong one, as it is surrounded on three sides by the waters of the loch. Passing with other Douglas estates to the Duke of Queensberry, it too is now the property of the Duke of Buccleuch.

Still higher up the Nith we come upon another most notable stronghold associated with the far-reaching name of Douglas.

The powerful Castle of Sanquhar (the meaning of whose Gaelic name *sean cathair*—old fortress—gives us an idea of the antiquity of the site as a place of defence), figures in the reign of David I. as part of the territory of Dunegal the Celt.

This important place was in the hands of the English when Wallace was carrying on his successful campaign of 1297. Sir William Douglas "le Hardi" disguised one of his own men named Thomas Dickson¹ in the clothing of a woodcutter who had been

¹ For the account of a later exploit and the death of Thomas Dickson, see p. 56, Vol. II.

engaged to supply the garrison with wood. Hulking along beside his wagon-load of timber, the supposed rustic came close to the porter and stabbed him to the heart, at the same time sounding his horn as a signal. In rushed the Douglasses, while the efforts of the English to raise the drawbridge were frustrated by the great wagon with its heavy load. The Castle was soon taken and the garrison put to death. Before however Sir William had had time to stock it with provisions and put it in a state of defence, the English had sent a strong force and completely surrounded it; again it is Dickson who escaping by a hidden postern carries the news north. Wallace at once set off through Peebles and Lanark to the relief, but hearing that the English had abandoned the siege and were moving south he made a brilliant dash through the Pass of Durrisdeer, and chasing them down through the valley of the Nith, finally came up with them in the forest of Dalswinton; here the English faced about and made a bold stand, but they were nevertheless cut to pieces.

Sanquhar came into the Crichton family by marriage. A descendant, Robert Crichton, living in the sixteenth century, lost an eye in a fencing-lesson, and wore a glass one. King Henry IV. of France asked him of the circumstances and then exclaimed carelessly, "And does the man still live?" Crichton was so affected by the implied rebuke that he at once had the fencing-master murdered. He was

outlawed for this, and wandered about in disguise with a price on his head, while Sanquhar was finally lost to the family through the extravagance of his son William, one of whose freaks it was, after entertaining James VI. there in a particularly lavish style, to light him to bed with a torch made of the King's bond for a large sum of money.

The Castle is in the extreme north of Dumfriesshire and stands on high ground overlooking the Nith. It was built sometime in the fifteenth century and has been a very strong and lordly fortress, but is now in a deplorable state of ruin and neglect; even the avenue of great trees that led to the adjoining village has almost disappeared. When the Earl of Queensberry quitted Drumlanrig in disgust he went straight to Sanquhar, which he had purchased from the Crichtons, and there he is said to have passed the remainder of his life in retirement and in very restricted circumstances. His successor abandoned Sanquhar, and the people of the neighborhood soon began the work of destruction, carting its stones away for building-materials. Sanquhar Church was pulled down in 1827 and a modern one put up on the site. The sole remaining fragment of the earlier building is the effigy of an ecclesiastic which, removed at the time of the demolition to Friars Carse, was brought back by the late Marquis of Bute, father of the present proprietor of the Sanquhar estate.

The brilliant youth whom the Parisians dubbed the

“Admirable Crichton” was born at Elliock in Sanquhar parish about the year 1560. His father, Robert Crichton, Lord Advocate and Lord of Session under Queen Mary and James VI., moved to Perthshire, where the son got his—very—early education, for he took a degree at the University of St. Andrews when he was twelve, and had mastered all the sciences and ten languages by the time he was twenty; then, being remarkably handsome and having picked up in his leisure hours such ornamental accomplishments as fencing, riding, dancing, singing, drawing, painting, and so forth, and having become proficient on various musical instruments, he set forth on a tour in Europe and was soon mingling in the polite society of Paris. It was after one of those learned public disputations to which the age was so partial, that he gained his sobriquet. He is said to have met his death during the Carnival in Italy at the hands of the youthful son of the Duke of Mantua, to whom he had been acting as tutor. At all events he was killed in some fray at the age of twenty-two, leaving nothing but tradition to bear witness to his extraordinary talents.

In Covenanting times Sanquhar was the scene of two notable events. Richard Cameron was a Presbyterian minister who in earlier life had been tutor and chaplain in the family of Sir Walter Scott of Harden, an ancestor of the great Sir Walter. Later he had become one of the most famous of field-preachers in

the west country, and his tender and melting eloquence attracted to his ministrations enormous gatherings in Clydesdale, Annandale, and Nithsdale. In 1680, burning with indignation against the persecutions of his people, he gathered a body of Covenanters at Sanquhar, where on June 22 he published a declaration at the Market Cross in which Charles II. was formally deposed as an apostate and war was declared against him. "We do by these presents disown Charles Stuart that has been reigning or rather tyrannising as we may say these years bygone, . . . also we being under the standard of the Lord Jesus Christ, Captain of Salvation, do declare a war with such a tyrant and usurper."

After issuing the declaration, which is a wonderful claim for civil and religious liberty, Cameron and his companions took to the hills to the north of the Nith. Here they were surprised by a body of dragoons at Aird's Moss, about fifteen miles from Sanquhar, exactly four weeks later, and finding a battle inevitable Cameron uttered a memorable prayer which has ever since lingered in the memory of the Scottish peasants, "Lord spare the green and take the ripe." Then turning to his followers he said, "This is the day I have longed for, and the death I have prayed for; this is the day I shall get the crown; come, let us fight it out to the last."

The Covenanters fought it out bravely, but were defeated; Cameron was killed, his head and hand

cut off and sent to Edinburgh to be fixed on the Netherbow. He was but thirty-two when he fell, but his individuality survives to this day both as a man of religion and a man of war. His followers, who were styled Cameronians, kept up the struggle until the Revolution, but even then could not see their way to join the re-established Presbyterian Church, which they dubbed "Erastian." They maintained a vigorous entity until the year 1876, when the larger portion of the body united with the Free Church of Scotland. A considerable remnant however refused to join, and still maintain a separate existence.

The other legacy of Richard Cameron is the Twenty-sixth Infantry regiment of the line, known as the "Cameronians" or the Scottish Rifles. At the Revolution the hardy field-followers of the Cameronian cult were embodied in a single day into a regiment 1800 strong under the youthful Earl of Angus, mainly to fight any Jacobite risings after the death of Claverhouse at Killiecrankie. They have continued ever since in the service of the crown, and it is interesting to know that the eldest son of Mrs. Maxwell-Scott of Abbotsford, the heir of the great Sir Walter, although a Roman Catholic by religion, is an officer in this distinguished corps raised from the followers of that Richard Cameron who was once the humble tutor and chaplain of his ancestor, Sir Walter Scott of Harden. A monument

at Aird's Moss marks the spot where the Covenanting leader fell on July 20, 1680.

Five years later, on the accession of James II., another famous Declaration was published at Sanquhar, this time by James Renwick, also a Covenanting minister. This youthful enthusiast, who was but twenty-three years old, assembled a party of two hundred armed men, suddenly marched to Sanquhar and at the Cross publicly denounced the accession of the King, as an open and avowed Papist, and formally refused allegiance to him.

Every effort was made by the Government to seize him, but he evaded capture for nearly three years: dying of consumption, he secretly came to Edinburgh in February, 1688, was there recognized and made prisoner. His youth and extreme beauty, which is always mentioned in contemporary records, excited the pity even of his enemies. They would have spared him if they could, but he refused to make even the slightest concession. The Bishop was very kind, but could make no impression on his steadfastness, and he left him in tears, grieving that "such a pretty lad should be of such principles." Renwick was hanged on February 17, 1688. He was the last martyr for the Covenant.

CHAPTER IX.

GALLOWAY.

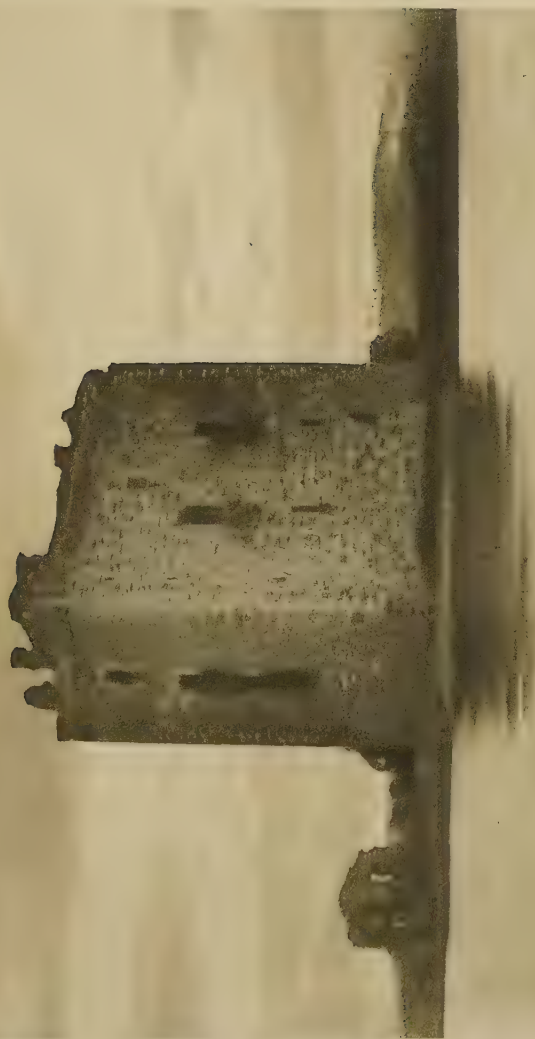
THE name of the early dwellers in that tract of land which lies along the north side of the Solway Firth and the Irish Sea was *Gallgaidhel*—stranger Gaels. In time their country came to be called Galloway, and to-day Galloway consists of the two southernmost divisions of Scotland—the county of Wigton and the “Stewartry” of Kirkcudbright, pronounced in the vernacular Kirkcoobry.

Of the men of Galloway, Lord Kames says: “In all the great battles the Scots had with the English the Galwegians led the van, led the brave Caledonians on to victory; they were a race of warriors, had no fear either of hunger or death, and were called the Wild Scots o’ Galloway.”

“Tame were the ither Scots to them,
The Southron loons they lo’ed to claw,
Sae patriots ever will revere
The Wild Scots o’ Gallawa.”

The privilege of leading the van of the Scottish army was a right claimed and held by the Galwegians from immemorial times, and it was their riotous insistence on this point that led to the defeat of the forces of David I. at the Battle of the Standard

Threave Castle



(1139). "So fierce was the clamor," writes Mr. Hume Brown, "that to stop inopportune dissensions David granted their demand."

As the King with better judgment had foreseen, they were, with all their bravery and savage impetuosity, no match for the host of Norman knights in their suits of mail, and the day was lost.

Galloway comes into notice again in the time of David's grandson, Malcolm IV., "The Maiden." Under its native ruler Fergus, Lord of Galloway, the district joined in the various risings of the reign and was a constant source of uneasiness. Reduced to submission at length by Malcolm, Fergus entered the monastery of Holyrood, where he ended his days.

Through the reign of William the Lion it was the same ever-recurring story, and whenever Galloway is heard of, it is as being in revolt.

In the time of Robert Bruce the Balliol family were Lords of Galloway, and the Macdougals of Galloway, a Celtic race, kinsmen of the Macdougals of Lorn, were the principal representatives of the Wild Scots. They were kinsmen of the Red Comyn and inveterate enemies of Bruce. But a family was rising into power whose chiefs through many generations were to keep the turbulent Galwegians in check.

The family of Douglas, which took its name from a valley of Lanarkshire, first comes into notice engaged with William the Lion in suppressing an insurrection in Rossshire in 1179. But the true founder

of the family greatness was the "Good" Sir James Douglas, Bruce's devoted follower and friend, and the Paladin of Scottish history and romance.¹ He was succeeded by his only son, who was killed at the battle of Halidon Hill, having never married.

Sir William Douglas, nephew of Sir James the Good, was the first Earl of Douglas. His only legitimate son was James, the "Hero of Otterburn" (1388), as he is celebrated in Chevy Chase and many a Border ballad. At a critical moment in the fight the Earl "of great harte and hygh of Enterprise" charged forward with a mighty battle-axe "lyke a hardy Hector, wyllinge alone to conquere the felde, and to discomfyte his enemyes," and discomfit them he did so that they fell back, leaving him however mortally wounded; the other Scottish nobles, coming up, were dismayed and disheartened to find their leader prostrate. Anxiously they ask of his condition. It is "right evil," yet he thanks God that few of his ancestors have died in their beds, and with his last breath implores them to raise his banner and conceal the fact of his death, "lest mine enemies rejoyce and my friends be discomfitted." Sir John Sinclair accordingly lifting up the banner, they pressed forward with such energetic shoutings of "Douglas! Douglas!" that reinforcements were attracted to the spot, the English were driven back, and the day was won. Sir James was succeeded by his cousin Archibald, a

¹ See p. 115, Vol. II.

natural son of Sir James the Good, who inherited the title and estates fifty-eight years after his father's death. An old historian says he was "callit Archibald Grym be the Englismen, becaus of his terrible countenance in weirfare." Or he may have earned it by reason of his stern administration in Galloway, which he governed with an iron hand.

Earl Archibald put a steward over his Galloway estates, and in this circumstance the title of Stewartry, still applied to Kirkcudbright, originated. It was he who built the fortalice of Thrieve on the site of a former stronghold of the Lords of Galloway. It stood on a little island of some fifteen or twenty acres in the river Dee, just west of the present town of Castle Douglas. It could be reached by a ford—the secret of whose track was probably not more bruited abroad than necessary—which crosses the eastern branch of the river from the island's southern extremity; in general though the approach was only by boat, and it was further protected by a marsh traversed only by a narrow roadway from the landing to the strongly fortified outer wall. The Castle consisted of a square tower about seventy feet high, with walls eight feet thick. The stone corbel still seen over the entrance was one of a series "projected to receive a hoarding to defend the gateway and entrance door, a very common arrangement." But according to tradition it had another use, and the "gallows knob" as it was called is supposed to have been nothing more nor

less than a stone gibbet handily placed above the main door of the Castle.

Archibald the Grim died at Thrieve in 1400. A few months before he died, his only daughter Mary was married to David, Duke of Rothesay, the heir-apparent to the throne. The Grim Earl was succeeded by his son Archibald, called the Tineman or losing man, because of his unfortunate aptitude for losing battles. He was taken prisoner by the English at the battle of Homildon in 1402. The following year he took part with Percy "Hotspur" in his rebellion against Henry IV.,¹ and was made prisoner at Shrewsbury, and finally was killed at the battle of Verneuil in France (1424), fighting for the French against the English. Yet in spite of his misfortunes he was a great man. He married the Princess Margaret, daughter of King Robert III. and sister of James I., and so important was his alliance considered that the King of France created him Duke of Touraine and made him lieutenant-general of the French army.

A stigma has always attached to him as being concerned along with the Duke of Albany (Robert III.'s brother) in the imprisonment and death at Falkland of the miserable Duke of Rothesay, doubly his brother-in-law, whom popular tradition believed to have been starved to death. Although that unfortunate Prince had been arrested by his father's desire and by judi-

¹ See Shakespeare, *Henry IV.*, Part I.

cial investigation was pronounced to have died by "divine providence and not otherwise," yet the mystery of that affair will always enshadow the memory of Albany and Douglas in popular opinion.¹ His widow, the Princess Margaret, held the Lordship of Galloway for the rest of her life. She died at Thrieve about 1450 and her very beautiful tomb is still seen at Lincluden.

In her son Archibald, the fifth Earl, we see personified the extraordinary power and honor to which this family rose, producing an arrogance and ambition that ultimately caused its downfall. This Earl was the fourteenth Lord and the fifth Earl of Douglas. He was Earl of Wigtown, Lord of Bothwell, of Galloway, and of Annandale; he was Duke of Touraine, Lord of Longueville, and Marshal of France. After the death of James I. he was one of the Council of Regency and Lieutenant-General of Scotland.²

His power had become too great for a mere subject, especially of an infant King; but he only survived James I. by two years.

On his death in 1439 he was succeeded by his son William, a youth of sixteen years, who had an only brother David and a sister Margaret known as the Fair Maid of Galloway. The Chancellor Crichton

¹ See Notes and Introduction to the *Fair Maid of Perth*.

² Douglas always travelled with a train of 1000 horsemen, and the ironical gratitude of the monks of Arbroath for the great honor done them by a visit from the Earl passed into a proverb.

and the Lieutenant-General Livingston, fearing the power of the family, thought the opportunity to crush it before the young heirs could become dangerous too good to neglect.

They were inveigled to Edinburgh Castle on the pretext that they would be suitable companions for the boy King, James II., and as has been already related they were then served with the "black dinner" and led out to be executed in the Castle yard after a mock trial at which the young King with tears implored for their lives.¹ This barbarous murder crippled the family power for a short time only. The young Earl was succeeded in the earldom by his great-uncle, James Douglas, Earl of Avondale, Lord of Abercorn and Aberdour, an easy-going corpulent old gentleman known as James the Gross. In his time the Douglasses were quiescent, but he only survived for about two years. This seventh Earl was succeeded by his son William, a young man in the prime of life, who early married his cousin Margaret, the Fair Maid of Galloway, the heiress of her grandmother the Princess Margaret, and of her murdered brothers. Thus the wealth of the family was concentrated in the young Earl, who moreover developed the hereditary military talent of the family, and more than once defeated the English in important battles.

James II. had now grown to be a man, and at

¹ See p. 11.

first treated the Earl as a friend; he was made lieutenant-general of the kingdom and was practically sovereign of the southwest of Scotland. He kept his wardenship in a state of terror-stricken awe. "The gallows-knob of Thrieve," says a grim tradition, "now rarely lacked its tassel."

The murder of Sir John Herries of Terregles in defiance of the King's orders aroused consternation as well as anger among the neighboring barons; it began to look as though the power of the Douglasses had reached higher than the throne itself. An unfortunate gentleman, Sir Patrick Maclellan, who held the office of sheriff, but was generally known as the tutor of Bombie, imprudently spoke out about the murder of Herries, and was consequently attacked by Douglas in Raeberry Castle. A warden was bribed with the offer of a ladleful of gold to draw the bolts of one of the gates, and Douglas and his men slipping in, the Castle was taken. On hearing of this, Sir Patrick Gray, an uncle of Maclellan, got the King to write "ane sweet letter of supplication to the Earl of Douglas," armed with which he rode off in hot haste to Thrieve. Douglas met him courteously and insisted upon entertaining him at dinner before hearing his errand; meanwhile he sent secret orders to have the tutor's head chopped off. The Earl entertained his guest handsomely, "made him good cheer and talked of merrie matters," and finally when he had read the King's letter, rose and gra-

ciously led Sir Patrick out to the court-yard, where a white cloth being lifted the tutor's corpse was displayed. "There lies your sister's son," said he; "he wants the head, but his body is humbly at your service." Douglas's sense of humor was not quite satisfied even with this pleasantry, for when the creature who had left the gate of Raeberry unbarred came to claim his pay, the noble Earl remarked that he should certainly have his ladleful of gold, but melted and poured down his throat.

At length King James II. became thoroughly alarmed. Not only had the insolence and arrogance of the Douglasses become intolerable, but the Earl had entered into an alliance with the Earl of Ross, the great magnate of the north, and the Earl of Crawford, who ruled the midlands, to take each other's part in every quarrel, even against the King himself. Such a state of matters could not continue. King James invited the great Earl to meet him in Stirling Castle under the protection of a safe-conduct. It is not supposed that the King meditated any treachery, but in earnest conversation he implored the Earl to break off the league with his northern allies. This the Earl, though constantly urged, refused to do, and at last the King rose in a passion and drawing his dagger exclaimed, "By heaven, my Lord, if *you* will not break the league, *this* shall," and so saying he stabbed Lord Douglas in the throat (February 22, 1452). Among the courtiers who

rushed in to complete the work it is not surprising to find Sir Patrick Gray first and foremost.

For a time it seemed that the power of the family was crippled, but only for a time. Earl William was succeeded by his brother James, the ninth Earl, who shortly obtained a papal dispensation to marry his brother's widow, the Fair Maid of Galloway, and thus once more united the power and wealth of the family. He made open war on the King and enlisted to his side so many of the great barons that James II. actually thought of abandoning the throne and retiring to France. In this juncture the King applied to Kennedy, Archbishop of St. Andrews, his own cousin and a most sagacious and patriotic prelate. The Archbishop gave the King a bundle of arrows tightly tied together and asked him to break them. The King found it impossible. Take them one by one, said Kennedy, and it will be easily done. The King understood what was meant. First he won over Lord Hamilton of Cadzow, a great Clydesdale baron; then Huntly, and more important than either, the Earl of Angus, head of a younger branch of the Douglasses, popularly known as the Red Douglasses. The result was soon apparent. When the Earl of Douglas came into actual collision with the royal forces his supporters melted away like mist, and before the close of the year 1455 he and one of his brothers had fled to England (where he was well received by Edward III. and given the Order of the Garter), his two other

brothers had been killed, and his estates were forfeited. The Galloway baronies were attached to the crown and the lordship of Douglas was given to his kinsman the Earl of Angus, and thus arose the popular saying that "the Red Douglas had put down the Black." When the King came to Galloway to receive its submission, he found that Thrieve Castle still held out against his authority. It is at this time that we come upon the tradition of the local manufacture of Mons Meg. The story relates that the King found it impossible to make any impression upon the walls of Thrieve, but there lived at Carlingwark, just south of Castle Douglas, a blacksmith named M'Min or M'Lellan, who with his seven sons now offered to fashion a piece of ordinance that should bring Thrieve Castle to submission. They accordingly forged the huge gun called Mons Meg¹ (from Brawny Kim the blacksmith's wife) and it was supplied with granite balls also made close by, the granite quarries near Dalbeattie being highly valued in our own day. When completed the gun was placed on a small hill commanding the Castle, and being charged with "a peck of powder and a stone ball the weight of a Carsphairn cow" it wrought dire havoc among the garrison. The very first shot struck off the hand of the

¹ Mons Meg, with all the other useless cannon in Edinburgh Castle, was carried off to London in 1754, and remained there till 1829, when through the efforts of Sir Walter Scott it was restored by George IV. and given its present place of honor on the south side of the Castle, close to St. Margaret's Chapel.

Fair Maid of Galloway as she sat in the banqueting-hall in the act "of raising the wine-cup to her lips," and in a short time the Castle was reduced.

Twenty-nine years later Earl Douglas again entered Scotland (1484) in rebellion against King James III. along with the Duke of Albany the King's brother, but the insurgents were defeated. Douglas surrendered to one Kirkpatrick, who in old days had been his vassal. His captor wept with emotion and offered to fly with him to England; but the Earl said No, he was tired of exile, and as there was a reward offered for his head he would rather it went to one who had been always faithful to him than to another. Kirkpatrick however concealed his prisoner until the King had promised him his life. The King directed him to retire into the Abbey of Lindores, where he died a monk four years later.

Thus fell the powerful family who shook the throne itself and of whom it was written

"So many, so good, as of the Douglasses have been
Of one surname in Scotland never yet were seen."

After the reduction of Thrieve, King James erected the neighboring town of Kirkeudbright into a royal burgh and appointed Maclellan of Bomby, a relative of the unfortunate "tutor," to be its first provost.

In 1640 the War Committee of the Covenanters ordered that "the hows of Thrieve be flighted." It was accordingly unroofed and dismantled, though

enough of it still remains to give a fair idea of its former state.

The Maxwell family, who had been appointed Hereditary Keepers of Thrieve, held the office until the Earl of Nithsdale was attainted for joining in the '15.

A few miles from Castle Douglas there are the meagre remains—a mound, a well, and an uncovered passageway—of what was once the Castle of Buittle, belonging to the Lords of Galloway, and the Kirkcudbright home of their descendant, Devorgilla, where she drew up the regulations for Balliol College, which she founded at Oxford in memory of her husband; and there her son John—to whom Edward I. adjudicated the throne of Scotland—was born. Buittle was given to the Good Sir James Douglas in the early part of the fourteenth century by King Robert Bruce, and his son David II. confirmed the grant when he bestowed Galloway upon Sir Archibald the Grim. In the sixteenth century Buittle passed into the Maxwell family, by whom the modern mansion close by was probably built. John Maxwell of Terraughty, to whom as “Old Terraughty” Burns composed an address on his seventy-first birthday, was born there in 1720.

The Castle built in 1570 by Sir Thomas Maclellan of Bombie is still standing, a ruined, ivy-grown, picturesque feature of Kirkcudbright town. Of the Greyfriars' Church where the family had its burial-

vault, nothing is left; the site is occupied by the buildings of a girls' school, and the part commonly called "the old aisle" covers the Maclellan vault. The monument of the Sir Thomas who built the Castle, and of his wife Lady Grizel Maxwell, is also to be seen there, erected by their son Robert, Lord Kirkcudbright.

The site of Castlemains, a stronghold of the Lords of Galloway and later of the Douglas family, is close to the river, but nothing of the building is left. The Tolbooth is attributed to the sixteenth century, and its tower is said to have been built with stones from Dundrennan Abbey. Kirkcudbright has been of late years a favorite resort of artists, and at one time gave promise of founding a school of its own. Its principal men have however become absorbed in the leading Scottish school of art at Glasgow.

A little to the north of the town is the site of the ancient church dedicated to St. Cuthbert, now used as a cemetery.

St. Cuthbert (661) is said to have gone on some business from Melrose, where he was prior, to "the land of the Picts." "They arrived there the day after Christmas, expecting a speedy return, for the sea was smooth and the wind favorable; but they had no sooner reached the land than a tempest arose, by which they were detained for several days, exposed to hunger and cold; but they were by the prayers of the Saint supplied with food under a cliff

where he was wont to pray during the watches of the night, and on the fourth day the tempest ceased and they were brought by a prosperous breeze to their own country. The traces of this visit have been left in the name of Kirkcudbright, or Church of Cuthbert.”¹

Among the gravestones in this cemetery there is one that marks the grave of a local celebrity, Billy Marshall the gipsy ; the inscription moderately states that he lived to the “advanced age of 120 years” ! His brethren of the guild of Hammerman conducted his funeral in 1792, and refused to allow Lord Selkirk to participate because he was not an incorporated member of their body.

The Black Morrow Wood, about a mile from Kirkcudbright, owes its name to the reputed capture there of a bandit, Black Murray. The tradition is that young Maclellan of Bombie filled the basin of a spring with spirits (the Black Morrow Well), and the outlaw having drunk from it freely, soon fell into a stupor, whereupon Maclellan chopped off his head, brought it on the point of his sword to the King (James II.), and got the promised reward. A little below the town is St. Mary’s Isle, formerly the seat of Lord Daer, afterwards Earl of Selkirk, Burns’s friend and admirer. The name comes from a twelfth-century priory dedicated to St. Mary, now completely destroyed.

¹ Skene quoting from Bede.

Paul Jones was a native of this neighborhood. This extraordinary man, whom most British writers seem unable to classify otherwise than as a pirate, was the son of a gardener named Paul, of Arbigland (about thirty miles east along the coast). He was adopted by his brother-in-law who had gone to America, and took his name of Jones. After being in the merchant service, first of England and then of America, he entered the American navy in 1775. Three years later, when in command of the frigate *Ranger*, twenty-six guns, he sailed into Kirkcudbright Bay hoping to capture and carry off the Earl of Selkirk. The Earl however was absent from home, and the men sent to bring him off to the ship demanded the plate instead, which the Countess hastily gave them; her own account in a private letter written a few days later to William Craik of Arbigland, on whose estate Paul Jones was born, is given in Mr. Harper's "Rambles in Galloway." "They took pains," the Countess writes, "to make themselves be understood a press-gang till they had surrounded the house and the principal one had asked for me. . . . they . . . said their orders were to take my Lord prisoner, or if he was absent, to demand the plate." The Countess goes on to deplore that in her flurry and fright she gave them so much of this and of the best too. "The value of it I never suffered to give me a thought, till last night that after the bustle was over, my spirits did fail me, and I began to reckon

what I might have saved, and consider what better might have been done. . . . The people really behaved very civilly, the men who surrounded the house never offered to come in nor even ask for anything; they were well armed, each a musket and bayonet, two large pistols and a hanger; their number I cannot tell; they were called at first forty, afterwards fifteen. I reckon they were not near the first, but am persuaded more than the last. The youngest of the officers was a civil-looking lad in American uniform, but it seems had had a blue greatcoat as a disguise; he meddled little; the other dressed in blue behaved civilly, but with so confident a look and so saucy a manner that I dare say he could have been very rough had he seen it necessary." The Countess seems to have been quite unconscious of the extent of her losses, if we are to accept Sir Herbert Maxwell's account of the affair. "They carried off," he says, "considerable booty in the shape of plate and other valuables. This was restored to the Earl by the freebooter after some years."

The plate was as a fact bought back from his men by Jones and returned to the Countess with apologies. In the following autumn this unusual type of "freebooter" performed exploits—notably in the action between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis*—which place him among the great naval commanders of the world.

About five miles east from St. Mary's Isle, pictu-

resquely situated on the banks of a rapid stream, are the ruins of the Cistercian Abbey of Dundrennan, which in many particulars resembles that other Abbey of the Order in Galloway, Glenluce. Dundrennan was founded in the middle of the twelfth century, by whom is not certainly known, nor is there much on record of its subsequent history. Quiet, simple men, the brethren seem to have been more exercised in the business of saying their prayers and cultivating the extensive Abbey lands than given to mixing in the troublous and noisy affairs of the world, and so their uneventful lives have left few records. Michael Scott the Wizard is said to have had his dwelling at Dundrennan for some time, and to have shut up the plague in one of the vaults, so that, although it contained a number of valuables, everyone was afraid to open the door lest the pest should rush forth and grip the district. Edward Maxwell as "Commendator" was at the head of the establishment when Queen Mary arrived there after her sixty miles' ride from Langside (May 13, 1568).

She passed her last night of freedom within its walls, and the next day made the final mistake of her life. Embarking from the beach a mile and a half below the Abbey gardens, she crossed over to the domains of her "well-beloved cousin" Elizabeth. "The sails were hoisted, the oars were plied, the vessel went freshly on her way through the firth,

which divides the shores of Cumberland from those of Galloway; but not till the vessel diminished to the size of a child's frigate, did the doubtful, and dejected, and dismissed followers of the Queen cease to linger on the sands; and long, long could they discern the kerchief of Mary, as she waved the oft-repeated signal of adieu to her faithful adherents, and to the shores of Scotland."¹

A large stone still seen on the shore at Port Mary is supposed to be the spot from which the Queen stepped on board the boat.

The last Abbot gave away all he could of the Abbey lands, and James VI. having annexed the revenues in 1621, the buildings were abandoned and fell into decay, though the church was used for Protestant worship for nearly a century afterwards. In 1838 the Earl of Selkirk repaired the buildings to some extent, and they are now under the care of the Government.²

Among a number of interesting sculptured tombstones, that called "The Belted Knight" is the most noteworthy. The knight whose effigy is carved in relief is said to be Alan, Lord of Galloway, great-

¹ *The Abbot.*

² The Transition style of architecture prevailed in Scotland in the latter part of the twelfth, and well into the thirteenth century. It is marked by the blending of the Norman with the first pointed Gothic style—i. e., Norman ornamentation along with the pointed Gothic arch. At Dundrennan this is accomplished by introducing Gothic alterations into the existing Norman building.

Mary, Queen of Scots



grandson of Fergus, the father of Devorgilla, buried in Dundrennan in 1233.

"Galloway," writes the author of "Galloway Ancient and Modern," "has provided subjects for three of Sir Walter Scott's novels, 'Guy Mannering,' 'Old Mortality,' and 'The Bride of Lammermoor.' 'Redgauntlet' is a little connected."

The opening scene of the first of these has indeed been identified with Dundrennan and its neighborhood, those being the "monastic ruins" in which the hero lingers so long that, night overtaking him, he is finally compelled to apply for shelter at Ellangowan New Place, otherwise Raeberry Castle, once standing on Raeberry Head on the coast, three or four miles from the Abbey.

Caerlaverock is however the Castle which Scott is thought to have had in mind in describing Ellangowan Auld Place; and indeed these scenes are all nominally laid in Dumfriesshire.

About twenty miles up the coast, below the hill of Criffel and close to the Pow Burn, are the ruins of New or Sweetheart Abbey, founded by Devorgilla in 1275. It stands in what was once an enclosed area of some twenty acres, called the Precinct. The name New is said to have clung to it because no later Abbey was built in Kirkcudbrightshire, but it is much more likely that it was used to distinguish it from the already existing Abbey of Dundrennan.

As for Sweetheart or Dulce Cor, that is because

Devorgilla, who in her great foundations seems constantly to have had the memory of her dead lord in mind, caused the heart of John Balliol to be embalmed and placed in a silver-bound, ivory casket, enamelled with her own hands, which was buried with her close to the high altar. Previously—all through the long years of her widowhood that is—she carried this casket about with her and used even to have it placed at her husband's seat at table.

Lord Maxwell of Herries, Queen Mary's devoted friend, was educated at Sweetheart, and retained so happy a recollection of the years spent there, that, although he became a Protestant, he absolutely refused to execute an order of the Privy Council, requiring him to destroy the buildings. Of these the church, Scottish Gothic in style, is about all that remains in anything like a state of preservation, the rest having been quarried away. The church is however unusually complete as regards all the divisions of the plan.

The last Abbot was Gilbert Brown, a celebrated controversialist, who entered the lists with John Welsh (Knox's son-in-law), the reformed minister of Irongray, in defence of the Church of Rome. "A busy trafficker for Rome and Spain," he has been called, and "a chief instrument of keeping the south of Scotland under ignorance and superstition." Whether this were so or not, he seems to have been able to win and hold the affection of his people: for

when he was apprehended in 1605 by Lord Cranstown there was a general rising in his defence. One of the farms belonging to Sweetheart Abbey—Kissock—is thought to get its name from a warrior-missionary of the sixth century, Saint Kessoge. His name served the Scots as a battle-cry and he was sometimes depicted in fighting garb holding a bent bow with an arrow fitted to it.

In Irongray Churchyard, which is in Kirkcudbrightshire about six miles from the town of Dumfries, lies buried Helen Walker, the original of Jeanie Deans. A Mrs. Goldie, wife of the Commissary of Dumfries, gave Scott the particulars of her history, upon which he founded the story of "The Heart of Mid-Lothian." This lady was spending the summer in a cottage near Lincluden Abbey, when one day there came to her kitchen door an old woman with some chickens for sale. Mrs. Goldie got into conversation with her and was at once attracted by the mixture of shrewdness and good humor she displayed. She describes her as "a little, rather stout-looking woman, who seemed to be between seventy and eighty years of age; she was almost covered with a tartan plaid, and her cap had over it a black silk hood tied under the chin, a piece of dress still much in use among elderly women of that rank of life in Scotland; her eyes were dark and remarkably lively and intelligent; . . ." She was unmarried and supported herself by footing stockings for the

country people, teaching a few children to read, and raising chickens. When, as she was about to leave, Mrs. Goldie asked her name, her face clouded over. "My name," she said, "is Helen Walker; but your husband kens weel about me." Her story was in fact essentially the same as that immortalized by Scott. She had been left an orphan with the care of a much younger sister; this sister was tried for child-murder, and Helen refused to utter the prevarication which by the Scottish law would have saved her sister's life. "It is impossible," she said in reply to her lawyer's representations, "for me to swear to a falsehood; and whatever may be the consequence, I will give my oath according to my conscience." Her sister being found guilty and condemned to death, Helen got a petition made out, and by nightfall had started off to walk to London, where she presented herself without introduction or influence of any kind to the Duke of Argyll, procured the pardon, and walked back to Edinburgh just in time to avert the execution of the sentence. When Mrs. Goldie returned in the following year, she found that Helen Walker had died in the course of the winter and lay buried in Irongray Churchyard. She was extremely reticent about this one great episode in her quiet, obscure life, and her neighbors stood too much in awe of her to question her about it. "Helen was a lofty body," said one of them, "and used a high style o' language." After Mrs. Goldie's death, her daugh-

ter writes to Sir Walter : " Mrs. Goldie was extremely anxious to have a tombstone and an inscription upon it erected in Irongray Churchyard ; and if Sir Walter Scott will condescend to write the last, a little subscription could be easily raised in the immediate neighborhood, and Mrs. Goldie's wish be thus fulfilled." Scott not only wrote the inscription, but gave the stone as well.

A few miles from Irongray there is a carefully restored little building, the Church of Terregles, formerly attached to Lincluden and built by the fourth Lord Herries in 1583. " A fair example of the quaint architecture of James VI.'s time, when the revival of Gothic was attempted, along with the revival of Episcopacy." The buttresses were added at its restoration. The coat of arms of Agnes, Lady Herries, shows the three hedgehogs. These insignia are also carried by the French Counts of Vendôme, and it is sometimes supposed that the Herries family is descended from a son of that house. In James II.'s time some of the people of the overbearing Earl of Douglas made a foray into the estate of Sir John Herries of Terregles, burning and plundering as they went. Unable to get redress in any other way, Sir John retaliated in kind, but could recover only a very small part of his lost property. Nevertheless the robbers appealed to their powerful overlord, who seized the Laird of Terregles, put him in irons, and imprisoned him in Thrieve

Castle. The King sent a special herald to warn the Earl of Douglas not to injure Sir John's person. Thereupon the Earl had his prisoner brought out. "You petty Galloway barons," said he, "can but rarely deck your little blockhouses with a poor dangling villain, but the gallows-knob of Thrieve has not wanted a tassel for the last fifty years. Herries's henchman has already hung there since last night; let him now give place to his master, the Laird of Terregles."

"It may here be repeated however," quietly observes the author of the Douglas Book after reciting this barbarity, "that he [Douglas] was Lieutenant-General, and so responsible for the peace of the south of Scotland."

The surrounding neighborhood is full of associations with the Covenanters. During the "killing-time" of Charles II.'s reign the wild district in the north of Kirkcudbrightshire was assigned to Grierison of Lag, a noted persecutor, and it was the scene of many of his most brutal acts. His headquarters were at Garryhorn near Carsphairn, and for long there was preserved there his black-oak bedstead, strongly made and furnished at the foot with kennels where he kept the bloodhounds employed to track the wretched Covenanters to their hiding-places.

Two of his victims, Alexander M'Cubbin and Edward Gordon, are buried on the banks of the Cluden in Irongray Churchyard. They were seized

on Lochinkit Moor, their four companions shot on the spot, and they two conveyed to the Bridge of Urr, where Grierson of Lag hanged them on an oak-tree.

A lonely little valley, the farm of Upper Skeoch in Irongray parish, was a favorite place for holding conventicles.

Four parallel rows of flat stones served for the communion tables, each row accommodating about thirty persons; on round piles of stones about four feet in height which stood at either end, the elements were placed. The men all came armed, and sentinels were stationed on commanding points near at hand, ready to give the alarm should the Government's soldiers appear.

The Church of St. John's Town of Dalry was dedicated to St. John, hence the name of the village; and there is an ancient stone seat connected in some traditional way with the Apostle and held by the people in such veneration that upon its leaking out on one occasion that Mr. Joseph Train had made arrangements to have this seat removed (to send to Sir Walter Scott as was supposed) they raised such an outcry that he had to desist, and it is still to be seen there. South of Dalry is Ballingear House, once the property of the Griersons of Lag, one of whose lairds is reputed to have said in excuse for any slips of his own from the straight and narrow path, "I am come o' the Grahams of Clavers and the Griers of Lag, and how the deil can I be guid?"

In the kirkyard of the village of Balmaclellan is a stone with this inscription, "In memory of Robert Paterson, stone engraver, well known as 'Old Mortality,' who died at Bankend of Caerlaverock, 14th February, 1800, aged 88," then follow the names of some members of his family. He spent the latter part of his life wandering about Galloway, recutting the lettering on the tombstones of Covenanting martyrs or erecting new ones to their memory. Finding him absolutely wedded to this occupation, his wife left what had been their home in Dumfriesshire and settled in Balmaclellan, where she supported the family by keeping a small school.

At the head of Loch Ken, on the summit of a conical hill, stands Kenmure Castle. The site was early occupied by a fortress of the Lords of Galloway, but since the year 1297 it has been held by a branch of the Gordons. Their Castle was burned by the Regent Moray after the battle of Langside, and again by Cromwell. The head of this Gordon family, raised to the peerage by Charles I. in 1633 with the title of Lord Kenmure, caused a keg of brandy to be carried before his men in the campaign against Cromwell, from which circumstance arose the slang term "Kenmure's drum" as applied to a cask of spirits.

True to the traditions of the family, the Lord Kenmure of that day "went out" in the '15; he was taken prisoner and executed and his title for-

feited. In the time of his son and successor, Mr. John Gordon, Kenmure produced a poet: a youth named Lowe, son of the gardener on the estate, who employed his time so well at school that he was engaged as tutor in a neighboring family. The lover of a daughter of the house was drowned at sea, and the young tutor, himself deeply enamored of another daughter, was inspired to write "Mary's Dream," which has ever since ranked among the most popular poems in Galloway. Engaged later as tutor by a brother of George Washington, he went to Virginia, married (though not his first love), and died there. His grave is near Fredericksburg, Virginia.

A road in the southern part of the Stewartry is accounted one of the most beautiful in all Great Britain. It leads from the sleepy little Gatehouse of Fleet. (the Gatehouse once existed as a toll-gate above the town) down the west side of the Fleet, and then along the east shore of Wigtown Bay; and it runs, moreover, close by a number of places of interest. The first of these is Anwoth Church, once the scene of the ministry of Samuel Rutherford. His manse, called Bushy-Bield, has been pulled down, but there is the path close by called "Rutherford's Walk," where he was wont to pace back and forth in his hours of meditation. Here it was that Archbishop Usher, fearing that his episcopal office would make him an unwelcome visitor,

came to the manse in the guise of a chance traveller. It was Saturday, and that evening the minister, as his custom was, assembled the household to catechize them. The stranger, when his turn came, was asked the number of the Commandments, and replying eleven, went on to explain his meaning. Rutherford at once saw that this was no ordinary wayfarer who had strayed beneath his roof, and on the following day discovered who he really was. The rather astonishing sequel to the story is that having been then invited to preach in the parish kirk, the Archbishop did so, "adopting the Presbyterian form of worship and laying aside for a time the Episcopal ceremonies."

The ruined Tower of Cardoness Castle stands on a hill between the highroad and the Fleet Bay. It was an ancient stronghold of the M'Culloch family, though according to the story it was not built by them, but acquired by marriage. The tradition is that a rough Borderer, having married a wife and built the Tower with the fruits of many raids, was deeply chagrined at having no heir; nine daughters in succession were born to him, until at last when there was a possibility of a tenth he violently swore that unless this child were a boy he would drown both mother and babe in the icy waters of the Black Loch. No one seems to have doubted for a moment that he would keep his word, so there was widespread rejoicing when a son actually appeared. In the pride

of his heart the father invited everyone to a fête champêtre to be held on the identical frozen loch—his lady's threatened tomb; but when the festival had reached its height the ice gave way and everyone was drowned, the only member of the Cardoness household saved being a little daughter, one of the despised nine, who for some reason—sick or naughty—had been left at home. She grew up and married one of the M'Cullochs; but her tower was always called *Caer-donais*, from *donais* meaning mischief or evil.

At Ardwell, another property belonging to the M'Culloch family (one of the few ancient families of Pictish extraction still holding estates in Galloway), there is a magnificent beech-tree with an interesting history. The spot where it stands was, at the beginning of the century, in the Ardwell gardens. The intelligent gardener of that estate, when it grew too large to suit his ideas of beauty, persuaded Mr. Walter M'Culloch, the owner, to let him cut it down; before this was done however the Misses Maxwell of Cardoness (that estate passed into the Maxwell family in 1630, and there is a modern house close by), while paying a call with their governess, a sister of the poet Campbell, heard of the threatened piece of vandalism and begged so hard for the beech's life that their host engaged to let it stand, at least for the present. Miss Campbell at once wrote to her brother, describing the tree and urging him to enter his protest

as well. Whereupon "The Beech Tree's Petition" was written, and the tree stands to this day, a sturdy witness to the power of poetry.

At the foot of Cairnharrow is the reputed tomb of King Galdus¹ or Gwallawc—the hawk of battle.

Some twelve miles north of Newton-Stewart, far from the common track, is the wild and beautiful Glen Trool. It was in this inaccessible district that Robert Bruce took refuge in the spring of 1307 after his landing from the Isle of Arran, and in this neighborhood many of his romantic adventures and hairbreadth escapes took place.

Although he had already met with his first success, the capture of Turnbery Castle in Carrick, his situation had never been more desperate. Several English armies under Edward's best generals nearly surrounded him. On the southwest he was hemmed in by the Macdougals of Galloway, kinsmen of the Red Comyn and Bruce's inveterate enemies, while on the north the Lord of Lorn, the head of the Argyllshire Macdougals, also a kinsman of Comyn, had brought down a large army of Highlanders to cut off any retreat in that direction. Yet Bruce managed to maintain himself in spite of them all. His wonderful escapes and his personal prowess have been preserved to us by John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, who was a lad of thirteen at the time of

¹ The legendary Galdus was a contemporary of Boadicea, A. D. 60.

Bruce's death, but who learned his information from eye-witnesses of the events.

Traitors are always to be found. Bruce was accustomed to saunter in the mornings alone or accompanied only by a little page-boy who carried a bow and arrow. A near relation of his own, whom he thoroughly trusted and who knew his habits, was bribed by the English with forty pounds' worth of land to murder the King. One morning he and his two sons attacked the King, who was armed with his sword alone. Taking the bow and arrow from the page he made him stand at a distance, saying that if he overcame the villains he had weapons enough, but if he were killed the boy must escape and tell Douglas and his brother to avenge his death. As the traitors advanced, Bruce shot the father through the eye, and with his sword cut down both sons as they rushed on him. Ah, said Bruce, these had been worthy men if they could have resisted the sin of covetousness.

After this the Macdougals of Galloway attempted to track down Bruce with bloodhounds. The King had with him but sixty men, who, worn out, were sent to take some rest near the banks of a stream, while the King reconnoitered, accompanied by two followers. Hearing the baying of the hounds and the tramp of men and horses, he placed himself at a ford which the pursuers must pass to attack him. If he returned to his party the enemy might cross

the river, but the ford might be defended against great odds by a single resolute man; he determined therefore to hold the ford alone, sending his two followers back to waken the rest of his men. On came the enemy, and as man after man reached the bank, Bruce cut them down until five had perished. Ashamed of being balked by a single man, the enemy were rallying to a more determined attack when Bruce's soldiers came to the rescue and the Galloway men retired ignominiously.

This was not the only attempt to track the King with bloodhounds. John of Lorn had got possession of a bloodhound which had formerly belonged to Bruce and would follow him anywhere. The King, learning of a combined attack by Lorn and the English army under the Earl of Pembroke, ordered his followers to separate in order to baffle pursuit. Coming to the place where they had dispersed, Lorn knew by the trail the hound took which road Bruce had followed. Five fleet-footed Highlanders were ordered to hurry on, and they espied the King with but a single companion—his trusty foster-brother—whose name has not been preserved. Probably better armed than the Highlanders, Bruce and his henchman killed them all, and continuing their flight, reached a stream which they waded down and so destroyed the scent. Fatigued nearly to death with this adventure, Bruce would have lain down to rest and would certainly have been captured, had his

foster-brother not forced him to make a final effort and borne him to a place of safety.

Shortly after this the foster-brother lost his life defending his master. They had taken shelter in a hut which three men had also entered. Not liking their appearance, Bruce and his companion took one end of the room and determined to watch and sleep alternately. During the other's watch Bruce awakened suddenly, conscious of something being wrong. The foster-brother, worn out, had fallen asleep, and the three villains were about rushing on the sleeping men. Again Bruce's personal prowess preserved him. His foster-brother, but half awake, was killed; but the King succeeded in despatching all three assailants.

The pleasantest story of this period of Bruce's wanderings is that of a poor widow of the name of MacLurg, at whose cottage he—all alone—asked for food and shelter. "All wayfarers," she said, "are welcome for the sake of one." "And who is that?" asked the King. "Good King Robert the Bruce, that is the rightful lord of this country." Upon this the King made himself known. "But why all alone?" she asked. "I have none with me," he simply answered. "I have two sons," said Mistress MacLurg, "wight and hardy, and they shall be your servants." They were sworn in as the King's henchmen, and shortly afterwards a trampling of footsteps was heard approaching the door; his new fol-

lowers started up to defend the King, but to their joy the newcomers proved to be Sir James Douglas and the King's brother, Edward Bruce, with a hundred and fifty men, to whom Bruce recounted his adventures and his foster-brother's death. After the King became established on the throne he gave the good widow a grant of land near the site of her hut, which long continued in the possession of her descendants, and to this day the name of McLurg is common in the district. This meeting took place on the hill Craigencallie, rising between Loch Trool and Loch Dee, and near this is Raploch Moss, where a big stone is still pointed out as one of the King's resting-places.

The Earl of Pembroke, having discovered Bruce's hiding-place by spies, advanced to attack him with a force of 1500. The King learned of this from a spy, a woman who was captured and revealed the whole plan. Bruce determined to lay an ambush, and the place chosen was a height commanding a defile known as the steps of Trool, while the King himself took up a position on a ridge on the face of Craigmuir, which is still known as the King's Seat. The country, in which remnants of the ancient forest can yet be seen, was impracticable for cavalry, and the English had to toil painfully on foot through the defile. When they were well into the trap, Bruce sounded his bugle, his men rushed on the helpless Englishmen, and in a few minutes the army was

nearly annihilated. At the head of Loch Trool, tradition still points out a strip of bright green meadowland called the "Soldiers' Holm," where the English who fell in this action were buried.

Bruce continued in Galloway until May. When he was strong enough to take the open field against the English, he managed to elude the cordon surrounding him and marched northwest to Ayrshire.

From Minnigaff the Cree is crossed into Wigtownshire. The town of the same name is about ten miles to the south; it plays an insignificant part in history, and even the strong Castle which it once possessed has totally disappeared. Torhousemuir close by is called from the "standing stones of Torhouse," a circle of nineteen rough granite stones surrounding three others in line. They have been thought to be Druidical, or possibly to mark the grave of King Galdus and his chiefs (another of whose reputed graves has been alluded to above).

The sands below Wigtown are noted as the scene of one of the most cruel incidents of "the killing-time"—*i. e.*, those months of the years 1684–85 that marked the close of Charles II.'s reign, and during which the persecution waged against the Covenanters was at its fiercest.

Margaret M'Lauchlane, aged sixty-three, and two girls named Wilson, eighteen and thirteen years old respectively, having left their homes and gone into hiding to avoid taking the test oath, were tracked,

arrested, and brought to Wigtown for trial. On being found guilty of taking part in the rebellions of Bothwell Brig and Airds Moss (neither of which places had any one of them ever been near in their lives) and of having attended conventicles, they were sentenced "to be tied to palisadoes fixed in the sand, within the flood-mark of the sea, and there to stand till the flood o'erflowed them."

On the payment of a fine by her father the younger of the two sisters was liberated; but although an effort has been made to show that the others were reprieved, there is no reason to doubt that in their case the sentence was literally carried out (May 11, 1685). No wonder that the dramatic horror of the scene—the two women bound to their stakes (they refused a final summons to take the oath), the brief strip of sand, the up-crawling tide curling ever nearer and nearer—made so vivid an impression upon the crowds assembled to lend the stedfast souls of the martyrs additional courage by their loud-spoken prayers, that the scene was transmitted in detail from one generation to another. The descendants of the man who betrayed the women's hiding-place were systematically shunned, and it is told that one of them having quarrelled with a neighbor was reduced to silence by the latter saying, "I wadna like to have had a forebear who betrayed the martyrs: I wadna be coomed o' sic folk." They lie buried in the graveyard near the parish church, and so lately as the year 1858

an obelisk was erected on Windy Hill to their memory.

Baldoon Castle on the west shore of Wigtown Bay belongs to the Earl of Galloway, having been purchased from the descendants of Sir David Dunbar, whose bride was the original of "Lucy of Lammermoor." The contract of the marriage, which took place on August 12, 1669, was found about thirty years ago among the family papers of the Earl of Selkirk at St. Mary's Isle. The bride's real name was Janet Dalrymple, and she was a daughter of Sir James Dalrymple, afterwards Viscount Stair. The author of "Lands and their Owners in Galloway" asserts that in spite of Sir Walter's statement that the story was "an ower true tale," it was in reality quite fictitious, or at most had for its sole foundation a possible preference for another suitor, which may have helped to bring about the heroine's early death; he says that the bride's signature in the marriage contract is "large and distinct. A little tremulousness appears at some of the letters." She only survived the marriage a few weeks, dying at the end of September.

The Baldoon estate is now very valuable, owing to a large tract of land reclaimed from the sea and found to be especially good for growing wheat, while the cockle-shells on the shore supply the entire county with material for lime.

When a part of Dowalton Loch was emptied by

Sir William Maxwell in 1863 in order to open up new land and drain the meadows on its western shore, some extremely interesting lake-dwellings were found on the small islands with which the bed of the lake was studded. Lord Lovaine (afterwards Duke of Northumberland) was present at the time, and is said to have exclaimed as these gradually came into view, "Why, here are just the things I have been looking at in the Swiss lakes." Some of the objects found were Roman in style; while the large solid oak canoes, beads, bits of glass, charred grain, and even pieces of stamped leather and woollen materials that were discovered throw interesting light on the habits and the degree of civilization of the early inhabitants of the southwest of Scotland.

Galloway House, the modern seat of the Earls of Galloway, stands on the west from Dowalton Loch, overlooking Rigg Bay. Cruggleton Castle to the south belonged to the ancient Galwegian family of M'Kerlie. It was a famous stronghold in the days of the War of Independence, but is now an inconsiderable ruin. The small Norman church has been carefully restored by the late Marquis of Bute. A few miles from here is the most interesting spot in all Galloway—one of the most interesting places in Scotland.

When in the beginning of the ninth century the Vikings, in the course of their ever-extending incursions, reached the shores of Galloway, the people

there, instead of attempting to repel them from their coasts (which they were doubtless quite unable to do), received them in a friendly spirit, and are even alleged to have made common cause with them in piratical raids. At any rate the Norsemen, who had wasted the Christian shrines at Lindisfarne and Iona, spared the foundation of St. Ninian at Whithorn. St. Ninian was a native of the shores of the Solway, so when he was consecrated Bishop at Rome in 395 his earnest desire was to win from heathendom the Picts of his own land. After sojourning for a time with St. Martin of Tours, he sailed for Galloway and landed on a little rocky island which may now be reached from the mainland at low tide. Either here, or as some think a few miles inland, he established his mission and built the church called Candida Casa either from the light color of the stone used, or because it was plastered with white lime. Word of St. Martin's death coming while the building was going up, it was forthwith dedicated to him. There are on The Isle the ruins of a roughly built chapel, which however, even if it marks the site of the original church, is of much more recent date. After the Saint's death, the Picts relapsed for the most part into paganism. Later there was a great revival of Christianity under David I., when Candida Casa was erected into a bishopric and the Priory of Whithorn was founded. The fame of St. Ninian's shrine now became so great that pilgrims streamed to it from

all over Scotland. King Robert Bruce made the pilgrimage in his day, and two hundred years later we find James IV. resorting there every year. The natural result of this popularity was that Whithorn became very rich ; and sparse though the remains are now, they are sufficient to indicate the existence at one time of a large and important group of buildings.

Not far off, on the shore of Luce Bay, is the cave traditionally held to have been the spot where St. Ninian was wont to withdraw for private prayer and vigil, and within the last thirty years the correctness of this surmise has gained satisfactory support.

Dean Stanley, when about to write his "History of the Church in Scotland," visited the cave in 1871, and a lady who was with him happened upon a small Latin cross cut in the rock and overgrown with lichen. Since then the entire cave has been thoroughly explored and proved to have been a place used at an early age for religious purposes. The paved floor, some stone steps, a basin placed so as to receive the water of a little rill (probably used for baptisms), and as many as seventeen crosses cut in the rock, both Latin and Celtic, have been laid bare. St. Ninian, dying in 432, was buried in his Church of St. Martin. On the fall of the Roman power in Britain a period of anarchy set in, and it was during this time that the greater part of the people of Galloway renounced Christianity. But there are indications that, of the faithful Christian remnant, a few

were always found to carry on the service of the Church of St. Ninian. "It is perhaps," says Sir Herbert Maxwell, "to Whithorn, therefore, alone among the towns of Scotland, that honour is due for having maintained the worship of the Almighty uninterrupted for fifteen hundred years."

At the head of Luce Bay is Glenluce Abbey—the Abbey of the vale of light—founded in 1190 by Roland, grandson of Fergus, Lord of Galloway, for the Cistercians, a reformed order of Benedictines.

All Cistercian foundations possessed certain distinctive features. Never established in towns, they are usually to be found in protected and well-watered valleys. The principal building, the church, was simple in design and was always dedicated to the Virgin. In the early days of the order, towers, carving, stained glass, and other forms of adornment were forbidden, and whitewash was freely used.

In the arrangement of the conventual buildings (which always followed a strictly laid down plan), Glenluce, though greatly dilapidated, still preserves the main features of a Cistercian abbey.

A little human breath is blown across the now bare stretch of glebeland by an entry in the treasurer's accounts to the effect that James IV., on a visit here with Queen Margaret in 1507, gave four shillings to the gardener. The gardens and orchards were twelve acres in extent, and were far-famed for their beauty and wonderful productiveness.

On a dreary moor to the north of Glen Luce are the ruins of Carscreugh Castle, the home of Janet Dalrymple, the "Bride of Lammermoor." She was married (to David Dunbar) in the Church of Glenluce, and after nearly two weeks of merry-making at Carscreugh the bridal couple went to Baldoon, accompanied by a large cavalcade of wedding guests. The sequence to the story has been already mentioned. But it seems that she had been in truth engaged to Lord Rutherford, the bridegroom's uncle, whose lack of fortune rendered him an unacceptable suitor in the eyes of her parents.

The ruined Castle Kennedy, a seat of the Dalrymples—Earls of Stair—lies about ten miles to the west, between Black and White Lochs, and near it is the modern Castle of Lochinch, famed for its beautiful grounds, the finest piece of landscape-gardening in the south of Scotland. The gardens owe their origin to Field-Marshal Lord Stair, who commanded the Scots Greys in the Duke of Marlborough's campaigns and was afterwards commander-in-chief of the British army. When he withdrew from public life he passed most of his time at Castle Kennedy, where he is said to have planted out the trees in the order held by the troops at the battle of Dettingen.

The long, narrow peninsula that runs down from the west shore of Loch Ryan to the Mull of Galloway was at some remote period detached from the mainland, to which it is now only joined by a low-lying

isthmus. It is called the Rhinns of Galloway. Here was the stronghold of the powerful and ancient family of Agnew, Hereditary Sheriffs of the district, whose present chief is member of Parliament for Edinburgh. The first Sheriff of the name built the strong Castle (1426) whose ruins stand on the shore of a little loch, the royal Castle up to that time occupied by the Sheriffs, which was on an islet in the loch, having fallen into disrepair during the supremacy of the Douglasses in Galloway.

Galdenoch Castle, whose ruins are to be seen a few miles to the west and close to the shore, was also built by the Agnews, about the middle of the sixteenth century. The family having ceased to occupy it, a farmer established himself there in the latter part of the seventeenth century, but was likewise obliged to abandon it on account of the following singular experiences.

A son of the farmer had been fighting with the Covenanters. After one of the battles in which his side had been defeated, he obtained food and shelter at the house of a Royalist; but the next morning, when about to depart, his host prevented him, saying he doubted if he had done right. Thereupon the young man, driven to desperation, drew his pistol and shot the other dead, after which he quickly saddled a horse and escaped. Arrived safely at Galdenoch, he sat up late, recounting all his adventures to his family. At length however everyone went to bed, the lights

were extinguished, and quiet fell on the lonely tower, but not for long. With loud and strange noises and mysterious warnings the ghost of the murdered Royalist had arrived at Galdenoch, where moreover he continued to stay. Night after night the whole family would be aroused by his outrageous goings-on; his voice became a familiar and dreaded sound. Malicious tricks of all sorts were played by day as well as by night. The ministers of the neighboring parishes one after another tried their hands at "laying" him, but without success, the exhortations of an especially noted one among them being taken up and replied to so patly by the ghost that his congregation, who had assembled to support him in the encounter, burst into shrieks of laughter. At last when the nuisance had continued for some years there came to the parish of Kirkcolm a young minister named Marshall, who volunteered to rid them of the troublesome inmate. When the appointed evening came, a large crowd assembled to see the minister through. Mr. Marshall, giving out a Psalm as though they were in church, led off himself; everyone joined in, but the ghost loudest of all. On they sang until one voice after another failed and died away from sheer exhaustion. At midnight there was only a duet, the minister and the ghost, but it was noticed that the latter seemed to be growing somewhat faint. "Now," cried Mr. Marshall, "all together once more." Loud and deafening was the response. As day broke the

wearied congregation, who had once more relapsed into the silence of exhaustion, heard a husky, trembling voice saying weakly, "Roar awa, Marshall, I can roar nae mair." Sir Andrew Agnew, who tells the tale, adds: "On this story Mr. Marshall has risen to fame; few of his predecessors are remembered, but his name survives deathless in Gallovidian lore." Although the ghost was supposed to have been driven away, it is noticeable that Galdenoch was deserted soon after, the family preferring a smaller and more tranquil house in the neighborhood.

Garthland Tower, some miles south of Stranraer, is an ancient seat of the MacDowall or Macdougall family and figures in Mr. Crockett's "Mad Sir Uchtred of the Hills." Still further south are the ruins of Kirkmadrine Church, where are some remarkable crosses to which attention was first called in 1872. They are described as "rough undressed pillar-stones without ornamentation." In a circle on the top is inscribed the Chi-Rho Monogram, a common feature of monuments in Gaul and in the Catacombs, but found in Scotland only on the three Kirkmadrine crosses and on one at Whithorn Priory. It only occurs so far as is known on four other stones in all of Great Britain, and not at all in Ireland.

Killeser Castle and Ardwell, further down on the west coast, were seats of the M'Cullochs. The "murder stone" near the present House is supposed to mark the spot where a party of Gordons, headed

by Lord Kenmure, were attacked by MacDowall of Logan, whose ward they were in the act of carrying off. The guardian and forty of the participants in the fray were killed and they are said to sleep beneath the score or so of small green mounds still seen near Ardwell House.

A little distance up the coast and quite close to the town of Portpatrick are the dreary ruins of Dunskey Castle. It is said to have been won from its owner, a robber outlaw named Currie, by a fugitive from Ireland, one of the Fitzgeralds, who had killed some one of note in a family feud. Hearing that rewards and honors awaited the slayer of Currie, he managed to surprise and kill him, and took his head to the King on the point of his sword. For this exploit he was given the murdered man's Castle and lands. His family adopted a bleeding head for their crest, and took the name of Adair from the Irish estates.



